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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. 10 NO. 1 BROOKLINE, MASS. OCTOBER 27, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR

SENIORS RE-ELECT GARDNER PRESIDENT

Election of the permanent officers of the class of 1934 took place in the home rooms on Wednesday, Octber 11. Nominees for president were Frank Gardner, Theodore Plotkin, and Eliot Silverman; for vice-president: June Bradfield, La Reine Gardner, Jean Leslie, and Edna Maddox; for secretary: Eliot Alter, Cynthia Jones, and Ruth Levine; for treasurer: Jordan Cohen, John Granfield, Howard Lewenstein, and Gifford Ross. Of these the following were chosen:

President	Frank Gardner
Vice-president	Edna Maddox
Secretary	Cynthia Jones
Treasurer	John Grandfield

We know the senior class can expect a successful year under the leaders whom it has chosen.

Brookline-Rindge Technical

A greatly improved Brookline High School football team went down fighting before a vastly more powerful Rindge Tech eleven last Saturday at Tech Field.

Rindge had expected to find an easy opponent in Brookline, but the Red and Blue gave them many a scare before the game ended.

Mathews, the Rindge half-back was Brookline's nemesis throughout the game. He is a shifty boy and played a sparkling game both on the offense and defense. Incidentally, he looks like All-Scholastic material right now.

Brookline showed a startling air attack again, right from the beginning; and the outstanding play of the game was the touchdown pass.

Rindge had kicked to mid-field, and on the next play, first down, Charlie Kerins faded back to the Brookline 40 yard line and tossed a 40 yard pass down the right side of the field. Joe Walsh gathere it in on the Rindge 20 yard marker and fought his way over for the counter, the second of the current season. The kick for the extra point was blocked.

Rindge's scores came in the first, third and fourth periods, one after a blocked kick, the other two after steady marches.

Howie Lewenstein's sensational 55 yard runback of a Rindge punt put the ball on the Rindge 30 yard line late in the fourth period, but the advance was stopped there.

If Brookline continues to improve as they have been, Coach Brown will have an up and coming aggregation in a very short time.

Increased Interest In Scientific Subjects

Since the completion of the new Packard Laboratories the enrollment of pupils in the Science Department has greatly increased. There has been an increase of about 300 pupils since last fall and nearly every position has been taken. This proves that the pupils' interest in science is increasing.

In explaining about the new biology course, Mr. Packard said that it was a more rigid course and included a revised course in biology during the sophomore year. The change is that biology will be included in the technical course which before included only General Science. This course is at present only an experiment.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY TO PRESENT THREE PLAYS

The worthy portals of Brookline High School have again opened this fall with many new plans and surprises in store. This year the ambitious freshman, the eager sophomores, calloused juniors and overworked seniors have formed a most interesting and worthy society. This organization is most nobly headed by Miss Hannon and a temporary executive committee representing the four classes. From the freshman class: Pauline Miller, Melvin Freedmon; the Sophomore: Peggy Bennett and Norma Green; from the Junior Class we find Martha Turner and Leigh Diamond; last but not least Eliot Silverman and Lawrence Daniels from the senior class.

The plans for this year's work have recently been established and we all hope will be successful. Had you been in Robert's Auditorium last Monday you would have seen the eager faces of many pupils patiently waiting to try their skill in the three one-act plays which are to be presented on November 23, 1933.

This society has made possible excellent opportunities for freshmen by presenting a play called "Elmer" appropriately suited to their youthful personalities. A most appealing tragedy called "The Valiant" will be staged by the upperclassmen. "The Wedding," also played by upperclassmen is a grand hilarious farce which perhaps will make you realize the dangers of matrimony.

"Ah me," sighed Miss Hannon as the last ambitious actor flickered out of the auditorium, "not

(Continued on Page eight)

Dora Fischer Injured In Automobile Accident

A rather unfortunate thing occured in the front of Brookline High School last Wednesday, taking the nature of an accidental injury to one of our students, Miss Dora K. Fisher was knocked from the sidewalk by a passing car, and quite seriously injured.

She is one of the most beloved members of the senior class, also an honor student. We regret such a thing had to happen, and hope for her speedy recovery.

QUINCY HUMBLES BROOKLINE, 19 TO 6

In a dreary, dismal, drizzle developing into a downpour early in the fourth period, Quincy High splashed its way to a 19 to 6 victory over the Wealthy Towners at Comins Stadium, Quincy, last Saturday afternoon, October 6.

Although the game was a smarting defeat, it showed that Brookline had some punch as evidenced by the concerted drive it staged in the middle of the third quarter. The touchdown resulting from this drive transformed the team from a deep lethargy into sparkling energy. Had this transformation come a little sooner. Brookline would have undoubtedly won. Should Brookline play this type of football against Rindge next Saturday, they'll certainly win.

The only Brookline touchdown was scored in the third quarter by Charlie Kerins who played consistently well throughout the game. Brookline recovered a fumble on Quincy's 18 yard stripe and, after a few line bucks, Kerins plunged through the center of the Quincy line to score on a twelve yard jaunt.

Kerins' passing, tackling, and rushing were the most outstanding Brookline features in the game. Howie Lewenstein, John Linnehan, and Jack Connely also played a good game in the backfield as did Guthrie, Walsh, Ritchie and Aronson in the line.

The first tally of the game was scored early in the first period when Quincy recovered a Brookline fumble on the Brookline 32-yard marker. The Granite City eleven then smashed their way through to the twelve yard line from where Baldwin carried the ball over. The try for point after was unsuccessful. The score: Quincy 6, Brookline 0.

(Continued on Page eight)

BROOKLINE IN LEAGUE BATTLE WITH CANTABS

Both Teams Evenly Matched

Brookline stands a good chance to win its first football game since 1931 this Friday, October 27, when it stacks up against Cambridge Latin at Cambridge. The showing of the Wealthy Towners against Rindge Tech has done much to bolster Brookline's chances of victory and to make this game one of the schoolboy classics of the day. The score of the Rindge Tech game, 19 to 6, shows a greater difference between the two elevens than really existed, 13 to 6 being a better comparison.

Brookline's most powerful offensive weapon, as shown last Saturday against Rindge, is the forward pass with Kerins at the throwing end, and either Joe Walsh, Howie Lewenstein, or John Linehan at the receiving end. One of the prettiest aerial attacks ever staged at Brookline Field was put on when Brookline marched down the field last Saturday on three successive forward passes to score finally on a long one from Kerims on the 40-yard line, to Walsh on about the fifteen, from where he sprinted over.

With Kerins heaving them Friday we have a good chance to win! The Cantabs haven't had quite a successful season themselves, having lost all their Suburban League game which puts them in last place. The Suburban League standing as we go to press is as follows:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Rindge Tech	3	0	1.000
Newton	1	1	.500
Brookline	0	1	.000
Cambridge Latin	0	2	.000

Should Brookline defeat Cambridge Latin Friday it would be tied for second place, the Brookline-Newton game deciding the runner-up as Rindge has the league title clinched already.

However to match the Red and Blue's excellent showing against Rindge comes Cambridge's holding Arlington to a 6 to 0 victory. Brookline can start out on the road to recovery by defeating Cambridge Latin.

The Brookline backfield Friday will probably include Howie Lewenstein at quarter, Johnny Linehan and either Jack Connolly, Jackie Davidson or Joe Hartigan at the halves, and Charlie Kerins at full. Walsh will undoubtedly play at one end, Aronson or Guthrie playing the other. The rest of the line will be chosen from the following:

(Continued on Page five)

S. P. L. G.

The debut of the Girls' League activities begins on Wednesday, October 4. Because of the large number of Freshman girls and Senior Advisors, the Acquaintance Party will be divided into thirds, the first one coming on the fourth of October, and the other two following on notified dates. These acquaintance parties are strictly informal and consist of dancing, games, getting acquainted, and on the whole having a great time. They are presented for the purpose of meeting all the girls so that they will have achance to get acquainted with many girls and become friends to a choice few. These three parties will, of course, be free of charge except that each one must not forget to bring her amicable spirit and her cheerful countenance

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The campaign for Girls' League membership will begin next week. The entrance dues, which are only ten cents, will admit the member to all the parties throughout the year; a non-member will be subject to a charge at the attendance of any Girls' League occasion. The receipt of the dues will be a colored card which is necessary for the member to present at any party or she will have to pay an admission fee.

Entrance to the Girls' League is the gateway to the Hall of Fun and Friends which will be found during the year in the Hallowe'en and Christmas, Easter and Eighth Grade Girls' Parties. Each class is given a chance to participate in the preparation of these affairs and enjoy them as well. Be sure to enlist or you will miss more than you imagine!

* * * * * *

The Girls' League office is at the welcome disposal of all patrons. It is Room 28, which is next to Miss Sawyer's office, and is the office of Jean Leslie, President of the Girls' League. Usually, the office is presided over by a girl who has given up her study period for this purpose. Any girl desiring to sacrifice one study period to take charge of the office should consult Jean Leslie, who will consider this a gracious favor. Her duty will be to take any messages which may arrive, to receive any visitors who may drop in. She may also be at the disposal of Miss Sawyer for errands or messages. The official business of the League is operated in this sanctum, but it also takes care of the perplexities of its members.

A Gypsy Funeral

Hushed and uncanny was the atmosphere of a small town I visited last summer. The stillness was broken at intervals by the mournful toll of a knell. Each melancholy note echoed and re-echoed until it faded into a distant nothingness, leaving the atmosphere more strange and tense than ever before.

Scarcely a murmur was heard from the parishioners gathered outside the quaint old church. It was evident to me as I joined the group that some eagerly anticipated event was about to take place.

Meanwhile a funeral cortage wound its way slowly along the ribbon-like road. It was an unusual procession! Caravan after caravan come into view as the cavalcade neared the church. What! Would the line stretch to eternity? As the cortage drew up beside the church-yard gate, a wave of excitement spread over the anxious spectators.

Never before in history had a funeral procession presented such a colorful pageant. One would not think it possible to mourn sincerely the loss of a beloved one in such an array of splendor as that presented by the gypsy tribes in all their gay attire. Nevertheless the grief of the gypsies at the death of their queen was such that tears rolled unrestrained down the faces of those who had attended the services out of mere curiosity.

After a short ritual, the coffin was borne from the church to the edge of its final resting place. As it was being lowered into its cold, clay bed, the vicar's impressive voice boomed out, "We therefore commit her body to the dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to life eternal."

At the close of the service, the gypsies, wailing pitifully, turned to leave the church-yard.

About ten minutes later I saw two gypsy children sobbing as if their hearts would break. I longed to help them in their sorrow but I could not speak.

Later as I wound my way in and out of the caravan procession, I thought not of the young queen, but of the treasured gypsy jewels which had been buried with her. I pondered over the lines the minister had read, "We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can take nothing out." My pity went out to the gypsy tribes whose conception of heaven was that of a paradise of earthly riches rather than one of love and happiness.

Never shall I forget the weird atmosphere of that gypsy funeral; and I believe it to be symbolic of the dominance of Pagan beliefs over a Christian community.

BY BETTY WEBBER, '36

Musical Notes

"Success is at the front door, and I wish he'd go around to the back." Those were the words of our illustrious director of music, Herr Joslin.

Ye scribe had to listen to a World's Series game, so he let his private secretary Miss Marlene interview that above mentioned citizen. Those words above were all she could pry from the victim. So yours truly had to try his hand. The result:

"We have three large musical organizations in school. They are the Freshman orchestra, the school orchestra and the band. This year has surpassed all others in the co-operation shown by students. The two orchestras have about thirty-five members apiece. We have many new students in school who have joined and who have followed the example set by the veterans by immediately showing their interest.

"Before I state my many ambitions for these organizations, let me invite anyone who plays an instrument to come to Roberts Hall on any Tuesday or Thursday to sign up. Anyone and everyone is welcome. Now as to those ambitions, I want, by constant rehearsals, to develop two well organized units easily capable of giving a concert or two. Then perhaps we shall have a broadcast.

"If these orchestras can add more members, and if the spirit at rehearsals does not wane, then these aims are not over-optimistic.

"The band which played at the Winthrop game and which will continue to play at all home football games throughout the season, is larger than it was at this time last year. But we hope for a much greater membership, for the greater the membership, the more the school spirit is respected. Thank you."

We think, and we hope you think that this extemporaneous speech by our distinguished music head should prove an incentive toward joining one of these three groups.

Alumni Notes

At Wellesley:

Laura Lee Horne, Marian Phillips, Renne Goldberg, Marjorie Frank, Hulda Phillips.

Margaret Walsh has enrolled at La Salle.

At Boston University:

Laura Kitsis and Rita Cohen.

Charlotte Ginsberg is enrolled at Mt. Ida, Evelyn Greenspan at Leland Powers, Beatrice Eisenman is at Jackson, Evelyn Bluestein, Michigan, Norma Marcus at Duke, Alma Ames—Miss Wheelock's Francis MacLeod—Chandler.

EXPOSURES

Frank Gardner . . . receives birthday presents on Dec. 9th . . . blew out 16 candles last December . . . a son of Maryland . . . came to these parts six years ago from Baltimore . . . but doesn't say "Yas suh" . . . prepared for B. H. S. at Runkle . . . will matriculate at Tech . . . after that he anticipates a position in a research laboratory . . . delving into the mysteries of either physics, electricity or radio . . . holds amateur radio license . . . spends most of spare time operating his station, W1CMV . . . are you lis'ning? . . . received freshman numerals in football 'way back in 1930 . . . played second team baseball last spring . . . out for swimming . . . will try to manipulate his physique into a "back and one half" this winter . . . watch for it, girls, at the first meet . . . would appreciate someone's teaching him to skate . . . doesn't mind marshall lunchroom duty . . . loves to sleep . . . we're with you, Frank . . . President of the exceptional class of '34 . . . for two years . . . member of Court of Justice and Teachers-Student Council for three long years . . . secretary-treasurer of latter . . . member of A Pi and vice president of German Club . . . a most versatile man . . . can't find time for many movies . . . but goes for Mae West . . . sometimes seen with Charley Flagg, Jeff Dean, Dick Spears and M. G. (?) . . . absent-minded to a slight degree . . . always manages to reach school by last minute . . . usually at 8.29 . . . idea of a perfect summer radio-operator on an around the world tramp steamer . . . oh, for the life of a sailor! . . . hopes by end of year to be able to talk to Mr. Packard without getting rattled . . . says he studies enough to get by on (?) . . . doesn't talk much . . . hence, we end here.

Girls' Sports

The fall program for Girls' Sports is as follows:

Monday: Advanced hockey, beginners' tennis, riding.

Tuesday: Advanced tennis, beginners' hockey, freshman and sophomore archery.

Wednesday: Advanced hockey, riding, speedball, Outing Club.

Thursday: Beginners' hockey, Junior and Senior archery, Intermediate tennis, advanced hockey.

Friday: Advanced hockey.

These activities are well started, but anyone interested should report on the appointed day at the gym.

The Death of Old Si

BY CHARLES OSGOOD

Si was whistling merrily, as was his custom, while he drove his old hack to town. Occasionally he flicked his whip over the head of the gray. His apple-red cheeks contrasted with his weak, watery-blue eyes and the cheery whistle contrasted with his age. Si had driven the old hack to town for more than sixty years and had become as regular as the mail itself. Every morning sharply at nine, when the mail arrived at Clearmont station, his buggy clattered to a stop and Si sprang out with amazing agility. He would hitch Nell to the iron post in front and scramble up the stairs into the office.

"Mornin' John," he'd always say, "Got anythin' fer me?"

If there was, he would reach out his hand, hard and lined with the soil of his fields, and clutch the letters and papers with seeming greed. Then he'd clamber back into his wagon and return along the quaint, willow-lined road that wound through the low hills of Nashua valley. A little way up a narrow dirt road and he would turn in to a neatly-kept yard. There was a bleak weather-beaten, grey farm house at the end of a short walk from the road and up this Si'd scurry, the mail still in his hand. Once inside he'd call to Mira, his wife.

"Hi, there! . . . Mira! . . . I've got your mail!"

"Leave it there on the table, Si,'' she'd call back from upstairs

Si would leave the mail where she requested and then set out as fast as his legs would carry him for the barn, and from there to his beloved fields, where he'd work as long as there was light. No person but Si could touch the garden and apple trees. The farm was his to work and his to take pride in. And Si did take a great deal of pride in the farm. He'd et the paper and sometimes even his meals go until it was too dark o work.

Today Si had another call to make. Mira had asked him to stop n at the office of Doctor Atwood for an examination.

"He was getting old,'' she had aid.

Si had laughed in derision at his.

"Gettin' old?" he'd returned. Say, . . . I'll live a long while yet."

Still, her saying this had made him a wee bit nervous, so he had greed scoffingly to drop in on the octor. Si drove across the square nd stopped at the post office to get his mail. Then he returned cross the square and up a small ide street, stopping at a house with a narrow, brass sign plate n the door.

"Doctor Atwood," he read.

His smile was gone and a deep frown had taken its place. A trifle cautiously he eased himself out of the hack and a trifle wearily moved up the steps.

"Funny," he thought, "I do feel sorta' tired like."

With a shrug of his narrow shoulders, he shook off this unaccustomed feeling as he heard footsteps approaching. The door opened and the cheery face of the doctor peered into the opening.

"Oh, it's you, Si." he beamed. "Come right in. What's the matter with you? Need some medicine or do you want to sell me some apples?"

"The apples aren't ripe as yet, Doc, but I'll bring some down to yer as soon as they are."

"I'd like yer to give me'n examination. Mira sent me around. You know how these women are, Doc, all'us worryin' 'bout somethin'."

"Sure thing, Si. Now you just slip into that room over there and strip down to your waist. I'll be waiting for you here in the office."

Si did as he was directed and soon was back, his head and neck looking as brown as an Indian's against the blue-tinged white of his chest. Doctor Atwood started his examination. He thumped Si's chest, examined his throat, and tested his eyes and ears. It was almost over when Doc Atwood took up his stethascope and placed it against Si's heart.

"Now breathe. deeply." he said.

Si did and saw a frown pass over his face.

"W-w-what's the matter, Doc?" he asked tremulously.

"Now look here, Si, you just keep quiet until I'm finished . . . Come on now, Si, breathe deep . . . now then, turn around . . . breathe deep and regular now . . . that's right . . . hmmmm . . . Well, you go ahead and get dressed and I'll tell you what I've found when you're ready."

Although Si wouldn't have told anybody he was really frightened. He had always boasted about his health and had taken a great deal of pride in the fact that he could still care for his own fields. If he should be told that he would no longer be able to attend to his work, he knew that he'd be at a loss for something to do; for something to take his mind off himself. As soon as he was dressed, he went out into the office to see the doctor.

"Sit down here opposite me, Si." Doc Atwood said softly.

"W-w w-well?"

"Si, . . . you've got a severe case of heart trouble."

Si's world seemed to drop, to slur and tilt. He knew what this meant. He wouldn't be able to care for his horses and cows, wouldn't be allowed to take his early morning walk, and mo painful he wouldn't be able to work on his lands.

Fall and winter came and passed. Then spring came with its sweet smells, opening buds, and warm breezes. Old Si no longer rode his buggy to the town. Since the day he had been to see the doctor, he'd almost ceased living. He would sit all day by the window and watch the hired man working at his fields. At first the sight of this had caused him to burn with anger and jealousy but gradually he'd changed until he now watched all the farm work with dull, lifeless eyes. Back in the kitchen he could hear Mira moving quietly about. Everything had a drab, weary aspect to Si, and even the spring failed to give him the yearning for the open that it always had. He would sit there for hours on end and never make a move or say a word. Before he had always been telling Mira to show the hired man how to do this and that. But slowly even his love for his lands died and, with the death of this love, old Si ceased to live. His soul seemed gone from the wretched body. He had no loves, no yearnings, and scarcely any mind. He would eat and sit by the window, but that was all. He was stagnant, devoid of all desire for life. When he was hungry, Mira would bring him some warm broth. When he was tired, he would just lay his head back on the cushions and doze off. When it grew late, Mira helped him upstairs and again helped him into bed.

One day Si received a letter that his only daughter who was in the city had sent him. She had hoped that he was well and that he would soon be able to resume his work. Si looked vacantly out of the window as a salt tear seared down his wrinkled cheek. A part of the letter slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. As Mira was out talking to the hired man he tried to reach it himself. He laboriously turned and was reaching down, when a sharp, shooting pain wrenched at his shoulder and spots of fire danced before his eyes. Si lay back and gasped. The pain was terrible and he could hardly get air. He knew that death was upon him and was glad. In spite of the fire that was burning out of his life, he grinned and then smiled. To Si the pain suddenly seemed to stop and a dark cloud began to form in the corners of his brain. Slowly it grew, while Si again worked his fields. The thick billowy cloud slowly obscured his thoughts until only the picture of himself working in the bright hot sun remained. Gradually even this blurred and faded and old Si was dead. Never again would he whistle on his way to town. Never again would he till his beloved land. Old Si was dead.

Library Lines

Perhaps you thought your library was "just a branch of the main one." Nothing of the sort! It has claim to its own distinct and separate personality. If you want proof take a look at our exhibit in Chicago this fall, where the American Library Association is holding its annual convention.

Mrs. Siebens and Miss Stack prepared material displaying various phases of the Library work: our manner of celebrating Book Week, of collaborating with other departments in the school, of introducing the students to the world of books by means of Library Lessons, Reading Circle and the Library Staff.

Whether you know it or not, you are the proud possessor of a model school library, outstanding of its kind in the whole United States.

Speaking of Book Week—do you remember that last year we wrote about our Scotch friend, who corresponded for some time with regard to the Sir Walter Scott annivesary, which we were then observing? Miss Prichard of the Girls' Latin School, a friend of Mrs. Siebens, was traveling in Scotland this summer . . . and whom did she visit but Miss Christye of Dowden, writer of the friendly letters! She is a charming hostess, too. Miss Prichard was shown through the lovely estate of Cowden Castle, which boasts not only a Japanese garden, in addition to the native one, but an imported gardener, if you please! Coffee was served, and they took an automobile ride through Gleneagles, Miss Prichard bringing back as a memento a twig of genuine heather, which may be mounted and hung on the Library bulletin-board.

It certainly is a small world, as Gracie Allen of Radio Fame would say.

The Library Staff held its first meeting on Tuesday, October 4, to discuss such necessary things as club officers. Rita Smith '34 was elected President, Janet Dubinsky '35, Secretary-Treasurer, Eleanor Finger '36, Executive, third member of the committee, and Sarah Cauman '35, Library Reporter. Incidentally, we have heard some of the girls wondering how they can become members of the staff. Simply inquire of Miss Stack whether there are any open periods corresponding with your studies, and there you are. If you are passing in your work and are a member of the Girls' League.

Extra! A new supply of books—and they're good! Take your choice of the following:

Street of the Sandal-Makers, by Nis Petersen, a tale of Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelins.

Famous First Facts, by Rane, an account of first discoveries and events in the United States.

The Sagamore

VOL. L OCTOBER 27, 1933 No. 1

VOTES

Whom are you voting for? If I vote for you, will you do the same for me? Don't you think I'd make a good president? How about me for treasurer? All of us are being asked these questions or others of the same type. It's election time at Brookline High! The question of whom to elect is important, but it only requires a little brain power. All of us can think for ourselves, but some people don't seem to realize it. We don't have to be told whom to vote for. There are plenty of good prospects, and it's simply a matter of which one is the best. The students that ask for votes are usually afraid that they won't be elected otherwise. Perhaps they haven't done anything to bring them to our attention, but that's their own fault. They may not be at all fitted for the office, but simply want points for the honorary society. Do we want that type to represent us?

The right person, one who has really contributed to Brookline High, one who is willing and ready to work, has an excellent chance for election without any soliciting whatsoever.

Often the right person is ignored because he doesn't push himself forward by asking for votes. Many times we just vote for our friends, or only follow the crowd. Let's be different and think for ourselves!

In voting we should choose someone who can and will fill the office; one who will work to the best of his (or her) ability for the school. Before voting, do a little thinking.

In the coming class elections, decide for yourself!

PLAY FAIR!

Don't ask for votes!

AN OPPORTUNITY

Among the many scholarships and prizes awarded at Graduation last June, there was one awarded for the first time and for a new subject. This was for the best composition on what had been learned about Money Management during the high school course.

Edgar Hirschberg was the winner. His composition showed that he had gained something more valuable than a prize, i.e. a clear understanding of the principles underlying successful management of money, as well as a viewpoint about life management that augurs well for future happiness. In a letter written subsequently, the winner referred to "the kind of life success that is not measured in terms of money" as an ideal that he had come to appreciate.

Managing money is like playing baseball—one cannot learn either by "reading the rules." It is necessary to pitch in and practice. The students of Brookline have been the first in the country to have the opportunity of practicing money management as a school subject.

Money management is really an index to life management, and its study and practice help one to get as much satisfaction as possible out of life as well as out of one's money. It means much more than "saving money." It is possible to save too much as well as too little. Either extreme affects life and its highest development.

We have been passing through a period of "depression," the tragedies of which are known to everyone. If we are to emerge from such conditions triumphantly,—not only to get out but to keep out of depressions in the future,—we, individually, need to face facts and to think clearly about money matters. This course in the high school gets down to the foundations of the whole financial structure, and enables those who take it not only to get control but to keep control of personal finances, and also to become directly helpful in restoring and maintaining the prosperity of our country.

"Credit" in this subject means much more than getting "points" for entrance to college. Its consequences are far-reaching, and extend into the future long after school or college days are over.

The prize awarded last June will be awarded at each graduation hereafter. In order that as many students as possible may have the opportunity, announcement is made that any upper class students who have not already enrolled, and who have any sixth periods free from class work, may enroll in Room 2a on or before October 18th.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Every fall about seventy boys report for football practice. To most of us "football practice" means playing a few games in preparation for a real competition. If only we could realize what it means to those boys who so bravely answer the call for sportsmanship! Every afternoon you will find them over in Tech Field, tackling dummies, running, and having a pretty heavy workout. It's more than "just a game" for those boys, it's hard work, and plenty of it. To sit down and study after coming home from practice is quite a job, the main desire being to get some sleep. It takes real character, inborn in a boy, to continue going out all afternoon, five days a week, and working for the team, and the reputation of the school. Oh, but that isn't all. There are many hours spent in "skull practice," that is, working out "plays" on the blackboard for use in playing. While a boy is "in training," he can only eat certain things. He can not smoke, or keep late hours. For the first few weeks he suffers from stiffness, "charley horse," and many other such ailments which result from heavy exercise. In sympathy, the coach will probably tell him to "get out and work it off."

Thus a boy works and plods and the first game comes. Only eleven, out of all those boys who reported for practice on the first day can start out in the game. Who will start? Who will get letters? It usually takes quite a bit of character to keep it up if a boy doesn't find himself playing in the games as the season goes along. However, the most discouraging thing to the team as a whole is to appear on the field to play, and see the stands half empty. Disheartened by empty stands, the team naturally can't and hasn't the incentive to play extra well. The players can't help asking themselves, "is it worth it?"

Then the school band appears, consisting of about twenty members. There again the spirit is lacking.

Whenever the game or players are mentioned it brings a laugh,—there again the boys ask themselves "is it worth it?"

So let's all get together and show our appreciation to our loyal players by purchasing season tickets and attending all the games, for our attendance really means much more to the team than the few cents we spend for the tickets. "In Union There is Strength!" Here's to the 1933 Brookline High School Football team! May it "be worth it!"

—Anna McEvoy, Home Room 127.

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

Would the Sagamore print some of my poems? I think they are quite good, but I don't know if they are good enough for the school paper. M.K.

Dear M.K.:

Submit your poems to June Bradfield in 317. She will tell you whether or not they are worthy of being printed. Never be afraid of producing any literary work.

Dear Editor:

Would the Girls' League put on a short play which I have written?

Dear S. J.:

I am sure the Girls' League would be both proud and pleased to enact an original play. You, yourself, might manage it, get your own friends as players, and ask help from the rest of the League. We would all be glad to perform this play at one of our affairs.

By R. K.

WE HAVE AMONG THE FACULTY

A "Ringer" but no bells.
Adams but no Eves.
Brown but no black.
A Harbour but no ship.
A Paine but no ache.
Pease but no pods.
Barnes but no stables.
A Cook but no butler.
A Ball but no chain.
A Horn but no whistle.
A "Gracie Allen" but no "George Burns."
Bliss but no happiness.
A Miller but no moth.
A Stack but no pile.
A Severance but no separation.
A Lowe but no high.
Snow but no ice.
Wells but no water.
Wood but no fire.
Atticks but no basements.
A Deal but no plan.
Nichols but no dimes.
A Packard but no Ford.
A Roman but no Greek.
A Seaman but no gob.

Thy Recitation

When thou comest into thy classroom before the bell hath rung, wear a smile on thy countenance as thou wouldst wear sandals on thy feet, for it starts thee off correctly and it leaveth a good impression. Donate a pleasant salutation to thy beloved teacher, (a few words may help greatly to persuade her not to call on thee ater or maybe it will work the other way). Pretend ever that hou art prepared and she will not call upon thee at all, (this has been tried and proven by a goodly sized committee of well meaning students). Take thy seat after acknowledging thy friends (and don't forget to thank them for the Latin paper they lent thee last night), and by all means, don't orget the damsels, who are paiently awaiting recognition. Then prepare thyself for the ordeal of aving convulsions. When thou art alled upon to give thy recitation tand away from thy desk (but not oo near the one beside thee) and make the best guess thou art able o (of course with the help of the ery dear friend who sitteth behind thee). When thy classmate eciteth, refrain thyself from a orse-laugh (as they were wont o call it in the old country) when e maketh a mistake, and do not wag thy hand as if thou wert aving convulsions. When thou art certain that thou wilt not be called upon, lean not thy head on my hands as if thou hadst not umbered for a week (that means period of seven days). When the ell ringeth, depart from thy class s if thou wert loth to leave and et it not be too apparent that hou art making a wild dash for he freedom of the corridor.

Red Cross

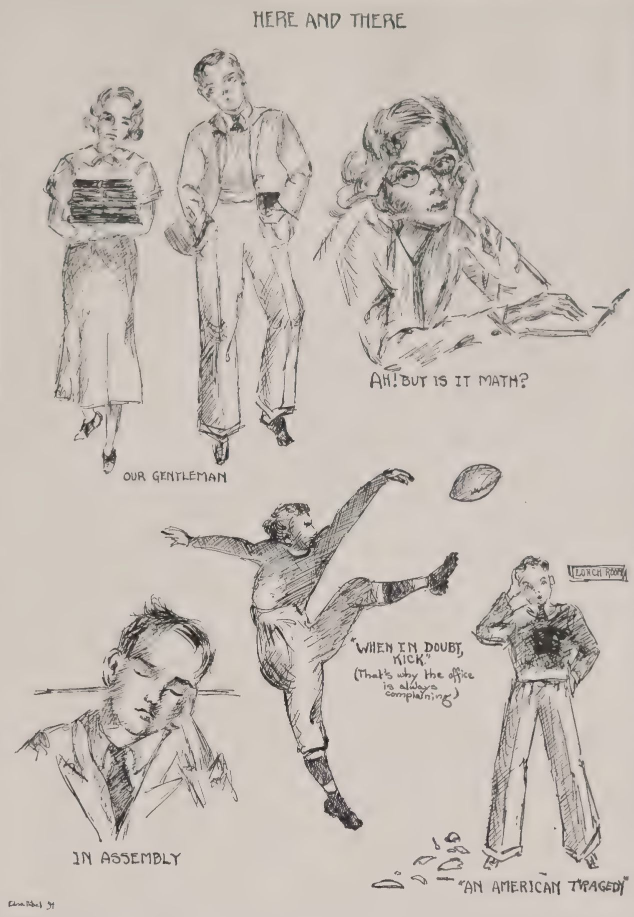
The annual Junior Red Cross rive is about to begin again in . H. S., but before this starts here is to be an assembly, for he two lower classes, with a peaker from Red Cross Headquarters. Local members will give resumes of the National Conference eld at Washington last April and he Regional Conference to be held n Newton on October 10th.

This year the home room representatives are to be selected by he delegates because of their desire and ability to help this organization. May we call the attention of all sophomores to the act that there is, at present, a osition open for next year's Junior Delegate, a position which naturally demands a great deal of co-operation and work on the part of he sophomore.

Any toys, new or old, but in fair ondition, which can be used by s in any way will be gladly received in room 39. This year both the Red Cross ond the Girls' League will work at painting and reclaiming dolls and toys, in order to help as many needy families as possible at Christmas time.

There will be Regional Conferences of Brookline Scholars held in the High School building at frequent intervals.

This is your Red Cross activity —its success depends upon you.



Alumni Notes

At B. U. there are many local boys prominent in football They include George Rochester '30, Samuel Lourie, '32, and Abraham Levine, '33, all of whom are "B" men.

In spite of the fact that there is still a 'depression,' many of our 1933 graduates have enlisted in some of the most prominent colleges.

At Smith:

Emily Klous, Florence Stein, Marjorie Hillson, Joan Rines.

At Radcliffe:

Elizabeth Howard, Cecelia Huberman and Betty Horne.

At Simmons:

Ruth Brown, Sylvia Dulman, Ruth Wolff.

We have had many outstanding graduates from B. H. S. in the last few years. Here are a few notes of interest concerning them:

On the list at Wheaton College is Margaret Goldsmith of Brookline. F. G. Rink is assisting in the publication of the Boston University Handbook, issued each year to 100 freshmen at the College of Business Administration. Seigbert J. Oetlinger and Richard A. Vincens, Jr., were among those awarded freshman scholarships by the undergraduate scholarship committee of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Hannah Ca..man is editor in chief of the "Daily" at Radcliffe. Among those receiving honors at Radcliffe are:

Group I—all A's.

Hodee Waldstein.

Group II—2 A's and 2 B's.

Frances Richey, Miriam Hurwitt

Group III—4 B's.

Lillian Band, Audrey Ingraham, Hannah Ca..man, Doris Cohen, Mary Gaffry, Carola Nasmyth.

The New York Boat

One of the most interesting experiences of my summer, was that of watching the New York Boat go through the Cape Cod Canal. Almost everyone who spends the summer near the canal watches this interesting sight, as do many tourists who are passing by. The State has built a new pier at Bourne with a fine road leading to it. Here hundreds of cars can be seen approaching the parking place of the pier every evening. Children clamber out of cars and play around the pier, while anxious mothers keep a watchful eye on them, fearing that they may fall over the edge into the water, which we were told was thirty-five feet deep. After awhile, a strong searchlight can be seen in the distance, which disappears as the boat makes a turn in the canal. The summer residents in the cottages on the other side of the bank light their porches at this time as a welcome. In a very few minutes, people peer into the distance trying to catch a glimpse of the boat. Presently it shows itself like a silhouette against the dark sky. When opposite the pier, the captain of the boat throws on the watchers a strong searchlight, which blinds them so that they have to turn their heads. Passengers can be seen scattered over the boat like toy soldiers. Faint music is heard, while people on shore wave their hands, call greetings and blow auto horns. Then they climb into their cars and a long line starts down the road. The next night they will all be there again to see this lone boat pass through the water in the darkness.

GIRLS' SPORTS

On Tuesday, October 10, 1933, Brookline's hockey team started its season with much success by defeating Needham 2-0.

The first teams were very evenly matched, and the first half of the game finished with neither side scoring. However, in the second half, Brookline's forward line managed to keep the ball in the enemy's territory. At the right time, Catherine "Sis" Mulvihill stepped in and with two decisive shots settled the matter by scoring two goals.

Great credit goes to the defense players who backed up the forward line very well.

FOOTBALL TEAM

(Continued from Page one)

Casler, Fallon, Gowan, Litman, Lipson, Lynch, Whittier, O'Berne and Kilman; Litman, Lipson, Whittier, and Kilman being pretty sure of starting.

The only injury of note sustained last Saturday was a broken collar bone received by "Moon" Mullins which will keep him out for the season, with Bob Ritchie, Maxie Van Dam, and Thompson.

It's Not Too Early

◆

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necessary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it may be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesmen or canvassers) to the school at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal,

◆

BRYANT & STRATTON
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334 Boylston St., Boston

Guidance Department

Room 23
John V. Jewett, Director
Anne E. Reynolds, Secretary

In welcome to all students in Brookline High School we offer a genuine interest in their successes, an enthusiastic and ever-ready aid toward steady progress, and an ever-present place for help in times of need. We urge you, each and all, to make free use of the appointment book in Miss Reynolds' charge and permit the Guidance Department to assist you in any way possible. Your needs will always receive our prompt attention, your desires our careful consideration, your hopes our sincere advice, and your confidences our respect.

There is a very close relation between the student in the high school and the guest whom you might greet. When someone pays you a visit there are three things you do, namely, welcome your guest heartily, offer to him everything for his comfort, and when the visit is ended, send him away with a feeling that his visit has been profitable. That is exactly what the high school wishes to do As you welcome your visitor and offer to him a place as a member of your family so the high school welcomes the entering pupil, the Freshman, and offers to him membership in the high school.

Room 23 wishes to become the place where every Freshman may feel free at all times to seek help in solving any problem which may appear. Here you will find every facility we have been able to arrange for your assistance. College catalogues, special school booklets, career charts and a special library of fine books. Any study period or after school students are welcome. Catalogues and books may be borrowed for brief periods provided Miss Reynolds is given a receipt for the same. All of these things are equally available to your parents. Any parent is welcome and the only requirement is a definite appointment with the Director in order to render the greatest service.

For the Freshman, particularly an added ease of approach and a more personal connection with the Guidance Department has been arranged. Six Counselors, one each period of each day, offer their services to the first year pupils in particular. There is no reason why any one of our first year visitors need feel lost or helpless. As soon as you have discovered the name of your Counselor, then on the particular period each day assigned to that counselor, you will always find Room 23 offering you direct and immediate assistance.

The Director wishes to emphasize his earnestness for your welfare. Your study problems, your athletic desires, your social interests, your college plans, your failures, your successes, your occupational interests, your hobbies—are all matters about which he concerns himself with you alone. Confidences are respected, advice is carefully given, the truth of any situation is sought, and suggestions for your consideration are offered. Decisions are for you and your parents to make—it is for us to help.

A conference with the Director is welcomed. Please make definite appointments for any of your study periods in advance by using the regular appointment slips which you may secure from Miss Reynolds. Please tell your parents that Mr. Jewett's telephone at the High School is always ready for their use and that he will be happy to make appointments with them at any time.

Upon each second that ticks depends the hour, upon each hour that passes grows the day and so the week, the year, the life. This you know. Know also that upon each lesson depends the month upon each month depends the quarter, upon each quarter that passes grows the year; and so failures are avoided, study habits are securely formed, and graduation to better things becomes a certainty.

Be wise—let us help. Go out to win.

INSPIRATION

I am a flame
Burning the skies,
Scarring the black
Young night as it lies

Screaming with pain;
Yet I do not cease.
The air grows whiter,
The flames increase,

The skies fall apart
And I go beyond . . .
Doubt is a lily
In a frozen pond.

And Life is a cup,
Empty and clean.
Further, beyond
The skies, the keen

White breath of Time
Quickens my speed;
Quickens my soul;
I do not need

Fire or Fuel.
Nothing is here
Above the skies
But Time. The queer

Blue light I cast
Consumes the dark.
(This started from a
Tiny spark)

I thrill with heat
And curl about
Till a flood of reason
Puts me out.

The Snooper

Once again ye olde scribe drags out the moss covered pen and the moss covered joke book and prepares to sling his somewhat misguided humor on unsuspecting classmates.

While stroking my long white beard I remember a time when the B. H. S. football teams were called the "Invincibles". From recent gossip I should suggest a change to the "Ineligibles."

May I suggest to the Freshmen that they needn't be embarrassed if they can't find their classrooms. I know plenty of five year men who still aren't very familiar with anything but the office.

If Ed Wynn doesn't come back on the air pretty soon, I'll have to stop writing columns.

The Sagamore is going to give a prize worth $1,000 for the best short story in the next issue. The prize will consist of the unsold tickets of last year's Dramatics.

I think George Rittenburg looked too cute for words walking around with a sign on his back reading, "Reserved for Senior Advisors."

I still insist that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties.

So what! You didn't expect every joke to be good. Some of them aren't even funny.

Chief Sagamore is celebrating his 64th birthday. He's getting to be old and his Circulation isn't what it used to be.

Of course it's none of my business, but how about an N.R.A. on home work?

Everyone seems to be studying American Misery for those College Boards.

After a summer spent in research I have actually discovered what happens to a joke. It is told over the radio, appears in a newspaper, reappears in an almanac, bobs up in theatre program, gets a laugh in vaudeville, an after dinner speaker tells it, it is translated in foreign papers, translated back to English and then printed in the Sagamore.

I think it is only fair to my public (both of them) to say that this is Laurie Daniels saying, "Aye tank aye go now."

Snooping where I have no right, I find that "Napoleon" Daniels is jealous of the Mississippi River, 'cause it has a bigger mouth than he has.

We have a new system now. If you want to change your program, all you have to do is to go to another school.

Howie Lewenstien swallowed a camera film, but nothing developed.

Venus' Diary

BY IRVING J. HELMAN

Oct. 1, 1933—"Here I stand; so rominent yet so insignificant to he eyes of all who pass by. They ometimes glance at me but they arely stop. When they do stop hey are not aware of the fact that can hear their conversation. Tolay two boys met in front of me nd discussed affairs of school inerest. The prospects of the footall team were the most importnt topic of the time.

One boy said, "Have you heard he news? Hill is ineligible."

"That's not news," ejaculated he other boy, "I heard the same hing four years ago."

Oct. 3, 1933—"Some of us Gods re in a more favorable position han others. In fact I very much esent being where I am because wo of the Gods a few yards down an see the street out of the winow and therefore they have edcated themselves by staring out at the progress of the world. I do not understand their references to modern things. Such as pedestrians, traffic jams, street brawls, etc. Even the style of humor has changed. In the old days no one was more inclined to laugh and be witty than I was at Zeus's banquets. Whereas today—but let me tell you of this instance. Two Gods were looking out the windows discussing automobiles when suddenly I heard a rattling screeching noise coming from out on the street.

"I wonder," said one god, "what kind of a model that automobile. pardon the reference, is."

The other said, "that's not a model that's a terrible example."

And they both laughed."

Oct. 10, 1933—"I really did stay up too late last night. Augustus Caesar and I were discussing the affairs of the new and old school. I argued that the customs haven't changed much but he took the opposite side. He said that the games were becoming gentler; the boys softer; that more time was spent in appearances and less in fighting. I am not interested in these branches of school life. To me the girls are just as pretty and the boys just as mischievous as they always were. "Anyway," said Augustus, "We really don't know very much about it. Feffer is the outstanding authority on the subject."

Mustapha Kemal

The Musolini of Turkey

Mustapha Kemal is rated as the greatest statesman in the universe today. Originating as a poor farm boy, he rose to the ranks of the greatest men this world has ever known. He completely altered the whole system which Turkey had used for the past few centuries.

When just a young lad, his father died, leaving his mother and him very little money. In order to keep existing they moved to his uncle's farm where he developed into a strapping young man. On returning to school, he become the leader in his studies as well as outside activities. In fact, he won a scholarship to attend a secondary school. While studying in this academy, he began to realize in what terrible way his country was ruled. Immediately he determined to become a soldier. Even against the pitiful pleas of his mother he enlisted in the army While there, he acquired a fluent knowledge of French and German which became extremely helpful assets to him in his later life. Through knowledge of these longuages he rose to one of the highest positions in the Turkish army and became a very powerful leader. After gaining this authority, he commenced his political career, which eventually reached its climax in his becoming the first president of the new republic of Turkey. As soon as he attained this office, he organized plans for the reconstruction of the country. One of the first things he abolished was polygamy. Then divorce courts were established where that sort of question could be settled. Following upon this came the announcement that it was not compulsory for women to wear veils and that there no longer would be any national religion, but all faiths could be introduced by the citizens. Statues were even allowed to be placed in public buildings and parks. A water system was introduced which had extremely good sanitary conditions. Hospitals and medical practise, roads, police protection, and even legal procedures were introduced by this extraordinary man. Every speech he gives inspires his fellow Turks to continue unfalteringly to follow him in everything he says and does.

BY MAURY ROSNOSKY

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DRAMATIC SOCIETY TO PRESENT THREE PLAYS

(Continued from Page one)

too many Jane Cowls have darkened the threshold of the Dramatic Society."

Now, my dear friends, may I tell you the object of this society? The desire to improve upon promising material and present to the audience a finished production. I sincerely hope you may be among the "First Nighters" so that you may wish the 227 pioneers the best of luck.

The casts for the plays to be given by the Dramatic Club, on November 24, are as follows:

"ELMER"

Elmer ....Leonard Cohen
Susie ....Betty McKenzie
Jeanie ....Charlotte Weinstein
Janie ....Frances Bowser
Mrs. Collier ....Berrice Nayor
Miss Pinney ....Alice Sircom
Fanny Belle ....Christine Adams
Hubert Brown ...Jackson Gilder
Russell Jameson ...Monroe Abels

"THE VALIANT"

Warden Holt ......Leigh Dimond
Father Daly ...Eliot Silverman
Dan, a jailer ......Myron Cohen
James Dyke ....Arthur Glickman
Wilson, an attendant
Hubert Landesman
Josephine Paris ..Mildred Murphy

"A WEDDING"

Bob ....George Hawley
Archie ....Myron Wallace
Alice ....Hazel Armitage
Ted ....Harry Shooshan
Mr. Grayson ......Norman Hunt
Miss Grayson ....Betty Power
Mrs. Grayson ....Roberta Marsh

Coaches: Miss Hannon
Mr. Hammond

QUINCY GAME

(Continued from Page one)

Quincy's second score came in the third period after a concerted drive from its own 32-yard stripe, Daly crashing over from the Red and Blue one yard band. This time Quincy managed to rush the ball over for the point after, making the score Quincy 13, Brookline 0.

The third touchdown scored by the Quincy eleven was so sudden and unusual that it left both stands stunned. It was described, and that accurately, by one of the Brookline fans as a "fluke," Ordway of Quincy kicked off to Brookline, the ball rolling into the end zone. The Brookline backs neglected to touch the ball and left it unprotected in the Red and Blue end zone. Smollet, however, an alert Quincy flanker, had other impressions for he pounced on the ball, and the score immediately took a six point rise in favor of Quincy, much to the consternation of the Wealthy Towners. Again Quincy's extra point attempt failed making the score Quincy 19, Brookline 0.

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SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. L, NO. 1 BROOKLINE, MASS. NOVEMBER 16, 1933 Subscription: ONE DOLLAR

CHRISTINE ADAMS FINALIST IN "QUEEN OF AIR" CONTEST

Christine Adams, a senior at this school recently was a finalist in the Queen of the Air Contest sponsored by the Boston Traveler. Each day auditions were given to some 50 contestants in the studios of radio stations WBZ and WBZA. On September 30. Christine sang "Chinese Lullaby" and was judged the best singer who was given an audition on that day. On October the seventh she sang "Oh Moon of My Delight" from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in the grand finals of the competition. She competed with nine others, all of whom were older and more experienced. The majority of them were professional vocalists.

Christine was a winner of the Jay Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest at this school two years ago. During her freshman year she sang at the Senior Social, and since then has sung often. She is the pupil of her mother, who was formerly a singer of note in local circles.

It is interesting to know that the winner of the contest is the mother of one of our sophomores. She is Mrs. Rose W. Shain, mother of Esther Shain, '36. The winner was given a contract to sing on the stage of the RKO Keith Boston Theatre.

FATHER AND SON NIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT

On Wednesday, November 8, the boys of the Roberts and Shailer Houses attended a very well managed assembly. Mr. Hines presided, and proved to be a very popular president at that. He introduced the two speakers, Mr. Packard and Mr. Jewett. The topic at hand was the Fathers' and Sons' Night which is scheduled for November the fourteenth. The speakers all urged that the boys have their fathers present at the imminent affair. There will be no famous or formal speaker at the gathering, but brief greetings by several prominent in local school affairs, such as Mr. Caverly, Mr. Jewett, Mr. Packard and others.

The meeting will also be presided over by Mr. Hines. All the men teachers in the new wings will be there to talk with the boys and the fathers.

Refreshments will be served. This gathering has the enthusiastic approval of Mr. Ringer, who assures us that it is the culmination of an idea which he has long discussed with Mr. Gifford and Mr. Jewett.

The success of the evening will naturally depend upon the co-operation of the boys in seeing that their fathers attend. Remember, the Mothers' and Sons' Evening is November the fourteenth.

TEA DANCE SUCCESS

Last Friday afternoon an exceptionally good time was had by a large number of the students of Brookline High School at a Tea-Dance with the marshalls and football team supporting it in all its glory. Over 200 people attended, besides many of the faculty members, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

The hour was set for three o'clock, and not many minutes after that time, dozens of couples were dancing to Stanley Brown's well organized orchestra. Several attempts were made to couple up the group, which were really very successful. It is rather surprising to see just how quickly some people can lose their bashfulness.

Refreshments were served at 3:45, consisting of just loads of cider and doughnuts. We should very much like to know just where the boys got all those white tags?

An elimination dance was held to settle the excess food some people seemed to devour, and the lucky people who remained on the floor after the final drawing got a prize. Shhh! We hope it wasn't more cider and doughnuts!

The room in which all this took place, was very beautifully, and appropriately decorated with the black and orange of the Hallowe'en season. The boys and girls who didn't mind looking a bit funny wore orange paper hats, and those who were, modest shall we say,—either wore them tied around their wrists or let them stick out a bit from a pocket, or from the buttonhole of a lapel. However, a very happy time was had by everyone, and we hope there may be similar occasions in the near future.

TEAM CRUSHED BY FITCHBURG TEAM DROPS CANTAB GAME BY ONE POINT

CAMBRIDGE LATIN VICTORS WITH A SCORE OF 7-6

In a heartbreaking, evenly-matched football duel held at Russell Field, Cambridge last Saturday October 27, the Cambridge Latin cohorts edged a fighting Red and Blue aggregation to the tune of 7 to 6.

Brookline scored its touchdown as a result of a Lewenstein to Connolly pass in the middle of the third period. The break which paved the way for this tally was brought about by the spectacular work of George Mawhinney who was easily the individual star of the game from a Brookline point of view, Cambridge went into punt formation on about their own 30-yard stripe but, on the snap of the ball, alert Mawhinney was in there like a shot, evading one would-be blocker, and blocking the kick on his chest. The ball bounced along to the 8-yard line where the desperate Mawhinney pounced on it.

After this tally the score read Cambridge 7, Brookline 6 as Cam-

(Continued on Page eight)

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM DEFEATS WINCHESTER

Brookline's strong defense proved superior to Winchester's speedy forward line by successfully defending Brookline's goal against their powerful opponents.

The swift passing of Brooklines' forward line kept the ball in Winchester territory. With 15 seconds left in which to play, Catherine MacGrail, Brookline's fast center forward, shot the deciding goal of the game making a score of 1-0.

First team lineup:

C. F. Catherine MacGrail.
L. I. Katherine Mulvehill.
R. I. Janet Burghime.
L. W. Mary Marshall.
R. W. Jean Barkim.
C. H. Betty Willis.
R. H. Helen McGanty.
L. H. Mary Murphy.
R. F. B. Mary Dolbeare.
L. F. B. Edna Maddox.
Goal — Norma Nasymth.

Second team acting captain, Janet Hamilton.

FITCHBURG WINS 38-0 LEWENSTEIN, KERINS STAR

In a very one-sided pigskin scuffle at Fitchburg last Saturday afternoon, November 4, the strong Fitchburg outfit trounced a game Wealthy Town aggregation by the lop-sided score of 38-0.

Brilliantly arrayed in flaming crimson uniforms, the Fitchburg squad swarmed on to the field amidst a loud cheer fro mthe assembled Fitchburg rooters who occupied both sides of the spacious stadium, leaving Brookline a section of the smaller stands.

Under the spell of the flashing uniforms, Brookline allowed Mackie of Fitchburg to romp through for 55 yards on the second play of the game to a touchdown, which was fortunately recalled because of a penalty. Fitchburg was not to be denied that tally 'though, for a few plays later Mackie again crashed over the line. The first conversion point was good but was recalled because both teams were off side. The second try was apparently smothered when Brookline swarmed in on Mackie, the would be kicker, who was trying to snatch up the bouncing pigskin as a result of a poor pass from center. In spite of this, Mackie managed to toss the ball to Leo who was standing in the end zone, making the score Fitchburg 7, Brookline 0.

The second score came shortly after Erielonis of Fitchburg recovered a Brookline fumble on the Red and Blue 10 yard stripe. In about four plays Brodeur scrambled over and Mackie's educated toe converted, the score reading Fitchburg 14, Brookline 0.

After a few preliminary plays against the Fitchburg rampart, Howie Lewenstein kicked to his own 40 yard marker, a few rushes and a long 40-yard pass, Mackie to Leo, accounted for Fitchburg's third tally, but the conversion kick was low. The score: Fitchburg 20, Brookline 0. Brookline came to life shortly after this, but was finally forced to kick. The kick, however, was blocked, but recovered by Brookline. The next kick was good for 40-yards, but aided by a for-

(Continued on Page eight)

Exposures

Jean Taylor Leslie . . . has seen thirteen countries . . . besides other things . . . was eighteen last December 29th . . . she lost a year seeing Europe . . . we're willing to lose two years just seeing Paris . . . came to Brookline from the kindergarten of Concord . . . changed to Devotion after two years at Pierce . . . going to U. of Illinois next year . . . that's where he is . . . I didn't get his name, but the initials are B. F. . . . was secretary of the class her Sophomore year . . . lost the Vice-Presidency this year by four votes . . . but won the highest office in the Girl's League . . . has the faint hope that she will leave school before 5 some day . . . the French and German clubs have been honored for two years with her presence . . . detests Math . . . but Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable are different stories . . . a marshal for two years . . . and a procrastinator for eighteen . . loves music . . . plays the piano . . . on Teacher-Student Council for a year . . . doesn't care to elucidate her opinions for the benefit of others . . . was abroad for sixteen months . . . chums with Frances Bowser, Miriam Bower and Peggy O'Donnell . . . come up some time . . . loafing is also quite satisfactory to Jean . . . studies quite a bit when not playing the piano . . . and waiting for letters from U. I.

Richard Friday Spears . . . our genial and congenial Chief Justice . . . of the Court of Justice that, according to Dick, should be given more authority and have jurisdiction over a wider range of misdemeanors . . . resides at the Spears Mansion . . . 23 Foxteth Street . . . a native of Hyde Park . . . from whence he migrated back in '22 . . . will be seventeen next July 19th . . . was a bright star at Pierce . . . hopes to win the Pierce School Scholarship at Northeastern . . . hates cabbage . . . in dramatics for two years . . . was a court officer last year . . . also the stage electrician . . . ambition is to go out with someone nice - - - - - he likes red-heads . . . marshal for two years . . . delights in disporting his ability at football and swimming . . . claims to have good taste when it comes to women and clothing . . . shaves when extremely lazy and takes pride in it . . . wishes to follow in footsteps of his brother Don . . . although he abhors punning, he still puts up with Bob Salk . . . chops wood to amuse himself . . . "Hank" Urrows and Frank Gardner are his frequent accomplices . . . loafs on the Cape in summer . . . (his idea of a perfect vacation) . . . his other ambition . . . to be home when she calls up . . . likes good shows . . . "Boody" Nayor says: "He's a handsome devil." . . . That just about covers him.

DO YOU KNOW?

In each issue of the New Sagamore you will find a question and answer column. This department is designated to give you interesting knowledge about your school and its history. This is just one example of the many features that The Sagamore is now offering to the school.

Q. What year was the Department of Study founded?

A. This department was first organized in 1930 and Mr. Jewett, then sub-master, was put at its head. Its head-quarters were in the Manual Training Building, but have since been removed to the main building.

Q. For whom was Roberts auditorium named?

A. For Dr. Arthur W. Roberts, formerly head of the Classical Department at the B. H. S. His name is familiar to Latin students, being on many of the text-books in the school. The auditorium was dedicated last year during an impressive ceremony conducted by Mr. Ringer, Caverly, and others.

Q. What is the Schick Cup?

A. The Katherine Bradburn Schick Cup is awarded annually at graduation through courtesy of Mrs. Lotta Bradburn Schick, a member of the school committee, in memory of her daughter, whose name was perpetuated on the cup. It is presented each year to the Senior girl who has most excelled in scholarship and athletics.

Q. Just what position does the Teacher-Student Council hold in the school?

A. Our Student Government is modeled after the government of the United States in that it has three branches: legislative, executive, judicial. The Teacher-Student Council is the legislative branch. It makes laws for the pursuance of culture, refinements, and self-discipline.

Q. Can you inform me about the architects of the School?

A. The architect of the old building was Robert S. Andrews of the firm of Andrews, Jaques, and Rantoul which formerly had offices on Somerset Street in Boston. Mr. Andrews was at that time a resident of Brookline. Walter H. Kilham, the designer of the new building at B. H. S. is truly celebrated. He is senior partner of the firm of Kilham, Hopkins and Greeley at 126 Newbury Street, Boston. Mr. Kilham is the author of a splendid monograph on "Mexican Architecture of the Vice-Regal Period". He designed Baldwin School in Chestnut Hill, the Winchester Public Library (modernistic) and the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy as well as our new school.

BEHIND THE RED PENCIL

This space was going to be occupied by the first of a series of extremely solemn lectures concerning teachers' hobbies. Due to the unequalled modesty of our faculty, the following was all the information I could obtain.

My first ambitious endeavor was at the door of Miss Lewis. After many loosely directed questions from Yours Truly as to her many talents and outside activities (in which we are sure she engages) Miss Lewis glanced up sideways and offered falteringly, "Well, I did have a cat. He was a little old weather-beaten, moth-eaten cat, that's all I can think of right now."

Rather distracted, I left Miss Lewis and proceeded down the hall for my second interview. When I went into the room Mr. Seamans was diligently counting English papers and didn't seem particularly enthusiastic about being questioned on personal matters.

"Do you smoke a pipe?" I asked hopefully.

"Thirty-three — thirty four — thirty five. What?" he replied.

"Have you a hobby, I mean. Do you shoot craps, play golf, read books, sing, play an instrument, go fishing, write poetry?"

"No".

"Well, don't let me disturb you," I suggested as he went back to counting the papers.

"Forty — forty-one — forty-two. That's all right."

"You couldn't scare up a collection of postage stamps, could you? I'd appreciate it awfully."

"I like sports pretty well," he contributed briefly.

"Have you a hobby we can publish; do you realize the duty you are neglecting to your public?" I thundered, hoping by this eloquence to force a conference from him. He seemed unaffected, and I tiptoed gently from the room as he put down number fifty-eight!

Looking distantly at my copious list of notes, I proceeded slowly to the Sag. room.

(continued on page seven)

Rover

After a summer and fall of vagabond wandering, the Roving Reporter returns to roam through the corridors of Brookline's old school in search of fodder for his gullible readers. For each issue he expects to draw a pen picture of some attractive feature in the school. Send in hundreds of ideas (if you have such things) and he will rack his brains in an effort to use them.

This week the Rover meanders through la France, which used to be room eight, and sees many things of interest therein. Miss Gambrill has realized, in making over this room, a dream of many years' duration. A clubroom for students of French cannot be common-place; it must have color and style; and room eight meets these standards. Let us open its heavy, oaken door and see.

Writing tables are ranged about the room, beneath the windows, inviting the student with the neat desk pads. On these are piled copies of French magazines, the gorgeously colored **Illustration** predominating. A large book-case is laden with the cream of French literature, printed in attractive volumes. The walls are lined with picturesque posters: the sunny realm of Normandy; Brittany's wind-swept fishing coasts; Paris, the immortal city; the glory of the Riviera; the Alps.

During study periods many students of French will brouse in la France this year, imbibing its romantic atmosphere and pouring forth their creative genius in the language of Maupassant and Victor Hugo. A real scholar could not fail to gain inspiration from this cabinet and it is a truly valuable gift to the school.

Next to **la France** is Miss Gambrill's office, another interesting and unusual room, and beyond, rooms are devoted to the study of French. Two floors above is the **Modern Languages Room**, which is also used by the French Department and the Cercle Français. This must be dignified as a **salon**. It is hung with heavy curtains, furnished in elegant furniture, and ornamented with Spanish tapestry designs. The school should take an interest in these rooms. In the next issue the Rover will be back again with an account of the wonders of Mr. Packard's laboratories.

Literary

MOUNTAINS

By Charles Osgood

It seems to me that Nature meant a mountain to be a help to those in trouble. A mountain that lifts its face towards the sky seems a fitting symbol of truth and untroubled calm. Hills and mountains both reach up towards the heavens, even as the trees and flowers do.

Some would like the jumbled piles and ranges with their freakish crags and rugged contour, but for me the solitary peak that rises from the wide, rolling plains has more grandeur. A single, lofty mountain is like a great man that stands high above the muddle of his fellows. The lower mountains also have their beauty. They are kind of mountains that allow the trespassings of men on the sides of cooling green. They are old and worn with the waters of countless ages and perhaps they look up at the comparatively younger ones with slight envy, while they wait for the upheaval that will raise them once more to their place of glory. And yet these mountains are perhaps more beautiful in their cloaks of foliage than the somewhat harsh young crags.

Water is waging an endless war with the mountains. Slowly, the tiny drops of moisture change the masses of rock into rolling hills. High up among the steep crags, countless dancing streams fling themselves madly down toward the sea. Here and there an emerald lake reflects, on its shimmering surface, the mighty peaks that tower about it. Occasionally one may get the picture of a mountain, bathed in early morning sunlight, with a halo of billowy clowds concealing its proud head. Awe-inspiring is the storm in the mountains. The roaring thunders echo back and forth among the peaks and the jagged forks of lightening strike down upon their uplifted heads, etching them against the dark sky. The tiny rivulets swell into torrents that rush down the rough slopes in turbulent anger.

In the winter, when the water falls as snow, the scene is changed. Gone are the jagged scars and bare, ugly rock. The mountains are covered with a fleecy scarf of crystal whiteness that shimmers brightly in the sun and gleams softly in the pale light of the moon. Like a giant snow-house the mountain stands silent, confident in this new winter coat and not seeming to realize that with the coming of spring the mantle will fade, to leave almost as before the cold, scarred rock. Some mountains, however, are high enough to ensure a year-round cap of snow. One might think that they would be proud of their caps of white. Perhaps they are.

Spring brings great changes in the aspect of the mountains. For some it brings a wonderful new coat of green, for others it reveals to the world the bare rock. Far up in the crevices it starts the long-dormant ice on its downward journey. These glaciers move slowly down their age-worn paths, like tears on the noble face of the mountain. Gradually they push their way, pressed on by the weight of the fields behind them. What is more inspiring than to walk alone through the low hills and mountains in the early spring? All about, the wanderer can see the bountiful evidences of Nature's handiwork. The opening buds, the returning birds, the tender green shafts of grass, and the multicolored wild-flowers all join in welcoming spring. The dirty brown of the mountain soil is covered with a veneer of green. The old mountains come out of their hibernation to live again under a delicately shaded blanket.

Often I think that the mountains must feel lonely in their solitude; as I gaze up at them from below, they seem aloof and distant, yet I always turn back to the small things of life with a pure feeling and a bit more courage and understanding. The mountains are so old, as we humans are concerned, that I think that we ought to take a hint from them. A mountain; so magnificent, so indifferent, always changing with the seasons and yet never changing in the eyes of men. And so, as we leave the mountains, let us carry one picture. A lofty range behind us as we travel over the rolling shoulders toward the plains; an orange, setting sun that paints them in reds and purples; the figure of a mountain sheep on a narrow ledge as wild and supreme as the mountains themselves; and we pass into the everyday world but with the purity and the beauty of the mountains in our souls.

THE SKELLY BAINE

It seems that when the Skelly Baine
Was headed for Cathay,
Storms which churned her to a wreck
Had wreaked Hell's havoc with her deck.
Masts were snapped,
Sails flapped,
Seams all gapped,
She drank like a thirsty bay.

The sun was in the sky again
And quiet was the wave.
The Skelly wallowed in the trough
And shook the splintered wreckage off.
A sailor's cry,
"Land I spy,
Or does my eye
My hope belie?"
No longer must we face an early grave"
Our course was toward the land we thought
Was some uncharted isles.
And when at last the Skelly bore
Us to the island's virgin shore
The land
Was grand
The strand
Was sand
Which stretched for many miles.

As we drew nigh, the ship to beach,
The keel sank in the sand.
An hour of toiling was in vain,
Our backs were sore and racked
The tide
Had died
And lied
The side
Of the ship on the clayey strand.

The rest of the day we lay and baked
In the heat of the scorching sun.
But sudden the tide and the gale arose,
And blew us free, and then we knowes
That all that day
While we lay
She'd caulked with clay
The holes, and say
In a moon and a sun the job was done.

If we'd been late to old Cathay,
We'd have lost our jobs, we all agree.
But Old Dame Fortune did the trick,
We shipped no water, the job was slick.
In spite of the sun,
It was lots of fun;
Tho' we had no mon'
The job was done,—
For the best things in life are free.

ON SEEING THE 175TH INFANTRY MEMORIAL

O' men, oblivious to wind and sky,
O' soldiers wrought in greening bronze, who know
No art but that of strife — what is this foe
At whom you scream your silent battle cry?
What awful tyranny would justify
The fear-born hate your straining faces show?
Your cause is dead that made false trumpets blow
Betraying notes, which sent men out to dye.

* * *

Immortal Mars, who thrives in hearts of men,
Must fling his gauntlet in the peace man's face,
With sneering dare. His madly bellowed word
Calls nations forth to needless war, but when
The god is served with battle's' stark disgrace,
Men weep as reason's puny voice is heard.

NORMA RATHNER.

TO THE CLIPPER SHIP, BENJAMIN F. PACKARD

Not long ago you roamed the seven seas
And back, with canvas booming from the Horn
To icy Tunanak. You moored on quays.
Where coolies brought you guano, teak, and thorn,
Or brown men loaded copra for the West.
A famous master loved your oaken beams,
And on his lonely midnight watch, would rest
Against your supreme-bright rail, and dream great dreams.

* * *

You well deserve the wind-swept, ancient grave
Of faithful ships, but lolling like a hound,
Too old to join the hunt, not stirring save
To groan and roll upon the swelling sound,
You mourn the past — justly. Your cargo now
Is dancing feet and lovers in the bow!

NORMA RATHNER

THE SAGAMORE

Founded 1893

Published bi-monthly from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School. Editor-in-Chief: John Grandfield; Associate editors: Frances Bowser, June Bradfield, Norman Hunt, Stuart Goldenburg, Philip Levine, Henry Urrows; Business Manager, Frank Taylor; Advertising Manager, Jerome Grossman; Circulation Manager, Eliot Alter.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

VOL. L NOVEMBER 16, 1933 No. 2

CONCERNING OUR ELDERS

We must give credit where credit is due, even if we tear down some old custom in so doing. We must admit (however reluctantly) that the current older generation is behaving itself pretty well for an older generation. Can this be attributed to Progress? Usually elders are supposed to be very smug and unreasonable, and to have little power to understand. Even though our parents have a great deal to learn, they are coming along nicely. They aren't smothering us with an absurd sense of respectability or "morals", or hurling an impossible code of behavior at poor unsuspecting youngsters. We are not subjected to regular lectures concerning the horrors and perils of living (the way the old folks used to be). In short, things are much better now than they were in Dad's day.

Of course, they have an excellent group of youngsters with which to work. We have approximately the usual degree of improvement of a given generation upon the preceding one. Careful observations and experiments have found the exact improvement to be a very small fraction more than one hundred per cent. In return for the lack of stupidity manifested by our immediate ancestors, we are evincing a slight lack of headstrength (or is it headstrongness?' and more co-operation. We are considerate in that we do not embarrass them more than is necessary in showing up their appalling ignorance of many matters. We must be extremely careful that we do not flaunt our vast superiority before them; they might not care to be reminded of it and some of them probably won't even admit its existence. Let us carefully conceal this too obvious superiority with that ancient trick called modesty. Of course, this has its difficulties, for much practice is required before one masters the art of blushing, or shyly casts his or her glance to the ground with finesse. However, we are equal to anything.

It's going to be pretty hard to teach them those things which they haven't yet learned. When will they ever know that it is not at all proper at the Sunday dinner table to ask the hour at which you arrived home in the morning? When will they be able to sign report cards without accompanying the act with any comment?

However, let's give them "a break." Remember that they don't know any better. They've been born to the theory that age and wisdom go hand in hand, and it's a devilishly difficult job to divorce them from this most silly supposition. After all, they're doing pretty well, for them!

So, when some teacher asks where that homework paper is, or some "superior" member of your household wonders why the deficiency card came home with you, try to remember that you're getting out of school without a seventh period this month and that they're letting you use the car tomorrow night. Remember that they belong to that older generation, and can't help it.

DIRECTED STUDY PLAN

Several years ago the President of the University of Chicago introduced into the University a new system of education. This was known as the tutorial system in contrast to the more out moded recitation system. "A boy travels a long distance and pays a large sum of money to receive instruction from his professor," declared the modern educators, "and the only time he is with his professors is in class, listening to other students making mistakes. He needs his professors the most when he is studying his lessons, then the professor should be right there with him to see that he thinks straight, or at least to teach him to think straight."

This is the underlying thought of the directed study plan. It gives the students of B. H. S. an opportunity, though as yet extremely limited, of doing their work under the guidance of the teacher. In the classroom there is the greatest possible amount of equipment at their disposal — books, maps, old exams, supplementary material of many kinds. But most of all in the class-room there is the teacher. He or she can answer, if it is desirable, the perplexing questions or problems that arise in the midst of the study. Or the teacher can review quizzes and exams with the students of the class more fully than during recitation time.

Or the more fortunate students may help the less fortunate ones. What an opportunity for social development and display of leadership! Here in the directed study period one student may review with another the data for a test and, perhaps incidentally, gain a great deal of profit for himself.

We hail this step as the dawn of a new and better era in education and are thankful that Brookline as usual is in the foreground of the progressive movement.

CALENDAR

DRAMATICS AND PRIZE SPEAKING

J. MURRAY KAY—Tryouts for Prize Speaking, Monday, November 13.
Elimination tryouts, Monday, December 4.
Prize Speaking, Friday evening, January 12, 1934.
Dramatic Society Play, Friday, November 24 (evening).

B. T. CLUB PLAY—Tryouts for Teachers' Club play Monday, November 27 at 2.30.
Teachers' Club Play (evening) Friday and Saturday, January 19 and 20, 1934.
Tryouts for Scholarship Dramatics, Monday, February 12.
Scholarship Dramatics, Friday and Saturday (evening) April 6 and 7.

ROBERTS AUDITORIUM RESERVATIONS

The entire week of November 20, January 15, April 2 are reserved for dress rehearsals. No outside activities are to be held in Roberts Auditorium during these periods.

Mondays and Thursdays in October and November (up to November 17) are reserved.

Mondays and Thursdays in December and January (up to January 19) are reserved.

Mondays and Thursdays from February 12 through March are reserved.

AN ARTHURIAN LEGEND

There came to Arthur's court one day a strange knight. The king's henchmen had seen him approaching from a distance and cast untrusting eyes on him as he strode forward. The trail stained messenger fell on his feet before the good King of Camelot and cried, "A boon, Sir King, a boon! My lord, the King of Chiselhurst is hard pressed in combat and humbly begs that you send a band of your picked men to his aid. He will reward you tens of thousands of gold shekels if you will but aid him in his fight."

"Ay, it is a just price," said King Arthur, "and my wife is also Chiseler, I see fit to go to the assistance of your lord and master."

Whereupon many of King Arthur's knights became sorely dismayed and begged Arthur not to go. But the good king was unaltered in his desire. "Allay your fears," quoth Arthur, 'I go to make the world safe for democracy." So saying, he departed with five hundred picked warriors and accompanied the messenger towards Chiselhurst in the north.

Arthur's prowess in battle was well-known, and he added to his glory by speedily ending the wars to the north. The invading army was miserably routed and its eader was taken in hand-to hand combat with the great master of Camelot, and amid great rejoicing Arthur returned home with the keys to the city of Chiselhurst.

Soon the time arrived for the first installment of Arthur's reward for his fighting. The king of the Chiselers, knowing Arthur's fondness for sport, said, "A game, Sir Knight, I will a game with you for the first installment."

"It is well," replied Arthur.

"I will cast these shekels into the air," said the King of the the ceiling will go to Camelot; Northland; "those which stick to those remaining will stay in Chiselhurst."

"Bravo!" cried King Arthur.

At a given signal the shekels were flung skyward and Chiselhurst won, five hundred shekels to nothing.

Arthur was somewhat disappointed at being runner-up, but aid that to his ignorance of this new Chiseler's game. After some months, Arthur returned for the second installment. The streets were bedecked with banners and throngs gathered about Arthur. Everyone in Chiselhurst was shouting, "Our pal." The debtor king proposed a new game. "I will fling a shekel into the air. If it lands heads, you lose the installment; if it comes tails, I win the nstallment."

"Bravo," cried King Arthur.

The shekel was flung aloft and then Arthur said, "I'll come back next year to win."

"Our pal!" cried the Chiselers.

By this time, Arthur had become an exceedingly popular person in Chiselhurst and, when he next came there, the king said, "I feel age growing upon me, noble Arthur. Not for long may these pleasant games of ours continue. Therefore, it is with sad regret that I must ask you to cancel the war debt."

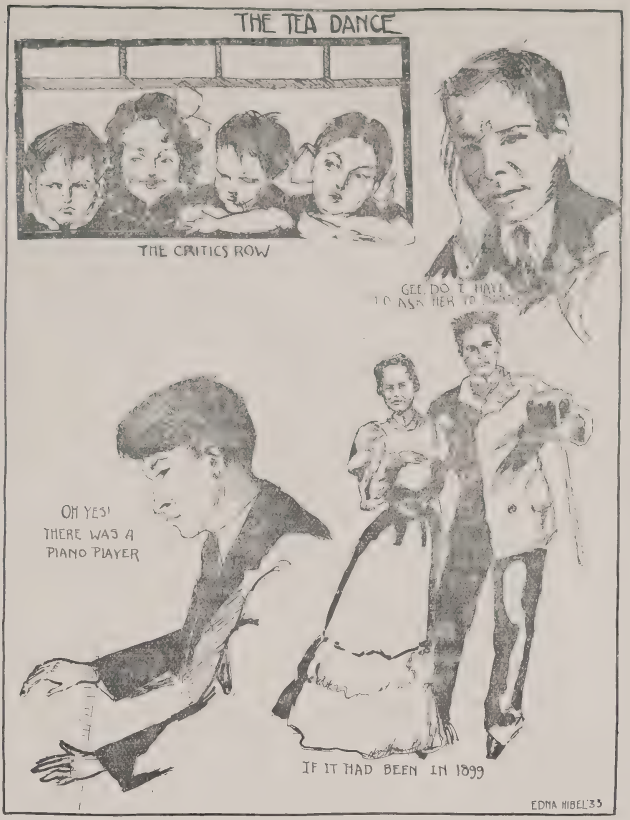
"Them's fighting words," said Arthur. "I don't know what you're talking about, but it sounds good. As a matter of fact, I'm in favor of it."

"Ah! Thou noble warrior," quoth the King of the Northlands. "Just sign along the dotted line."

"Bravo!" cried King Arthur.

"Our pal!" cried the Chiselers.

JACK VINCENS, '34


THE TEA DANCE
THE CRITICS ROW
GEE, DO I HAVE TO ASK HER TO
OH YES! THERE WAS A PIANO PLAYER
IF IT HAD BEEN IN 1899
EDNA HIBEL '33

INBETWEEN TOUCHDOWNS

Fitchburg pulled a fast one when they paraded their team out in those flaming crimson uniforms Our only retaliation was Lawrie Danels' red hat.

* * *

Howie Lewenstein wants to play 'em next year. Howie, by the way, is a senior.

Our only consolation was that there were no injuries.

* * *

One fair Brooklineite said, "Oh, you're not so hot, we've been beaten by better teams than this."

* * *

Blame it on the tea-dance.

* * *

Fritz Jerome was in there for a while and looks promising.

* * *

Did you see who was up in the press box?

* * *

Where did Jordy Cohen and his pals disappear to after the game?

* * *

To show you we're good sports, we'll nominate Mackie of Fitchburg for all-scholastic back. It looked like Brookline vs. Mackie.

* * *

Wonder what Coach Brown told the boys between halves to make them come out looking like they wanted to chew nails.

* * *

The one and only (thank goodness!) S. Livingstone tells us how to quench our thirst in the corridors. Just walk right up and take it, don't be afraid.

VENUS'S DIARY

By Irving I. Helman

(Dear readers, I do not wish to confuse you, but I want it appreciated that the items below are not jokes but are simply literary discourses by the way of humor. All quotations, if any, are from Homer.)

October 30, 1933 "Today I was overjoyed to see one of whom I have heard a great deal, namely Jordan Sandman, who, after many long years, has joined the ranks of the High School students. The other day Jordan was invited as the guest of honor to the Fat Fellows Club. When the master of ceremonies got up and said, 'Gentlemen, I think we ought to give Mr. Sandman a toast.' Jordan jumped up angrily and declared, 'You'll give me a full course dinner or nothing.!"

* * *

October 31, 1933 "Every time I hear about our football team and the cheer leaders I always remember this joke which I heard two disgruntled boys say one Monday morning. One declared to the other that every time he heard the cheer leaders say, "Let's have a regular cheer for the team." He felt like yelling out, "Let's have a regular team for the cheer."

* * *

November 1, 1933, "Neither Augustus Caesar nor I am acquainted with those modern conveyances termed "street cars" but we have heard a great deal about them. Someone has said, "Many a lady has been heard asking the conductor whether or not the car crossed the Charles River Bridge, but only one conductor has ever said, "If it doesn't lady, we're in for a terrible ducking."

* * *

November 3, 1933, "At the monthly meeting of the gods we welcomed some of the new students and other remarkable sights. The most prominent thing that has ever caught our eyes is Will O'Ber's haircut. We also wish to welcome Norma Rathner otherwise known as the "Bar ness Monchaussen". Other objects of scenery were commented on."

* * *

November 7, 1933, "I noticed an unusual advertisement today. It read, "For rent (but not for sale) an excellent back to hide behind. No references needed. Apply to Constance Hyman."

Club Activities

SPANISH CLUB

The following officers were elected for the year 1933-34 at the recent elections:

President — Janet Hamilton.

First Vice-President — Jordan Cohen.

Second Vice-President — Ruth Krivitsky.

Treasurer - Secretary — Jack R. Vincens.

Miss Wood, the faculty advisor, and the president has selected Mary Bonzagni, Glenn Boates and John Crowley to serve on the executive board with the above officers.

The first meeting will be held on Monday, November 13th, at 2:30 P. M. in the Spanish Center, Room 36. After the formal business, there will be a social hour with dancing, bridge, other varied games, and refreshments. With over forty members already enrolled, the outlook for the club is the best in recent years. For the subsequent meetings, many interesting times are being planned which will be of interest to all members.

S. P. L. G.

At the Girls' League Assembly the other week, Miss Sawyer spoke of the League, its work, its results, and many of its former outstanding members and officers who are still a credit to their old school in their respective colleges. She expressed her wishes that the League would continue on its route, and it is up to all of us who are the members of its house to fulfill her hopes.

Jean Leslie, President of the Girls' League, summarized the acts of her own original play, and when the curtain rose, we saw Martha Turner as the mother of Frances Bowser and Norma Green of High School and Grammar School, respectively. The story is one of hundreds of girls who are new to a big school — the heroine, if I may so term her, is in deep despair and profound loneliness until she joins the Girls' League. Although time did not permit the last act, we may be sure that Lonesome Lulu turned out to be Popular Polly through the aid of the League. The second act, by the way, ran on a parallel with the exact activity you will find if you acquaint yourselves with the girls' League Office, Room 28. We are greatly indebted to all those considerate persons who made possible the Girls' League Assembly because it was the best plan by which all the girls could understand the object and functions of this noble organization.

The Freshmen Girls' Acquaintance Parties were held in the Girls' League Room where there was ample room for Farmer-in-the-Dell, Going to Jerusalem, and London Bridges to be played at one time. In spite of the youthful games, the din, and the excitement, all the girls conceived the spirit with which these parties are run, and many of them met numerous new girls whose friendship, I hope, they will pursue.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

The Domestic Science Club had its first meeting on Monday, October 30th at 2:15 P. M. Miss Alice Austin, last year's vice-president, presided at the meeting. Miss Edith Whitcomb and her brother Houghton Whitcomb entertained us, in the Visual Education room, with moving pictures which they had taken while on a trip this past summer. They included also some pictures of Panama, which they took several years ago.

There were thirty-one members present, including Miss Smith and Miss Jones. After the meeting, refreshments were served in the Domestic Science dining room. The orange fruit sherbet gave a Hallowe'en party effect which seemed most appropriate at this time. The meeting, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended, was adjourned after the girls had washed the dishes.

RED CROSS

On the 17th of October in Shailer Hall at 2:15 the Junior Red Cross of the entire Brookline Schools held its first meeting. There were forty-five High School Home Room Representatives and nine representatives from the following grammar schools: Driscoll, Cabot, Lawrence, Heath and Pierce.

The meeting was opened by a piano selection by Miss Irma Goudey. The junior delegate to the Metropolitan Chapter was the first speaker who introduced Miss Smith, the head of the Brookline Junior Red Cross. The next on the program was a resumee of the National American Red Cross Conference at Washington last April and one of the Regional Conference at Newton by the senior delegate. Two sophomores gave summaries of last and this year's work.

It was decided that there be a conference of this sort quarterly in the high school for the benefit of both the high and grammar schools of Brookline.

DRAMATICS CLUB

The Dramatic Society of the High School is presenting three plays on the evening of November 24, two comedies and one tragedy. Tickets are fifty cents and are now on sale every day at the ticket office.

The purpose of the Dramatic Society is to develop interest in the theatre through a school workshop. This will include a stage staff including an electrician, costumers, designers, actors, and directors. Al those interested in drama are urged to attend the plays on November 24.

GOOD HEAVENS!

Scene—A large cloud.
Place—Heaven.
Time—5000 A. M.

Cleopatra: Really, Anthony, one gets no peace anymore with all these nouveau dead floating about.

Anthony: (distractedly) Um.

Cleopatra: There goes that sneaky tribunal Sixtus. He's been hovering around Edna Wallace Hopper for the last seven centuries. They say he's so crooked he even tried to lift her face. Anthony! Will you listen to me!

Anthony: I'm listening. You're dead right, too.

Cleopatra: What's more I think it's perfectly outrageous the way Hercules carries on with Queen Marie. Why he's a good seven thousand years older than she. Now Texas Guinan and Napoleon are more of an age.

Anthony: Oh Earth! I'm tired of this place.

Cleopatra: Darling, haven't I told you not to swear in my presence?

Anthony: Those people in the cloud next to us haven't been to sleep for decades. The man plays a saxophone.

Cleopatra: You mean Rudy Vallee?

Anthony: (with disgust) I don't see how he ever got in. Did he have a card?

Cleopatra: He's adorable. He and Nero make an excellent duet.

Anthony: Well, personally, I prefer Nero and his fiddling.

Cleopatra: I suppose you know we're going over to Mable Willebrant's for nectars tonight.

Anthony: Let's tell her we can't come. I just refuse to put on my dress wings again. I spilled soup on two of the feathers, and it hasn't rained for years.

Cleopatra: (archly) Al Smith will make it rain for you, dear.

Anthony: Well, I'm going to bed now, darling. If you want to keep that date with Mussolini, I'll put out the bird.

Cleopatra: Goodby, honey. I hardly have the spirit to leave you!

Cloud envelops Anthony.

Gifford Ross

MUSICAL NOTES

If you had been at band rehearsal two Thursdays ago, you would have noticed two things, pleasing to us all.

First is that a certain trumpet player has heard the call to duty and has informed us that he will report within a week for a uniform. It seems he must have seen my last article and his reaction to my summons is certainly appreciated.

Second is the fact that the band went through every march perfectly, and such was Mr. Joslin's joy that he promised the boys new band music for rehearsals immediately after the Newton game.

There are three people upon whom the success of the band depends, and it is only fair to say what is due them. Think of the clarity with which Mr. Joslin explains the various formations for letters. These complex affairs require much concentration by the individual, and Mr. Joslin handles the situation in a masterly manner

Next in line for laurels is Mr. Lowe, the faculty adviser of the band. He plays the baritone horn in the band, and the rich, deep, sonorous tones can be easily distinguished. His well-nigh perfect rhythm has proved an invaluable source of inspiration to the students. His avocation is the instruction of physics.

Then there comes Jim Woodburn one of the most competent baton-twirlers in the circuit. His genia air has been no insignificant factor in maintaining interest in our football season. Jim is an incorrigible optimist who has a greater feminine following then any former B. H. S. drum-major.

This concludes my brief eulogy but remember: membership to the band or orchestra can be had by seeing Mr. Joslin on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday of any week in Roberts Hall or Mr. Lowe any day in room 329.

DEBATING CLUB

One intramural debate has already taken place before the Society and others are planned in the near future. Inter-scholasti debates are just coming into styl again and the school looks forwar to them eagerly.

LIBRARY LINES

Push your chests out

In the first place, Mrs Siebens's ccount of the Scott celebration eld last year has been published s the leading article in the Wilson ulletin. It is illustrated by photoraphs of the ex hibition, and is iere for the reading in the libra- .

As a result of this article, Miss erris, head of the Junior Literary uild, has asked Mrs. Siebens to ntribute a story of the Scott exbition play for an early number "Young Wings," the magazine that organization. Those who ijoyed the actual performance ill find the article doubly interting.

The third plum is a letter from e State Board of Education in rginia, which, after viewing our hibit at Chicago this fall, exesses a desire for several copies characteristic library lessons. ote, any suffering and grumbling iglish students of ye Brookline gh School, the word "desire", iich very aptly indicates to you at there are those who appreciate value of said lessons, even ough you be not of that wise npany.

For the glories of those unacainted with being a library astant, doughnuts (good doughts, smothered in powdered sug- and cider with a tang made tive the Acquaintance Party d on October 23. Not, of course, t it wasn't quite lively enough hout them, what with a hatking contest, (materials, one ip of orange paper and a needlel of thread), an owl hunt and eral guessing games.

Iopefully, here are your new arals:

nglish Writers — Cross, Good ding for High Schools.

Ianners for Millions — Hadida, rect mode of pleasing personal its for everyday men and won.

innet on the Threshold — Rayid, Story that girls will like.

Loyal Foe — Bolton, A tale of Rival Roses.

loucester Men — Stories of the ing fleet — Connolly.

omplete Sherlock Holmes — le. The A. Conan Doyle Meml Edition.

ansom of the Red Chief and r O. Henry Stories for boys as sen by Franklin K. Mathews.

ow They Carried the Goods — ler. From the creaking sleds Pharaoh to the swift airplanes oday.

he Long Road from Savagery ivilization — Ray Cooper-Cole.

Behind The Red Pencil

(Continued from Page two)

Although Mr. Ringer has no specific hobby, he is interested in many things. He is a nature lover and spends most of his spare time in the great out-of-doors with his boys. They frequently indulge in the popular sports of fishing and hunting. A long hike in the woods is of endless delight to Mr. Ringer. He greatly enjoys and appreciates the bright foliage and spectacular scenery. He also likes to walk because of the relaxation it affords and the chance it gives to think.

Mr. Ringer is very fond of animals. Several years ago he had a farm and kept hens, pigs and other domestic animals. Thinking of our head-master as we see him everyday, and then picturing him among livestock in the country, is quite a contrast. Nevertheless, Mr. Ringer is greatly interested in farming. Although he cannot lodge farm animals now, there are always dogs and cats in his home.

A number of Mr. Ringer's ancestors were sea-captains and he has inherited their love for the sea. To him, as well as to many of us, the sea has a mysterious something which is incomprehensible but strangely fascinating. Lured by its majestic yet dangerous beauty, Mr. Ringer often takes long walks on the rocky shore. During a storm, he particularly enjoys these walks. He often goes boating and deep-sea fishing with his sons.

Mr. Ringer has another interest which is very important to him: that is, the relationship between the students and himself. He says that his aim is never to allow anyone, whether parent or pupil to pass over the threshhold of his office without having a feeling of understanding and enrichment which he did not possess before the interview. He wants to make the students realize that what he does is for their own good and betterment.

So you see, you people who thought a headmaster could not be quite like the rest of us, that Mr. Ringer is very human in his love for nature and sports.

OUTDOOR CLUB HOLDS A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Wednesday afternoon, October 25th, the girls of the Outdoor Club very joyously celebrated the return of the black cats and witches. First there was a brisk walk, with Miss Johns, to increase our appetites for the goodies which were brought back. An "eleganter than elegant" feast of cider, doughnuts, cake, candy etc., was spread in the teachers' lunchroom. The tables were strikingly decorated by "Babe" Metzler and Jessie LeGacy. Many amusing games were played and some hilariously funny fortunes received. Many girls emerged dripping but victorious from a tub of water after a struggle with a bobbing, red apple. Miss Barnes arrived in the midst of the merry-making and joined in the fun. After about two hours of frolic the party broke up.

THE GERMAN CLUB

Under the capable management of Miss Bailey, the German Club completed a short but successful term last year. The organization met only three times, but each meeting was thoroughly enjoyed as well as being truly instructive. The year's program consisted of a Christmas party, a lecture given by Prof. Peebles of Boston University on the smaller German cities, and a number of skits presented by the pupils of the various German classes.

Miss Bailey plans to reorganize the club in the near future. Anyone taking German will be admitted to the society regardless of marks. It is probable that there will be more meetings this year than formally.

ALUMNI NOTES

We have heard from a few more of our B. H. S. graduates, and find that still more have enlisted at various colleges.

Harold Wyer is at Bowdoin. Jack Corbett, Fred Crocker, Sigbert Oettinger, Rupert Lewis and Sherman Rose are at M. I. T. At Yale are, Fred Wiggin and Bill Favorite. Eddie Shaw, George Hartstone, and Ted Bradby are all at Harvard. Roger Burnhardt, **our famous Roger Burnhardt** is a student at Dartmouth.

Berton Aaronson, George Hawley, Richard Burnham, Marjorie McCabe, Marybelle Finger, and PriscillaDaley have all come back as P. G's. to dear old B. H. S.

From Boston College, we hear that Philip McNiff, class of '29, graduated "Summa cum laude" from Boston College in class of '33.

Rita Philips, '32, and Florence McPhee '33, are taking the Secretarial Course at Bryant & Stratton.

B. H. S. students who are on the Day's list at M. I. T. are: Stanley Rosrie, Edwin Nyhen, Howard Tatel, Clarence French, Bernard Wilson, Donald Hirshberg and Richard Cavanaugh.

Elizabeth Greenleaf is the vice-president of the Junior class at Wheaton. Barbara Frank was among the nine highest juniors and sophomores at Smith to win the Dwight W. Morrow scholarship. Dorothea Lakson and Bernice Libman are listed among the honor students at Wellesley College Dorothea Lakson maintained an average of B or over in her courses during her freshman year.

Jeremiah Berman is guard on the football of Hebron Academy and Harold Pearl is on the tennis team.

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Cambridge Latin 7 to 6

bridge had scored previously. By succeeding in the try for the point-after, the Wealthy Town could tie the score. A pass from a kick formation however failed, much to the consternation of the Red and Blue rooters.

Cambridge Latin's score came in that action-filled third chapter also. They scored suddenly, after running 25 yards on an off-tackle play. Brookline was apparently caught sleeping and should never have allowed this score.

The outstanding event of the day was, of course George Mawhinney's sudden entrance into the hall of fame via his very appropriate kick blocking, which put the Wealthy Town in scoring position. We could also cite the tackling of Johnny Linehan and Tom Guthrie, the running and passing of Howie Lewenstein, and the passing of Charlie Kerins.

The B. H. S. Boys had a song written in their honor: "Lazy Bones."

Fitchburg Wins 38 to 0

ward pass and a few rushes, Fitchburg scored again with Toreollete toting it. The conversion again was low. Fitchburg 26, Brookline 0.

Shortly after the start of the 3rd period and after an exchange of punts which gave them the ball on our 25, Brodeur scored on an end run. The conversion try was wide and the score read Fitchburg 32, Brookline 0.

The next tally was preceeded by an excellent run by Johnny Linehan and some good tackling by George Kilman and Joie Walsh. Mackie again tossed a 35 yard pass to Leo who romped over. This time a pass failed to convert the extra point and Fitchburg led 38 to 0.

In the fourth period, Brookline opened up a bit and fought the home team on even terms with Lewenstein, Kerins, Linehan, and Adams showing up well. Brookline stopped the Fitchburg machine now again and again with neither team scoring at all in that period. The final score therefore read Fitchburg 38, Brookline 0.

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SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. L, NO. 3 BROOKLINE, MASS. NOVEMBER 30, 1933 Subscription: ONE DOLLAR

NEWTON FAVORED IN ANNUAL GRID BATTLE

DRAMATIC SOCIETY GIVES THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

On Friday evening, November 24, the Dramatic Society presented three one-act plays. The music, furnished by the school orchestra, Mr. Gordon Joslin, director, contributed to the success of the evening. Miss Hannon and Mr. Hammond cooperated as coaches in staging these triumphs.

Leonard Cohen, giving an excellent and virile interpretation of Elmer from the play of the same name, saved the new wrap sent his sister ,Susan Collier, cleverly portrayed by Betty McKenzie, from being worn first by one of her sel-

(Continued on Page eight)

HONORARY SOCIETY INITIATES NEW MEMBERS

Honorary Society

Eliot Silverman, President of the Honorary Society, conducted the upper class assembly on Wednesday. He very ably recounted the requirements for membership which are least three points in scholarship, at least three points in outside activities, and at least two extra points in either field. He explained Alpha Pi to mean excellence and leadership, of which are present in all members of the society. Josephine Blatt, a graduate of Brookline High in the class of 1930 was the next speaker. She was not only amusing but she was interesting and instructive as well.

LARGE NUMBER ATTEND FATHERS' & SONS' NIGHT

The Brookline High School welcomed the fathers and sons of Roberts and Shailer Houses on the evening of November the 14th. The purpose of this informal meeting was to bring the house and the school into closer relationship.

A thorough inspection of the classrooms and laboratories was enjoyed by the many of the guests who afterwards returned to the auditorium to hear the speakers.

After a short introductory speech by Mr. Hines, the chairman, the following people delivered their messages: Mr. Caverly on, "The Responsibility of the Superintendent Towards Parents;" Mr. Reid

(Continued on Page five)

LINE-UPS FOR HOLIDAY CLASH

BROOKLINE

No.	Player	Pos.	Wt.
15	Walsh	re	141
78	Mawhinney	rt	150
83	Litman	rg	163
29	Kilman	c	136
84	Harding	lg	174
87	Whittier	lt	189
89	Aronson	le	145
77	Lewenstein	qb	163
20	McCaffrey	lhb	155
76	Linehan	rhb	142
23	Jerome	fb	170
	Brookline Replacements		
39	Conaty	lhb	140
98	Lipson	rt	164
30	Fallon	rg	155
11	R. Mawhinney	c	150
88	Willis	lg	173
22	Rittenberg	lt	140
85	Guthrie	le	134
21	Thompson	qb	151
75	Kerins	fb	178
38	Lynch	re	131
35	Landry	rhb	162
27	Ford	g	
31	Hurley	e	
14	Mullins	qb	
80	O'Bierne	t	
30	Rourke	t	
45	Driscoll	b	
88	Willis	b	
24	C. Larkin	fb	
32	Sullivan	b	

NEWTON

No.	Player	Pos.	Wt.
34	Castoldi	le	160
25	Swig	lt	170
14	Joyce	lg	145
7	Thompson (capt.)	c	160
13	Roehig	rg	150
31	Grow	rt	188
8	Finberg	re	157
30	Flagg	qb	160
4	Mafbra	lhb	170
15	Whitney	rhb	160
16	Frasier	fb	150
	Newton Replacements		
33	Howe	le	170
27	Rich	lt	168
36	Wisback	lg	166
5	O'Neil	c	148
22	S. Miller	rg	157
32	Halliday	rt	183
20	Byrne	re	155
11	Feola	qb	143
3	McCarthy	lhb	155
17	L. Miller	rhb	153
9	Sloane	fb	151
1	Hallett	hb	
2	Sabrignio	qb	
12	Young	g	
18	Moore	fb	
19	Steers	e	
21	Myers	qb	
23	Johnson	e	
24	Trieanni	hb	
26	Tulesci	hb	

PERIOD	1	2	3	4	TOTAL

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

The first meeting of the Senior class was held Wednesday, November 15, in the auditorium. A majority of the class attended and many important matters of business were votedupon.

The meeting was opened by the President of the class, Frank Gardner, who introduced Mr. Hollingworth as first speaker. He brought these questions before the class. Shall the senior class have a year book?—and if so shall it be the leather covered one? To both questions the vote was unanimously—yes. Then it was voted upon to call for Year Book subscriptions the first of January instead of December, so that picture money and Year Book money wouldn't have to be spent at the same time. Another thing was decided upon (not by the students however) — and that was to have our pictures taken

(continued on page seven)

RED & BLUE HOPES TO MAKE AMENDS FOR POOR SEASON

VICTORY INSURES NEWTON SUBURBAN LEAGUE TITLE

On Thanksgiving, at Brookline Field a heavily-favored Newton eleven will meet Brookline.

The Orange and Black will enter the stadium with confidence of routing the Red and Blue. Many a time before one of these two old rivals has entered a contest confident of victory and many a time has such a team been greatly surprised and, in some cases, defeated. Anything, you know, can happen in a Brookline-Newton game.

There is some indefinable something that comes over the contestants in Brookline-Newton meetings that makes them play way over their heads. Spirit soars! It has always happened in the past and is bound to happen next Thursday.

The moral of the Wealthy Towners is very high. After holding a very powerful B. C. High eleven scoreless, almost defeating them, and coming within ten yards of Arlington's rarely crossed goal line, do you wonder that we eye this battle with hope of upsetting our greatly favored rivals?

Brookline's major offensive weapon is the forward pass which has only failed to gain creditable yardage against the very powerful Fitchburg team. The Wealthy Town has a couple of excellent forward passers in Howie Lewenstein and Charlie Kerins, Conaty, Linehan, Jerome, Aronson, Adams and Lewenstein again all make very reliable receivers.

However, it seems more likely that Brookline will play a strictly defensive game, waiting for the breaks, as they did against B. C. High. This will mean that a great deal of work will fall to Howie Lewenstein to keep the Garden City on their heels, and to the ends, Aronson, Walsh, Guthrie, and Hines to cover the descending punts.

Brookline's hopes are bolstered considerably by the return of many

(Continued on Page eight)

ROVER

This time the Roving Reporter meanders through the Science Department, mouth agape at the furnishings and equipment which surpass those of any secondary school in the country. First he enters the office suite of the head of the department. There is a combination book-case-cabinet where printed material for the year's work is classified and lantern slides are carefully arranged. On the desk is a graceful sculpture of David slaying Goliath, suggesting the power that a handsome framed poster consecrates: "Power Belongeth unto God." The crowning glory of the office is a huge fern presented, as you remember, at the dedication of the department last year.

In the shop that adjoins the office is a compressed air machine that shuts off automatically at 40 pounds. The upright drill, the lathe, and the jig-saw are all run by independent motors. A long manual labor table may also be used for conference work and a large closet contains a complete set of tools. A dark room, used exclusively for developing, completes the office suite.

The Rover crosses over to the Physics suite, composed of a Junior Physics room devoted to the study of electricity and home lighting, a Senior Physics room given over at present to machine work, and a large apparatus room between. In fact, all the laboratory suites are composed in this way. The Chemistry suite is specially ventilated with ceiling and floor vents. In this apparatus room is an interesting machine used for distilling water.

The Biology room contains plants, fish, and such animals as white mice, weasels, guinea pigs and alligators. Just now the biology teachers are experimenting with pond water, finding it more suitable for the gold-fish than our hard Brookline water. As the Rover strolled on down the corridor he remarked on the large, well lighted corridors with the handsome sky-lights in the ceiling.

In the apparatus rooms of the General Science suite there is a separate dynamo to provide the power for these rooms. The main dynamo is located in the office suite. A switch-board containing the fuse and switches enables the head of the department to control and repair the lighting facilities of all these rooms.

The Visual Education Room is splendid. Dark curtains shut out every ray of light and a section of the wall painted white serves for a silver screen. There is a post-card projector and two slide lanterns, one equipped with an arc light.

The most arresting fact about this department is its practicality, usefulness, and economy. Nothing is designed merely for show; no space is wasted; there is no equipment that is not utilized. Everything in the John C. Packard Science Laboratories combines for a maximum of efficiency.

BEHIND THE RED PENCIL

The Sagamore reporter sat at a desk in room one twenty-four, tackling the tough algebra problems with unusual zeal. Yes, there was method in his madness. He was one of the interviewers that risk their lives in attempts to gather from the generally reluctant teachers bits to print concerning their favorite hobbies. The reporter would look carefully around, occasionally, to see if the multitudes had left. It was very hard to put the question to Mr. Severance after hearing the doleful laments that accompanied others of his kind. And if he was to be caught in the swirl of sarcasm and chastisement that might be provoked, should he not be tactful, he felt that it would be better if noone saw the event. Finally, when there was only one person left in the room, he set his jaw and strolled casually up to the desk.

"Er . . . Mr. Severance?"

"Yes?" He looked at him in that clear direct way that is said to have the tendency to make one forget what he had in mind.

The reporter felt that the little courage he had raised was oozing out. He jerked his request out as untactfully as possible, accompanying his words with foolish flutterings of his hands that, as he thought later, must have caused him to look like a two-week old eaglette reaching for a worm.

"Could I have a short interview with you about your hobbies?"

The half expected burst did not follow and the reporter breathed an inward sigh of relief as he received a truly hopeful answer.

"Why yes, just what do you want?"

"I'd like to know how you use your spare time."

"Well my chief interest, outside of my work, is short wave reception. In fact I take a great deal of pleasure in this hobby."

"Have you a short wave station?"

"No. I haven't the time to put into it to that extent."

The interviewer had gathered more courage.

"You must have some other ways of spending your time, Mr. Severance. Do you play golf?"

"Why I used to a year or two ago. I sold my clubs but I am planning to take it up again as soon as possible."

"Do you follow the sports very much, Mr. Severance?"

"Not so much as I used to."

"Speaking of sports, I seem to remember your coaching football a few years ago. Do you still do that?"

"No, not any more. I took a great deal of interest in the school sports and used to help a bit in coaching, but the work in the Mathematics department keeps me from doing this."

"Is there anything else, Mr. Severance?"

"No, I think that is all I can tell you."

"Well, thanks a lot, Mr. Severance. Goodnight."

The reporter walked into the hall, elated, and whistled his way home.

Mr. Mac is the very amiable chief janitor of the High School. The Sagamore interviewer dared the whirring and darkness of the basement to find him. He was successful and came upon the gentlemen busily attending his draft controls.

"The Sagamore would like a little information about your hobbies, Mr. Mac."

"Sure, young feller, anything you want."

"Just what are your hobbies?"

"Well I've got two chief ones; my rock garden and smoking."

"You smoke a pipe, don't you?"

"Yes, a Poker pipe."

The reporter, not being very familiar with different kinds of pipes, asked Mr. Mac for an explanation.

"A Poker pipe is a very handy kind of pipe. It has a flat bottom so's you can lay it down anywhere."

"Thank you. Now as to your rock garden; what kinds of flowers do you have in it?"

"Mostly perennials, though I have a few annuals."

"I overheard one of the teachers saying that you are very proud of your garden. Is that so?"

Mr. Mac lifted his head proudly.

"Yes sir, whenever I have any spare time, I use it working in the garden."

"Do you have any special flower that you raise most?"

"Why yes, I get some wonderful roses sometimes and I think they're worth all the others. They're mostly Silvia and Lady of the Lake."

"That must be a great recreation for you, Mr. Mac."

"It is, and I don't think there's any way of relief more pleasant than working over one's own flowers."

"Haven't I seen you directing the parking space?"

"I do that to keep free from mix-ups in coming in and getting out. My own idea too."

"It certainly does save a lot of trouble. You deserve a great deal of credit for that work."

"Well now, I've got to go. Anything else?"

"Just one more question. How long have you been working in the Brookline schools?"

"Let me see now. This is my forty second year."

"Whewww, I'll bet that's almost a record. Well thanks a lot, Mr. Mac, I hope I didn't disturb you at all?"

"No, not at all. Glad you came down, So-long."

"So-long, Mr. Mac."

EXPOSURES

This exposure didn't develop as wide as the others have done . . . due to the lack of sun the day it was snapped . . . and the bashfulness and reserve of the Vice-President of the Senior Class . . . Edna M. (she won't divulge the middle name) Maddox . . . a native of the Wealthy Town . . . born back in '17 on the twelth day of April . . . has a strong liking for Maine . . . he is big and strong too . . . isn't he Edna? . . . headed for B. U. School of Journalism . . . spends the summers whiling away precious time . . in the midst of the cool swaying pines . . . of the state that forecasts the national election every leap-year . . . dwells on Heath St. . . h'ya big boy! . . . why don'cha come up some time? . . . marshal for a year . . . went to Heath . . . the hardest worker the Girls' League ever had . now it's treasurer after four years of active participation . . . nuts about all sports divides time between G. L. and field hockey or whatever other sport is in season . . . captain of the hockey team . . . undefeated this year . . . in Spanish Club for two annums . . . hopes to be a journalist . . . has no special pals . . . except possibly Irene Donahue . . . doesn't burn the midnite oil very late . . . sports are her only hobby . . . entered the Honorary Society last year . . . spends most of her little spare time . . . reading and sleeping . . . yes, she goes to bed at 9 every Friday night . . . that's why she looks so good . . . aren't we the old flatterers . . . do da da da da, and so good bye.

Literary

ACK THROUGH THE SUBCONSCIOUS

By Charles Osgood

Leon McAlister picked up a daily aper that had been left on the ark bench by one of the scurry-ng multitude that thronged hrough the metropolis. He had een out of work for more than ix months and could see no pos-ibility of getting a job, even hough he was so far down that e would have jumped at the hance of doing anything. He ead the "HELP WANTED" col-mns more from habit than be-ause of thought prompted action. Ie let his eye run listlessly down he page. The same old thing; pecialized men, men with experence only were wanted. A very mall notice, tucked away between wo big ads caught his eye.

WANTED

A young man, not necessarily ex-erienced, without any family ties, or certain laboratory tests that night be dangerous. Very high ay.

Leon stared at this for a minute vithout any sign. Then suddenly t struck him. No experience need-d! Without family relations. Yes hat fitted him perfectly as his nother had died more than three ears ago and his father had pass-d on when he had been only twel-e. He could not remember of aving any other relations.

"High pay!" he exclaimed. "It ouldn't be better and that bit of anger will be welcome after so nuch time spent in doing absolute-y nothing."

"Hey there, feller, on your way," rumbled a blue coat coming up he walk. "You've been sitting here long enough.'

"Ohhhh. K. Copper, see you lat-r."

"In the cooler."

Leon stopped by a refuse can to ut out the ad and throw away the est of the paper. Then he hurried o the address mentioned. He ar-ived at the low brownstone house fter walking for almost an hour hrough the city. He noticed that ll the windows on the lower floor ad been boarded. Striding up the ath, he rang the door-bell. While t was being answered, he straigh-ened his worn, wrinkled tie. He eard a pattering of light feet nd the door opened a trifle to how a small, sweet face.

"What do you want?"

Leon felt his heart give a strange onvulsive leap as he looked at er. She was really beautiful; not he painted, doll-faced kind that ne generally meets.

"Why . . . er . . . "He stammered, conscious suddenly of his week's growth of beard and his ragged clothing, "I came to see about that job that . . . er. Professor Wells advertised in the "Sun" to-day."

"Oh yes, come in."

The door opened, and he saw a dimly lighted hall that must have run the length of the house. In the shade the girl seemed bewitchingly pretty. She had light brown wavy hair that harmonized wonderfully with her deep blue eyes. Her face was rather pale and she carried herself with a poise that bespoke generations of breeding and culture.

"He's in his laboratory."

Leon followed the trim, boyish figure down the hall. She stopped at a door about half way down and opened it.

"There's a gentleman to see you about that position, Father."

"Have him come right in, Dear."

Leon went in and the door closed softly behind him.

"Come over here by the desk, won't you?"

His voice was soft and deep. Leon threaded his way between the benches and instruments and took the chair by the large, paper-strewn desk.

"Before you even consider the position, I want you to be fully aware of what I'm going to do. It may cause your insanity or possibly your death, though I doubt it. To pay for this risk I'm willing to give a hundred dollars an hour."

"What!" Leon's head whirled. A hundred dollars an hour! he looked at the man askance.

"My experiment will render you unconscious for about three hours, during which time you will undergo what I should think would be the most amazing adventures a man has ever had. You will live through parts of the lives of your ancestors. I will give you a drug that stimulates the subconscious and then place a helmet affair, the details of which would be too deep for you, over your head. What you see and hear will be seen and heard by me through that screen you see over there. You can see the valuable material that I will get concerning prehistoric times."

"But how do you know the subconscious mind will remember so far back?"

(continued on page seven)

HARMONY

Poet, sage,
Of ancient writings — yore
Deep steeped
In speech and song
Of human-mind;
At time's last beat
Upon the earth?

* * *

What matter
Curse and race—
The interminable struggle
Of black and white,
When the world's
All broken and torn?

* * *

Those ancient writings
Will live;
Yea,
Even when the earth
Is shattered,
The waters ebb for a last time,
The mountains level.
Men will not be needed
To sing their praises,
But instead — Men's souls.

* * *

But these natural hatreds—
Born from silly superstitions;
Worthless arguments
Of selfishness and prejudice;
Will not these vanish?
Vanish with the earth?
Vanish in that last moment
When the end is inevitable
To be replaced by peace
Goodwill and love?
Humanity,
O, humanity,
Have not the lessons
Of eon upon eon
Taught you life's meaning?
Must all this be portrayed
In one horrible moment
Which will show to you
What thousands of years
Couldn't show?

* * *

Everything in life
Grits against each other,
Nothing co-ordinates;
Brother against brother,
Prince against pauper,
Finance against property.
Will all these terminate
As the earth
At the end of that last moment,
In a bloody uprising
Rending the skies?
Or will all level
As the mountains
At the end of that last moment
In a perfect socialism—

AARON LEVINE.

ODE TO LEGINSKA

(On seeing her conduct the second movement of Tschaikowsky's 5th symphony)

On the podium
She stands
Waiting—
As a bird
Poised for flight
Waiting—
With arms upraised
For silence.

* * *

Slowly
Her arms move—
And from her slender finger-tips
The music of Tschaikowsky drips
Into the pregnant stillness.

* * *

A haunting aching melody
Rising in a great crescendo
To impassioned, throbbing heights
That speak of all man's agony and strife,
Till weary of the struggle
Sobbing, sighing
The cadence dies away.

* * *

All this she brings—
Through her body
Slim, swaying to the rhythm
Through her face
First rapt, then stained with tears—
This music—
Poignant ecstasy of pain.

* * *

On the podium
She stands
With arms drooping
Exhausted—
As a bird
Tossed by strong winds
Exhausted?
Leginska
Herself
A symphony.

RESIGNATION

A hand reaches out
    Wildly clutching—
    Vainly searching—
A gasping sigh,
    Then — silence.
    A slight stir—
The sea rolls on — on—

* * *

A heart reaches out
    Aching — yearning—
    Vainly searching —
A stifled sob,
    Then — silence.
    A slight stir—
And life rolls on — on—

VIVIAN WARD, '34.

The Sagamore

Founded in 1893

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SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

VOL. L NOVEMBER 30, 1933 No 3

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Owing to the large amount of traffic near Brookline High School, the School Department and Superintendent Caverly are trying to procure safer conditions for this area. Their plan is to have the town shut off Greenough Street, between Davis Avenue and Tappan Street, and Tappan Street, between Sumner Road and the Boston and Albany Railroad Station. This plan may meet strong opposition from the townspeople, because residents have used these two streets for many years.

If the School Department and Superintendent Caverly are willing to make a fight for the safety of the students, it is plainly the duty of the students to show their appreciation by earnestly co-operating.

Although there is a great deal of general traffic through the streets near the school building, there is no denying the fact that a large part of it consists of automobiles used by students of the school. If all of the students who drive cars would use more caution, much of the trouble would be eliminated. We are sorry to state that many of the students are not careful. They act as if they owned the streets leading to the school building. Their actions and attitude show that they believe no one else has any rights in the streets. They refuse to keep their cars in line, but spread their machines out in several crooked lanes. They drive as such a rate of speed that they endanger the safety of the public, a very serious violation of the automobile laws.

The reason for all this carelessness is that the students are late and are in a hurry. The remedy for this is for the students to start for school earlier, and by so doing prevent the piling up of machines in Greenough and Tappan Streets, all at one time.

Another trouble is the overcrowding of cars. Students pack their cars with passengers, so that some of the riders have to hang onto the running board. The automobile laws state that there must not be anything in or on the car that will interfere with the proper operation of the car. Do the operators of overcrowded cars realize this? This is a very dangerous practice, because in doing this they run the risk of serious accidents.

When the matter of closing a part of Greenough and Tappan Streets comes before the town for action, there is likely to be strong opposition. Some of the town meeting members will place the blame upon the shoulders of the students. Do not forget the fact that some of these town meeting members will personally look into the matter to find out what the situation really is.

We, the students of Brookline High School, cannot hope for any improvement in the traffic troubles near the school building, unless we are willing to try to improve conditions ourselves. We must do our part, and perhaps the town will then be willing to do its part.

Let us begin right now and see what we can do to bring about better traffic conditions near our school by following the ordinary rules of good driving, by being careful at all times and by realizing that other residents of the town have rights to the use of the streets.

A NEW DEAL FOR THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Girls' League is the largest organization in our school. It differs from other extra curricula activities in that any girl student may enjoy the privilege of being a member. Brilliant have been its achievements and noble its accomplishments in the fields of charity and social life. Yet, how many of us can say that we earnestly try to make these various parties and charity drives a success?

No doubt there will always be some to criticize the League, but they do not endeavor to remedy its few imperfections or suggest a few practical ideas to others. At the mention of any coming attraction, when met with the proposition of attending, they think it is clever to scoff at the idea and sarcastically reply that they would not "even think" of attending.

Just the other day I met a girl from one of my classes, who, when asked if she was planning to attend one of the coming League socials, replied, "Pouff! I should say not. Who wants to go to one of those 'goody-goody' parties where they spend a whole afternoon playing some silly games?" Of course you all know what happens to a young lady who assumes that attitude toward her school clubs.

Often a meeting is called for the girl members from some one of the four classes. There are at least one hundred and seventy-five girls in each class. Yet, when such a meeting is held, about forty girls have enough interest in the League to be present. Now at one of these meetings is the chance for those girls, who do not like the way things are being done, to voice their opinions and if they can possibly be advantageous, they shall be taken into consideration. Nevertheless they just sit back and find fault!

Since participation in extra curricula activities furthers our education, and as it benefits our social standing, besides acquiring for us lasting friendships, "Let's us gals get t'gether and draw up one of them new codes for the Girls' League!"

ALUMNI NOTES

Agnes P. Geary is among the eight students who have been awarded the highest honor available to a co-ed at B. U. School of Education, membership in Pi Lambda Theta, National Honorary Society for women in education.

Miss Jean Goodale, Vice-President of the Idler Club at Radcliffe, was in charge of the annual reception and dance this month. Listed on her committee is Dorothea MacMillan, another Brookline girl, who is in charge of the refreshments.

The Senior class of B. C. held its first social of the year in the Georgian Room of the Statler. Among those on the committee was Dana A. Smith and David S. Ascher.

Miss Rosemary Loeser is chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements for a tea at B. U.

Among those on the scholarship list at Radcliffe are: Miriam Hurwitt, Mary Gaffey, and Hodee Waldstein.

On the Dean's list at Smith are: Barbara Frank, Anitra Freedman, and Barbara L. Fiefer.

Among the students on the Dean's list at M. I. T. are: Richard B. Fox, Stanley L. Rosen, Edwin M. Nyhen, Philip L. Ober, Leo M. Beckwith, Clarence F. Funk, Donald M. Hirshberg, Creile Mann, Bernard H. Wilson, Edward J. Schremp, Richard Cavanaugh.

BROOKLINE HOCKEY TEAM TIES NEWTON HIGH 1—1

Brookline's field-hockey season was officially closed by the game with Newton. Jean Barkin, a freshman, played right wing for the home team, and made the one goal for Brookline. Meave Sullivan, playing center-half in place of Betty Willis was a real asset. Meave is, ordinarily, a second team player. The forward line played their usual speedy game with the defense backing them up excellently. Newton tied the score in the second half, and Brookline's attempts to score again were in vain.

The lineup was:
R. W. Jean Barkin
R. I. "Sis" Mulvehill
C. F. "Kay" McGrail
L. I. Margaret Larkin
L. W. Marie O'Connor
R. H. B. Mary Murphy
C. H. B. Meave Sullivan
L. H. B. Helen McGanty
R. F. B. Mary Dolbeare
L. F. B. Edna Maddox (Captain)
Goalie—Norma Nasmyth

Mark Antony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's inside with Laryngitis."

M. A. "Darn those Greeks!"

BROOKLINE—NEWTON IN ANNUAL CLASH

THE RED AND BLUE ELEVEN (Courtesy Brookline Chronicle)

BOOK WEEK CELEBRATION

The Library Staff had charge of the weekly assembly. A series of tableaux, ably described by Sarah Cauman, represented Alice's Adventures in Bookland. Some of the books portrayed were: Red Riding Hood, Hansel and Gretchen, Cinderella, Adventures of Tom Sawyer, An Old Fashioned Girl, Robinson Crusoe, The Last of the Mohicans, Ivanhoe, The Three Musketeers, and Hamlet. Each year the Staff conducts a Book Week Celebration and they always succeed in surpassing preceding programs.

The tableaux parts in "Alice in Bookland" were taken by the following pupils:

Alice—June Replogle
Red Riding Hood—Pauline Miller.
Witch from "Hansel and Gretchen—Doris Klous
Cinderella—Dorothy Bourdelais.
Huckleberry Finn—James Enright.
Old-Fashioned Girl—Ruth Nagle.
Robinson Crusoe—Frank Gardner
Uncas—Jerome Grossman.
Ivanhoe—George Hawley.
Romola—Ellen Ilfeld.
D'Artagnan—Norman Hunt.
Beatrix Esmond—Martha Turner.
Hamlet—Eliot Silverman.

SPANISH CLUB

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Monday, November 13th in Room 36. Misses Wood and Adams and the president, Jane Hamilton, received the members after a short speech by the president.

After the business meeting, a social hour, including bridge, conversational games and refreshments, was held. The meeting was well attended, and the enjoyable afternoon spent by all forecasts a successful year for the club.

RED CROSS

On November 14 from 1:30 to 2:00 in room 39 there was a meeting of all home room representatives that had been collecting for the annual drive. The amount turned in was $32.74 which has been deposited in the Brookline Trust Co until needed.

Several home room representatives gave their services on last Wednesday afternoon by painting toys in the new Red Cross workshop—the old chemistry laboratories, room 31.

Remember that any old eye glass frames will be welcomed in room 39.

PRIZE SPEAKING TRY-OUTS

The annual try-outs for the J. Murray Kay prize speaking contest were held in Roberts Auditorium Monday, November 13. The attitude of the school was certainly reassuring, for there were a great many contestants, and consequently there should be a very select choice of speakers. Out of the large number of aspirants the following people were chosen: Myron Wallace, Harry Shooshan, Norma Green, Margaret Bennett, Leigh Diamond, David Rice, Jerome Grossman, Melvin Freedman, Richard Fienberg, Robert Duffy, Frances Bowser, Helen Cleary, Eleanor Finger, Barbara Harrington, Naomi Isaacson, Betty McKenzie, Irene Weisberger, Pauline Miller, Virginia Stanislaus

S. P. L. G.

By this time almost all of the Senior Advisors have returned to their homerooms, leaving a capable Freshman girl as homeroom representative. The duty of the "rep" is to attend the Girls' League meetings and report its business to the members in her homeroom. If there is any money to be collected for a League enterprise, the H. R. Rep is to act as treasurer. If the girls in her homeroom have any problem, she must try to help them. The homeroom representative should always give her willing service to the League and receive the cooperation of her classmates.

LARGE NUMBER ATTEND FATHERS' & SONS' NIGHT

(Continued from Page one)

about "The Responsibility of the School Committee as the Representatives of Parents;" Mr. Gifford concerning "The House Plan in Brookline High School—Sharing Responsibility in the School;" Mr. Ringer regarding "The Responsibility of Parents Towards the School;" and Mr. Packard of "A Forty-three Year View of Parent and School Co-operation."

The band, under the direction of Mr. Joslin gave a very creditable performance before the speeches and while those assembled adjourned to the lunch room for refreshments.

The large crowd and the enthusiasm with which the speeches were received points to a greater co-operation between the parents and the teachers.

NORMAN HUNT NEW FRENCH CLUB HEAD

On Wednesday, November 15th at 2:30 the French Club elected Norman Hunt president for the year 1933-34. The new president has been active in French Club work for three years and last year served as treasurer. Immediately after the election, Mr. Hunt announced the financial policy of the club for the ensuing year, declaring that 15 cents together with the necessary grade in French work would be sufficient for admission to the club.

LUCKY, OFF AND ON

Around the bend chugged the train, heading for . . . indeed, for where? And to the reader who wonders, let him know that the hero of our story did not worry, and therefore, why should the reader? And so having put our minds at rest as to whither our hero was going, nowhere in particular, let us turn to our friend, who finds himself in a most embarrassing situation.

And why not, for with his hasty boarding his private box-car, he had, by grace's fortune, left a reminder of his visit to the town of Claybury, namely, a shoe. And being a philosopher, the loss was not ill felt, for after all, the shoe was merely a cover of leather around a large hole, through which uncomfortable circumstance had our friend felt all he trod on. This philosophically taught its wearer to step carefully, and cautiously, with the agility of a lame mountain goat. Wiggling over the car's edge near the door, "Lucky," for such was his name, observed somewhat disappointedly that the door of the train was tightly closed. Our friend's artistic feelings forced him to remove the remaining shoe from his foot, so as to keep perfect his equilibrium, which in his predicament was rather necessary. With all the rattling and banging of the moving freight car, he thought he was mistaken when he heard voices from inside the car, but a closer examination cleared his doubts.

There were men inside his car, who by their diction, were uneducated. His always (at times), stolid thoughts came to the deduction that these men were tramps, a race of which he knew much from personal experience. However, to join one's brother in, shall we say, free-traveling, and to become on speaking terms with him, was not always a wise course to pursue, and so, with the thought that "They also serve who only stand and wait," our adventurer merely stood, or rather lay, and waited. For what he waited he did not know, but his caution and fatigue forced him to do so.

At last, after much delay, a station could be seen several hundred yards down the track. Though he was sorely tempted to join his brotherhood, his greater sense of caution kept him where he was lying on the freight-car's roof. The screech of the engine's and cars' brakes seemed to produce a lightning effect on two groups, one the hoboes below him who immediately ceased their talk, and one of the group of country officials assembled at the depot, if such it may be called.

With commanding actions and tone, the group of police took the tramps from within the car, and then proceeded to haul out several mail sacks. From their conversation our hero found that these almost-friends of his were bandits who had robbed a mail-car and insolently and secretly boarded another train bound out.

With this amazing story in his head, our friend nearly gasped out loud, but the departure of the train with him on board, or rather on roof, saved him from . . . . but need it be said?

It happened on the TWELFTH NIGHT after the coronation of HENRY VIII. The king was holding court. Seated on his magnificent throne (sold to him at a profit, of course, by the shrewd MERCHANT OF VENICE), he and his retinue were listening attentively to A WINTER'S TALE told by TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. At the climax of the story, when the TEMPEST was at its greatest fury, when LOVE'S LABOR was about to be LOST, the MERRY WIVES OF WINSDOR, led by TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, entered gossiping about WHAT YOU WILL and with MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, as women are wont.

The KING LEARED: "Cease that turmoil or I'll TAME THAT SHREW, SMACKBETH and CAESAR. The trouble with you women is that you've got too much TIMON your hands. Now, betake yourselves from this place or I'll punish you all MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Go into the kitchen and get some HAMLET and eggs. I hope it gives you A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Cressida: 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

After this brief interruption the narrators continued their tale. All of which merely goes to show that ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. JEROME GROSSMAN.

At the Girls' League party recently, Jean Leslie smilingly approached one of the freshman guests.

Jean: Are you enjoying the party?

Freshman: Yes, thanks, very much.

Jean: And are you getting along all right in high school?

Freshman: Yes, I guess so.

Jean: I think the new scheme of senior advisers are very helpful to freshmen girls, don't you?

Freshman: Yes, very.

Jean: Who is your senior adviser?

Freshman: Jean Leslie.

VENUS' DIARY

In today's drama there are two girls. As they pass me the conversation reaches an exciting point and they are forced to stop and gossip. One says, "They say he is very strong. He came from Muscles Shoals or some other one of those strong native islands." "Well, that may be so," responded the other, "But no matter what any one else thinks of him he will always seem to me to be half a shoe." "Half a shoe?" "Yes, a heel without a sole."

Nov. 18, 1933: "Have you ever stood in the same position for five minutes? You have? And when you relax you groan with pain. Yet here am I; I have stood in this same position for thousands of years. I have no arms to scratch my nose with; no finger nails to polish. My life is full of envy for the modern girl. I am supposed to be the goddess of love; and yet whom have I to love? Surely neither Augustus Caesar nor the ever prattling Demosthenes. Can you blame me for being dreary? Today a boy came along and although at first he appeared to pass by nevertheless he returned and did me the injustice of hanging a sign around my neck. I was very anxious to see what it said because all the students that passed seemed to read it with much interest. Last night Demosthenes, who stopped talking for five minutes to tell me what it said, read, "To whom it may concern: Two pawns have been kidnapped from the sacred chess set of the Brookline Chess Club. Since you have probably found out by this time that you cannot pawn the pawns return them to us and we will give you a ransom of two (2) cents for the unharmed return. Please oblige us by immediately corresponding with us. Do this now as the members are tearing their hair with anxiety.

(Signed)

Harold E. Bernstein, president
H. Bernstein, secretary
Bernstein, treasurer.

Nov. 21, 1933: "I am not accustomed to hear any appreciation of character from the students. They usually are filled with the desire to talk of nothing but themselves. I just heard, or should I say overheard the following conversation. One boy earnestly said, "Leigh Diamond is a fine fellow. And generous—say he would give you the shirt off of his back." "Yet," returned the other, "and you could make a tent with it."

GRATIS

Ed. note: This disgusting specimen of modern literature (?) has been revived at the demand of the student body for the sole purpose of plaguing those lowly creatures who do not subscribe to the Sagamore but who borrow it bi-weekly from their friends. The platform of the column is: To disgust the disgusting, to scandalize the scandalous, and to outpun the punsters.

Overheard in the corridor:

First B. H. S. student: "We have a pretty clean bunch of football players."

Second B. H. S. student: "How come?"

First B. H. S. student: "Haven't you heard of all their moral victories."

The Teacher-Student Council is thinking of issuing an injunction to prevent "Ace" King and Marjorie Emery from cluttering up the corridors between periods.

Dedicated lovingly (?) to Laury "Winchell" Daniels.

Some humor stuff is excellent
And some is rather sloppy;
But excellent or "not so hot"
Nine-tenths of it is "copy."

Overheard in Room 232.

Miss Bliss: "What's the difference between Hoover and Santa Claus?"

Fritz Jerome: "They both have beards, except Hoover."

Miss Bliss: "No, children still believe in Santa Claus."

Things we never knew till now:

That broad-jumpers could croon.

That one person could talk so much about nothing as Leon Rogers, the Junior flash.

Taking his cue from Cupid,
Although I shouldn't tell,
You'll find little RICHARD,
Hurling SPEARS at Marcelle.

A glance into the future.

Judge (to Edna Maddox acting as a witness): "Have you ever seen Norman L. Hunt under the influence of intoxicating liquor?"

Edna: "No, your honor, I can't say that I have, but I have seen him lying on the floor swearing that he'd catch that bed the next time it came around."

The most amazing feature of this high school is not Norman Hunt, the marshal force, or George Ware, but the fact that Arnie Schreider and Eleanor Cohen haven't announced their engagement yet.

Back Through the Subconscious

(Continued from page three)

"I have carried on extensive research in that field and am sure that the subconscious holds the high points of the lives of our ancestors as far back as there were minds in men. Well, are you going to go through with the test?"

"When I think of the things 'I'll see, I'd go for nothing. And with that hundred per hour tacked on I'd go to the gates of Hell and linger around for you."

"Are you ready now?"

"As good as any time."

"Good. Now come over here and we'll send you to your forefathers in no time at all."

Leon took the deeply cushioned chair that stood before the screen of silver metal. Attached to the back of the chair was the strange helmet. It had wires that ran back to the screen and a meshed opening through which he supposed he was to breathe. The professor placed the helmet over his head and then he took it off.

"I almost forgot to give you the drug." he said. He went to the rear and was back in a moment with a small vial in his hand.

"Now I want you to swallow this ll at once. But before you start want to shake your hand. You've got plenty of real courage."

"Thanks."

He took the vial and swallowed the concoction in one gulp. It was sour and he made a fitting face.

"I might have thought . . . that . . you . . . "His voice seemed to be drifting into nowhere. He was dimly aware of someone putting something over his head and then great splotches of flame blared across impenetrable blackness. He struggled to open his eyes but his ids seemed weighted down with heavy drops of lead. He was alternately hot and cold, and pain throbbed throughout his body. Then the blackness swooped down upon him.

(To Be Continued)

BROOKLINE TIES WELLESLEY 1 - 1

On Tuesday, November 7, Brookine's field hockey team played Wellesley. The teams were evenly matched, and their speed was evident from the beginning to the finsh. "Sis" Mulvihill made the goal for Brookline by a decisive shot, and not long after Wellesley tied the score. Both forward lines played well, but Brookline's defense was rather outstanding.

HONORARY SOCIETY INITIATES NEW MEMBERS

(Continued from Page one)

She was well suited to give advice because she was President of Alpha Pi in her senior year. Another graduate of the school and winner of the Floyd Cup spoke to us. He was Richard Bowers and as his theme he used Benjamin Franklin's bit of philosophy "Resolve to perform what you ought, and perform faithfully what you resolve." Mr. Ringer then presented the keys of the society to the three new members. Those who achieved success for this time were: Theodore Plotkin, who had attained 10 5|8 points, Mildred Friedman, who had to her credit 9 1|4 points, and E. Philip Levine who had 8 7|8 points.

If that guy BOB doesn't stop that pun,
We'll let loose and SALK him one.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

(Continued from Page one)

at Purdy's. Much discussion was had on this subject after the meeting, more may be said about it later.

Miss Taft then spoke, asking the full support and co-operation of the class. She wants us to be serious about making out the statistics, so that the book will remain dignified at it has been in the past.

Frank then asked Miss Lyden to say a few words, and she urged that the students make an honest effort to pass the first quarter and every quarter after that. After all. asking you to just pass isn't asking so very much, is it?

The subject of dues was discussed quite fully and finally it was decided to ask for seventy-five cents instead of fifty so that expenses could be more easily covered. Money was also to be appropriated to send a gift to Dora Fischer.

The meeting was then adjourned.

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BEFORE COLLEGE

The college trained secretary is always in demand, and for that reason I would like to leave a thought with you—one that may not have ocured to you.

Had you ever thought of attending Bryant & Stratton before going to college? Perhaps you have already planned to specialize is some sort of secretarial work while in college or after graduation, but I believe that educators and advisors say that it is better to concentrate on purely academic subjects for the four years you are in college.

Here are some of the advantages of a year at Bryant & Stratton after High School. In the first place you will mix with young men and women from all over New England—all over the country for that matter. This trains you to meet people more readily — a distinct advantage in college and business.

Then, too, during the year that you would be at Bryant & Stratton you become more mature, acquire a better sense of values, and become older and more capable of handling your college work and, consequently, would get more good out of it.

To some, however, the greatest advantage is that you can earn part of your college expenses with the knowledge of Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., that you have gained during the year between High School and College.

Come in to the school sometime to talk the matter over with me. I would be very glad to advise you.

L. O. White, Principal
Bryant & Stratton School
334 Boylston Street
Boston, Mass.

STAR IN DARTMOUTH MOVIE

Roger Bernhardt, president of the class of 1933, is attending Dartmouth College. He is taking the major part in a picture showing freshman life at Dartmouth which is being produced by The Warner Bentley Film Co. The first scene takes place at a western, small-town station; the next scene will be at White River Junction where the freshman, Roger, arrives.

Roger Bernhardt is continuing at Dartmouth his brilliant career that he started at Brookline High School.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

fish twin sisters, Jane, and Jean Collier, well played respectively by Frances Bowser and Charlotte Weinstein, while Mrs. Collier, Bernice Nayor, looked on helplessly. Other characters were Fanny Belle, the laugh-provoking colored maid (Christine Adams); Miss Pinney, the spinster seamstress (Alice Sircom), Hubert Brown (William Cheswell); Russell Jameson (Monroe Abels).

The Valiant was a moving tragedy enacted a half hour before a death sentence is to be executed. Arthur Glickman was superb as the tragic figure of the unknown prisoner, while opposite him played Mildred Murphy, as Josephine Paris. Warden Holt and Father Daly were played respectively, in a dignified manner by Leigh Dimond and Eliot Silverman, while Myron Cohen was Dan, the jailor, and Herbert Landesman, an attendant.

A Wedding was a farce, but it capped the climax. George Hawley and Hazel Armitage, as future bride and groom, constantly held the center of the stage, while the best man (Myron Wallace), a groomsman (Harry Shooshan) the groom's mother (Roberta Marsh), the bride's father (Norman Hunt), and the bride's aunt (Betty Powers), seemed to do all in their power to infuriate the wretched groom.

BROOKLINE vs. NEWTON

(Continued from Page one)

ineligible players, among whom are Fritz Jerome, "Sparky" Adams, and Joe Conaty.

Newton has enjoyed quite a successful season, having won the last four games played as well as two others, and having lost but three.

On the other hand, the Wealthy Town has not enjoyed such a successful season; but against Newton you never can tell!

Some of those to watch in the game, besides those already mentioned are: George Mawhinney, George Kilman, Joie Walsh, "Red" Guthrie, Abie Aronson, Bert Litman, Harding, Whittier, Landry, Hartigan and Linehan.

By playing a close, tight-lipped game the Wealthy Town can hold the Garden City in spite of their plentiful supply of reserves. The wearers of the Red and Blue have demonstrated their ability to go the limit.

The Sagamore wishes to acknowledge the typographical error in the advertisement of READ & WHITE in the issue of November 16. The advertisement should have read READ & WHITE instead of White & Read.

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Season's Greetings From The Sagamore

OL. 40 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1933 NUMBER 4

TMAN HARVARD ACE, FORMER STAR AT B. H. S.

Brookline High School was rilled a few weeks ago to see iester Litman's name emblazon- in large type at the top of the orting pages of all the Boston ilies. Overnight he became a ember of Brookline's well popu- ed Hall of Fame, joining such lebrities as Eugene Record, Ed- McGrath, Jim Ryan, Tom Kel- , and many others.

Headlines told of his fine per- mance in the Harvard-Brown me. As you recall he made both chdowns against the invaders m Providence, and his unex- led running ability won him a ce on the starting line-up inst Yale. In the Yale game was an important factor in put- g Harvard into a scoring posi- n.

Chet has been doing more at rvard than playing football. In freshman year he was a mem- of the class relay team and t year he was on the varsity ck squad. This is not surpris- as he was one of the best rdlers that Coach Hines has r produced at Brookline.

While at Brookline he made his tball letter and two track let- s. He was president of the class 1931 for two years and com- nder-in-chief on Class Day. et was an outstanding scholar, oming a member of the Honor Society in his junior year, and result of his athletic and schol- ic ability he was awarded the yd Cup at graduation. Chet always maintained that he s his success in college to okline High School and was d to start repaying his debt to school, by speaking at the foot- rally prior to the Newton ne.

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

At the Teacher-Student Council meeting on December twelfth, much time was spent, trying to decide whether marshals should be elected by houses or by classes. No conclusion was reached, however, and the point will be brought up at the next meeting.

Also put before the council was a topic that should be of interest to every senior in the school. It was proposed that the senior class dance should be held outside the school, probably in the Driscoll School hall. This met with the approval of the Council. It was also decided that a senior could take a person who was not a member of the school to the dance.

BETTY WILLIS ELECTED HOCKEY CAPTAIN

Just previous to a game with Choate, the Brookline High Field Hockey team elected Betty Willis captain for 1934. Betty has played half-back for two years, and in almost every game her excellent playing has been quite noticeable. "Kay" McGrail was elected manager for next year.

Of Special Interest!

Miss Lulu G. Adams, of the Spanish department of this school, was elected president for the coming year, of the New England Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish at the meeting, which was held in the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick. Miss Vivian Ward of B. H. S., cellist, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Adeline Raymond Ward, on the pianoforte, gave an interesting program of Spanish music.

ALUMNI NOTES

Among the 41 Harvard undergraduates who have been awarded "Detur" king books for outstanding scholarship are Burton Henry Tarplin and David Rowe, both of Brookline.

Track Schedule

January 12 — Arlington at Arlington.

January 27 — Northeastern Interscholastics.

February 10 — B. A. A.

February 17 — Lawrence at Andover.

February 24 — Andover Interscholastics.

March 2 — Newton at Brookline

March 10 — Mass. State Interscholastics.

Swimming Schedule

(excluding interscholastic meets)

January 9 — M. I. T. at Brookline.

January 17 — Harvard at Harvard.

January 25 — Pawtucket at Brookline.

February 3 — Moses Brown at Providence.

February 7 — Huntington at Huntington.

February 16 — Brown at Providence.

March 1 — B. C. High at Brookline.

NOTE — The State or Meehan Interscholastics will probably take place at Brookline this year.

PRIZE SPEAKING RESULTS

Following the semi-finals of the previous month the following people are retained for J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking:

Margaret Bennett, Norma Green, Helen Cleary, Betty McKenzie, Virginia Stanislaus, Leigh Diamond, Bruce Ehrmann, Melvin Freedman, Jerome Grossman, Harry Shooshan, Myron Wallace.

This presentation is one of the finest programs presented by the Brookline High School.

Raymond A. Sabelton, Brookline editor-in-chief of the Hub, all Boston University yearbook, has resigned because of a heavy academic program. Miss Rosemary Loeser, P. A. L., was elected chairman of the photographic committee for the Hub.

TRACK AND SWIMMING RETURN TO B. H. S.

While Coach Harvey Brown sorrowfully tucks the beloved pigskin away for another season, "Monty" Wells hopefully scrapes the dirt out of his spikes and Johnny Coutts optimistically cleans the sides of the tank. Track and swimming are off for the season '34!

Track practice has been held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the last few weeks. Swimming practice likewise has been off to an earlier start than usual.

The outlook for both is very promising. Of course, we cannot expect as successful a track season as last year when Brookline romped away with the initial honors in both the Andover and State Meets.

Many of last year's veterans will soon don their spikes. Tod Plotkin, captain of this year's outfit, whose record is well known will take care of the broad jump in which he is State Champion; the hurdles in which he is perhaps the State's third ranking schoolboy contender, and the high jump in which he was surpassed only by Alan Schwartz, last year's captain and State Champion in that event.

Besides Plotkin, a track team in himself, we have Howie Lewenstein of football fame and winner of the high jump in the last year's Newton outdoor battle. Lewenstein however may not compete in this event as he has been "packing on the old beef" so as to have adequate padding for football. Should he decide not to jump, he can always find room in the dash.

Leon Rogers and Lawrence Anderson are two under classmen who will make the opposition step plenty. Rogers majors in the hurdles and dash while Anderson takes care of the "600," Phil Levine shows promise of developing into a 300 yarder as do Harold Sklar

(Continued on Page eight)

ROVER

It was raining hard and the skies gave no sign of relief. The Rover opened the doors of Shailer Hall; inside everyone was hard at work, tearing down the walls and scattering over the floor all the litter that attends repair. The Rover stepped carefully between boards and arrived at the front of the hall where the stage used to be. Now there was a great bare hole that did not in the least suggest the sacred rostrum of former times.

The Rover dodged a huge plank, bristling with nails, that came flying out the little room off the stage and missed his too-curious cranium by inches. This brief diversion gave the Rover an interest in the beams that were being wrested from the stage structure. They were very large and thick, made of extremely hard wood and had been driven in on edge rather than flat, to stand the strain of many long years.

"Enough of this," quoth Rover. He climbed to the fourth floor and peered into the balcony. We say peered, since nothing but his eagle eye could pierce that hodge-podge of boards, nails, clamps, saw-dust, and shavings. Moreover he could easily see that the workmen did not care to receive visitors at that hour. So he crossed the corridor and found himself at the foot of a narrow, winding stairway that led to the tower. He climbed the stairs and found himself in the small damp tower-room. Here the mechanism of the clock did a hand-spring every two minutes that announced the forward march of the huge minute-hand on the brick wall.

A second flight beckoned alluringly. Rover could hear the pounding of the rain on the big roof and feel the damp air surging down from the top of the tower. This was the earliest part of the school. Who knows what ghosts of former alumni linger in those formidable shadows? What tales they could tell of the ferule and the birch rod? Of waiting in Shailer Hall for their turn in Prize Speaking or their cue in Dramatics? Did this sudden entrance of the Sagamore writer bring back memories of a little old magazine that bore the name of the old chief? Who knows . . .

"Come, come! Be brave," said Rover to himself, and he climbed the second flight. The stairs grew smaller and the railing disappeared. Suddenly he came out at the top of the tower and peered through the small window. The whole town lay spread out before him.

Muddy River! No, of course not. This was Brookline, and the twentieth century. All the way from the office floor Rover had been delving farther back into the past. As he climbed, he pictured the school of fifty years ago, and when he reached the top, he was prepared to see a vista of farmhouses and muddy roads. The sudden roar of an airplane circling the town brought him back to 1933 and reality.

EXPOSURES

The treasurer of the class of '34 . . . John Ezekiel Grandfield . . . editor-in-chief of the Sagamore . . . has been affiliated with this great organ of the school for three years . . . believes it should be discontinued due to lack of financial support . . . on the part of you . . . and you . . . he'll be eighteen next October 20th . . . trod the rails eight years ago from Fall River . . . can "fix" your tickets . . . was the smartest one ever to graduate from Lincoln . . . well, maybe not THE smartest . . . but he graduated from there without any trouble . . . is looking forward to a four year residence in the big yard off Harvard Square Cambridge . . . then four more at Harvard Business School . . . is going into business or journalism after serving his term up the river . . . (the Charles) . . . played freshman baseball . . . says there is no school spirit at B. H. S. . . we must confess he's right . . . a marshall for one year . . . is on the Ring and Pin Committee . . . a sportswriter for the Chronicle and The Transcript . . . in the Spanish and French Clubs . . . hopes to own the New York Times . . . if not that, then the Police Gazette . . . likes chocolate cake . . . week end trips to Newton . . . one Jean S. . . . and for three years he didn't detest the present Secretary of the Senior class . . . would be satisfied with the world if school began at about 11:30 . . . and if Mr. Kepner should learn that homework isn't the only thing that can be done nights . .. is a bit loquacious at times . . . and claims that . . . one's duty as a gentleman should never interfere with one's pleasures in the slightest degree . . . likes "Unkies," out in Worcester . . . likes to spend his summers in complete rest . . . traveled through New York last year . . . studies almost enuf . . . plays around with Sagamore and electricity.

Just call her "sin" . . . er, we mean "Cyn" she's been the secretary of the class of '34 for two years now . . . and hopes to be it for four years at Wellesley . . hates cocoa . . . an ardent Girls League supporter . . . address the letters to 53 Brington Road . . . was born in "bean town" . . . will be 17 the first Wednesday of next February . . . had to go to Pierce . . . one from the corps of Marshalls . . . refused to pose for a full length picture t'other day . . . is it because of those ? . . . is a 5 foot 4 blonde . . . she says it's blonde . . . claims it's naturally curley . . . if that's so . . . then some days nature forsakes her momentarily . . . wants to do something swell after college . . . set new precedents for women perhaps . . . is a junior life-saver . . . being a swimmer of no mean ability . . . yearns, along with Janet Hamilton, for a place in Minsky's chorus of ravishing brutes . . . pardon us . . . we mean beauts . . . ah! me proud beauty . . . believes in women in politics . . . adores cinnamon toast the Georgian way . . . with Galen Clevenger handling the tray . . . he's from Newton, gals . . . six foot four . . . so tall, Cyn can't even indulge in the terpsichorean art with him . . . sleep "fits" with her . . . on senior class dance committee . . the Copley Plaza is just too, too divine in her opinion . . . drives a Ford . . . summers at Scarboro . . . way up on the Maine coast . . . where she swims and sails . . . sees a good deal of Martha Turner . . . studies only C. C. E. B. questions for history . . . a sister of phi alpha pi . . . reads, when she has the opportunity . . . plays the guitar . . . and follows the crowd to all Mae West pictures . . claims all flicker-shieks the same . . . but Waring, Lombardo and Crosby go big with her . . . prefers Plymouth cars . . . frequent letters from U. of Maine . . . and kicking the gang around . . . which just about ends everything.

RED PENCIL

Mr. Roman, our very sedate Latin teacher and amiable assistant football coach, has two absorbing pastimes, as I ultimately discovered.

Being a lover of literature, his favorite indoor hobby is reading. He has a rather extensive collection of various types of books. Many of these he procures in old wayside shops which he chances to come upon. Mr. Roman says he delights in browsing around these quaint shops in search of interesting or rare volumes. Naturally a great many of these are Latin books.

Mr. Roman, as you probably know, is a sportsman. Until recently he indulged in a great number of activities. Now, however, he is most interested in golf. The greater part of his spare time in the summer is spent golfing. He says he enjoys this outdoor recreation because of the excellent exercise it gives. Although he is very modest, I surmise that he is quite a golfer.

It appears that Mr. Roman finds plenty to keep him occupied with his teaching, interest and participation in sports, and his reading.

LUCKY, OFF AND ON

Volume II

Most friendly of all worldly objects was the freight car, saviour from the police. The car was not quite so comfortable as it was friendly, however, since about twenty-thirty-sevenths of his life had been spent in this rather rough travelling, experience had made Lucky as hard as the boards on which he lay.

With the wind whipping his dark hair over his forehead, our friend mused upon his circumstances. Though he did not worry, he did, well, he mused, a bit sorrowfully. Barefooted as he was, his rather usually crude appearance was accentuated by the loss of both his shoes, leaving his darkly, shall we say "tanned" feet conspicuously alone. And it was upon this matter that his philosophic mind was musing, **how to obtain shoes?**

His adept ways for obtaining articles free of charge must be put into use, and the sooner the better, as dusk was approaching, and with it, cold. Wriggling his negroid colored toes over the train's roof edge he started whittling his initial, singular, on the track of the car roof. With all the flaring curves of English lettering, the "L" flaunted boldly on the runway. His work accomplished, "Lucky ambitiously looked for something else to do and found it by wriggling his toes till the next station, Brookbury came in sight.

With the ease born of experience he leapt from the train, landing tenderly, because of his feet. A the first country home he knocke timidly on the friendly, white door The opening of the door by a large buxom woman caused him to fee more confident, but the almos spontaneous slam of the door in hi face also changed his spirits.

Once again he tried, with th same luck. And again, but th third door slammed in his face a the third home with the thir drooping of his spirits. In a nea by ash can he found the town jou nal, and in large, bold type ran

(Continued on Page 6)

TO MARY FROM JOHN

By Charles Osgood

John had snuffed out the candle and placed his worn felt slippers conveniently by the bed.

"Be cold in the mornin' by gorry," he thought.

Through the narrow panes he could see the mantle of snow on the barn roof, and like a thick, fluffy scarf thrown carelessly over the fields, even duncing the squat hitching post with a round, white cap.

"Have to git Henry to slide that snow off the barn roof tomorrow," he murmured. "Might as well have a bit of air in here. Should a' put the window up 'fore I took my felts off."

Grumbling at a chair leg that interfered with his progress, he made his way to the window and stood for a minute looking across the snow covered valley. Through the dreary, silver-laced branches of the elm, he could discern the slender spire of the church, rising black against the whiteness beyond. A few dark blots clustered around the spire represented the small village of Boxboro.

"Mighty fine turkey I got from Jeb today."

His thoughts wondered back to the purchase.

"Said all women are cleverer than men. Said the men folk can't sound 'em out. I know Mary! Told 'im I did. Said I'd find out sooner or later."

With a last anxious glance at the barn, he opened the window to be sent scurrying under the blankets by the frigid blast of winter air that whirled into the room.

John had helped Mary put the little hemlock up in the parlor and pile the presents around. With all sorts of colored paper and baubles Mary had adorned the tree. Mary loved pretty things and loved to decorate. John was too practical to care much for that. He and his wife had gone to the city a week before to do the Christmas shopping. John had wandered off alone to do some private shopping. He had purchased a plain, but costly, black satin dress and, keeping it carefully hidden on the way home, had slipped up into the guest room and put the dress into one of the bureau drawers. Mary had returned to town the next day, "To get some things I forgot," she had said.

"That fancy paper and string on Mary's present is expensive," John recalled. "Mary'll like it though. Silly to like ribbon 'n such."

He lay awake for a while summing up the cost of the presents. He was glad Christmas came only once a year.

"Guess Mary's asleep by now," he murmured, "I'll go get the dress."

Crawling out from beneath the warm covers, he slipped on his bed shoes, donned his heavy winter coat, that served as a bathrobe, and crept as softly as possible out of his bedroom door into the hallway. He leaned over toward Mary's door and listened to her deep, regular breathing. With a silent chuckle, he stole down the hall, tiptoeing carefully by her door, and into the guest room. By the reflected light of the snow he could see the tall bureau. Walking over to it he stooped down and, after removing some old clothes and papers, lifted out the Christmas package. John closed the drawer and returned down the hall, bearing his prize. He stood for a minute at the head of the staris.

"Bet Mary'll like this nice, black dress. Gosh, will she be surprised when she finds this among the kids' presents."

He crept down the stairs, cursing their creaking protest, into the parlor. The tree was standing in the center of the room. It looked beautiful with the moonlight shining on the glass trinkets and silver paper. He placed Mary's gift with the others there and then he slunk back upstairs, soon to be snoring loudly.

The morning of Christmas day dawned bright and cold. With the dawn came three pajama-clad demons. Softly John's bedroom door opened and in stole all three. The eldest motioned them to positions on all sides. It was a three point attack! At a signal, they leapt upon the peacefully snoring man with wild cries of "Merry Christmas." In a moment the bed was covered with jumbled, twisting bodies and rumpled blankets at the bottom of which was a cheerfully grinning John. The uproar awakened Mary who called off the intruders. John was up and dressed in a jiffy and hurried down to see the kids open their presents and to see Mary when she opened hers.

In a short time all the children's toys were unwrapped, leaving one package, done up with beautiful red and green ribbon, under the tree. Mary knelt down and picked up the present. She read the card

"To Mary from John."

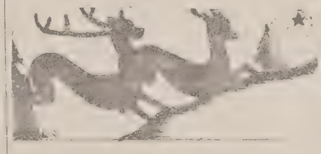
Very carefully she undid the ribbon while John sat very still. He had a wide grin of enjoyment on his unshaven face and felt a strange warming glow in his heart. Very tenderly she lifted the cover off the box and drew forth a BRILLIANT BLUE GOWN with a big bright, orange flower on the shoulder.

John's lower jaw dropped with amazement and his arms hung limp at his sides, while she held it up and admired it. He was dumbfounded! He was absolutely mystified! Mary leaned down over him and kissed him lightly on the forehead. Then she darted upstairs, calling that she was going to try it on.

John mechanically reached for a piece of Christmas candy and suddenly stopped, a broad smile spreading over his face.

"Jeb's right! Women 'be clever!"

THE END



SPARKS FROM THE YULE LOG

By Norman Hunt

As the dark days of the Old Year draw to a melancholy close, a new spirit of warmth and heartiness pervades the world. Lights shine out through the tall windows, out across the snow, across the long, gray afternoon—colored lights, bright lights, lights in huge candelabra, solitary lights that remind one of that one great Light that first stood over an humble manger in Bethlehem. And with the lights came warmth. A genuine warmth way down inside of me that makes me feel kindly toward my fellow-creatures.

There is no doubt about it, the hearty meals of the holiday season, the good, mellow cider with a lingering taste of autumn, the silly Christmas candies and sweetmeats help to create that glow inside of me. "The roaring hearth" contrasts it against those far-flung veils of white piled up against the window panes. Warm clothes and a warm bed are things to be glad of, too. But none of these provide the kind of warmth that prompts me to slip one of my few precious coins into the box on the street corner. That is different; but it is nothing unusual at Christmas time.

The shops are a wonderful source of interest during the Yuletide. There is so much wealth in those baubles and tinselled festoons, so much fun in those clowns, such a gorgeous array of toys in the windows that we can hardly believe there is real poverty anywhere in the city.

We climb the sweeping staircases of a dozen department stores. On every floor are bright lights and swaying, jostling crowds. Counters of attractive goods; shelves of fascinating puzzles and books; corners with strange toys and mechanical bears that have been hibernating all the year and have come out for their season of glory. And as we pass the foodshops, absorbing aromas float out into the street, suggesting hot rolls, apple pies, fruit cakes, and plum puddings. Gay colors in the streets, happy shouts of children, Christmas in the air.

Up on Beacon Hill, the Night Before Christmas. . . . My English teacher tells me to spell those last words with small letters, but I cannot comply. For I have been there on a Christmas Eve and that strange spirit in the air that has been gathering during the winter has culminated suddenly into something so magnificent that it must be spelled with capital letters. Something that has come down across the centuries from that first Christmas. The carolers burst into the strains of that glorious anthem, "The First Noel."

A row of candles shines in nearly every window. Shades go flying up as the carolers approach. Everyone is listening with bated breath.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the
earth
To touch their harps of gold."

Rising up into the clear, cold air, the voices of the singers sound very sweet and true. Soon they are marching down Mount Vernon Street, under the old-fashioned lamps. The voices die away in the distance.

"O, Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep
The silent stars go by. . . . .'

The Sagamore

Founded in 1893

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SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

VOL. L DECMBER 21, 1933 No 4

IS CHRISTMAS A RACKET?

Is Christmas, in the vernacular o the day, becoming a racket?

The modern cynic might reply in the affirmative and parade a surprising list of facts to prove his contention. Our friend, the cynic, if he is still a "dry," might predict the kind of a Christmas he expects to witness this year, with hard liquor returned to due legal form.

If anyone should mention the word commercialism to Mr. Cynic, the suggestion would send him off on a long tirade as to the present day significance of Christmas. Per chance, he would sum up Christmas as the shop early season, and go on from there, marshaling fact after fact to prove that Christmas means nothing more than a few weeks of added receipts for the storekeepers. Mr. Cynic may prate as he will on the commercialism of Christmas. Let him keep his dour thoughts on the subject, if he will, and be cynical and unhappy about them.

There are two sides to Christmas. There always have been and, perhaps, always will be. From the pagan point of view, the celebration of a commercialized Christmas, today, is no worse than, in fact, not as bad, as the celebration in ancient times. The ceremonies of those early days, we are told, were a mixture of pagan and Christian elements, attended by disorder and immorality. England had a Lord of Misrule and Scotland had an Abbot of Unreason. The revels presided over by these worthies were boisterous, and copied partly from the fantastic rites of the Druids.

Through the ages the Christian Church has kept alive the real spirit of Christmas. Since the fourth century, the Church has observed the mass of Christ and has kept alive the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas, in a sense, may be devoted partly to commercialism, to sports, to over eating and over drinking. But aside from all this, and above all this, the real significance shines forth; its true symbol a holy child in a manger.

Whether they are Christians or non-believers, the masses of the people cannot escape the influence of Christmas tide. At no other season of the year is witnessed such an outpouring of generosity and well wishing. Not alone gifts for the loved ones of the family circle, but gifts of food and clothing for the poor and needy. The human heart opens and expands to an inpulse of giving and helping.

Mr. Cynic may cling to his dark thoughts on Christmas, if he chooses. We prefer to be out in the middle of the road, cheering for Christmas. We still believe in Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS

I wish I still believed in Santa Claus, were still in that blissful state of sending trusting notes up the chimney-place, were still hardly to sleep on Christmas Eve for listening so hard for the sleighbells, hearing them, and quickly turning over lest that dear old gentleman find me still awake.

I will never forget the disillusionment that was mine, years later, when for the first time I didn't feel the thrill of expectancy, the overpowering joy on Christmas morn.

And yet, what is Christmas? What does it mean? Because many years ago in the little town of Bethlehem, there was born a little babe, whose life in the world brought such comfort and joy, who left the world a better, finer place, is celebrated Christmas Day.

I glanced again at my Christmas list. My mind was back to material matters. As always I felt myself engulfed in an atmosphere of mercenary meanness. "How much for this one? What does he need? Can that one be possibly cut off my list?" But I stopped. What did this mean? I looked again. How had the word CHRIST appeared on my list. The first name on my list. Christ at the head of my list. I had been labeling my list and the ringing of the telephone had called me away and left it uncompleted. It seemed to put a different slant on things. Santa Clauses and sleighs were unimportant. Christmas as Christ's birthday. He at the head of my list — shamed me. Because of His great gift to me my gifts should have greater meaning.

The manger scene had been temporarily overshadowed.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were so afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And they came with haste and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

It is a challenge to us as Christians to take Christ more completely into our lives this Christmas season, to hold Him as our leader, to see the world through His eyes. For everyone of us Christ has a mission — to live that others too may find Him.

When I speak of Christmas a feeling of peace and happiness comes to me. We are so rich in homes, friends and Christ. A feeling of reverence sweeps over me. And I see again the Gedachtniss Kirche in Berlin, filled for the third time that day, the only lights those behind the manger scene on the altar and the stars on the Christmas tree on each side. I am again lifted out of myself with the swells of the great organ and the reverent voices of the German people singing from their hearts. "Stille Nacht."

TO THE PASSING of SAIL

From here upon the wind bleached rocks, as dark
Swims out across the river, I can see
A clipper hull with swinging topmast stark
Against the dimming sky. Her
shrouds fly free
Like broken, tangled threads of some huge skein
That spiders made about her yards. And now
A looming lumber ship, tall-sided Dane,
Aloof and proud, throbs by my clipper's bow.
Though prideful youth will ever scorn the old,
My ancient ship, your clan was once the best
In all the world. From laden clipper hold
A nation drew her strength for freedom's quest,
And you, smug Dane, were Fulton's boyhood dream
When steam was young and wind-taut sail supreme.

NORMA RATHNER.

CAST OF BOOK WEEK PAGEANT

LIBRARY LINES

If you have wondered at the lusty hammering which resounds from Shailer Hall, and have longed to peek in to see what might be taking place, then we have the great pleasure of describing to you the metamorphosis of the old ugly duckling into a comfortable, convenient and attractive library, whose capacity will be approximately twice as great as that of the present one.

The project is being undertaken by the Civil Works Administration. The huge room will be broken up into several smaller ones, the main library, a reading room, a browsing room (just what it sounds like) a small confererce room, a room for mending books, and an office. The old stage is being torn down, windows will be built in the walls, and presto! chango. you have a much needed class room for Library Lessons. As for the balcony, the steps are being taken out, windows may be built looking out upon the corridor, and files of magazines and pictures will be at the disposal of the school.

Of course, the whole place is being redecorated and renovated to coincide as far as possible with he dreams which Mrs. Liebens has ong cherished, dreams which she scarcely hoped to see fulfilled, and which are only materializing now because of the appropriations by President Roosevelt.

DIE DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT

In Germany, as the legend goes, on the twelfth of December, St. Nicholas makes the records of all the houses, knocking on the doors, and asking after the behavior of the children during the past year. If they have been good, he leaves a present, and if they have been bad, they receive a bundle of rods. And so, on Tuesday, the twelfth of December, the German club held its first meeting of the year, a Christmas party, in the Foreign Center (Room 36). A sketch, appropriate to the significance of the old German legend, written and directed by Ruth Krivitsky, the able new president of the club, was presented by one of the second year classes. Those taking part in the sketch entitled "Saint Nicholas," or the "Twelfth of December" were:—Dick Spears as Saint Nick, Irving Cohen as the father. Ruth Kleen as the mother, Jean Leslie as Anna, Sarah Cauman as Marie, Maynard Rosen as Fritz, and Leonard Liber as another brother. The skit was certainly well worked out and deserving of a great deal of praise. Directly after the preformance each person received a small gift from some member of his class. Refreshments followed.

The entire program was directed by Ruth Krivitsky, assisted by the other new officers. All pupils pur-

(continued on page seven)

S. P. L. G.

Help wanted: any girls who play orchestral instruments, to apply to Barbara Feldman who is instituting a Girls' League Orchestra.

Wait until Fabian Sevitsky and Guy Lombardo hear about this! More help wanted: suggestions for the scholarship toward which the League is working, and in what manner we may raise it.

The results of a program questionnaire are as follows: a marionnette club received the highest number of votes. (poor Tony Sarg) a music club came next, and then a literary and a camera club followed in choice. These are associations of individuality, and ones that invite fun and friendliness! They must surely draw the taste of almost every girl here, and all are earnestly urged to cultivate an interest in and join at least one of them. Be on the watch for notices mentioning these clubs! ! !

Vocational Talks

The girls of the League offer to challenge anyone who says that the only thing a group of females can do is talk! Well, on second thought, there is some truth in this retort, but how differently applied! The Girls are very much in favor of vocational talks, so these will be begun early in the New Year. Interior decorating received first choice, followed by social work, teaching, nursing, office work, med

(continued on page Seven)

ALUMNI NOTES

It might be interesting to both the faculty and students of Brookline High School to know that Miss Doris A. Honthumb, B. H. S. '33, and at present a student at Burdett's, is married to Mr. Edward Earle Summers of Somerville The event took place on Friday, December first. The couple are making their home at 1053 Bacon Street, for the present.

Among those who received Harvard scholarships were Robert C. Hall, '36, and Irving Wallace, '34. There were 148 awards which amounted to $39,547 or an average of approximately $270 per man.

The name of Miss Blanche Taylor, Radcliffe '34, was given as a representative of American history and literature on a committee which represents the various fields of study at the school.

George A. Cowee, Jr., of Brookline, was recently elected to the honorary military science fraternity, Cannon and Castle, at Yale.

The Idler Club at Radcliffe has given Miriam Hurwitt '36, B. H. S. the leading role in "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly. Miss Jane MacMillan '35, also of Brookline High, is to play in it.

Among the girls elected to the Press Board at Smith was Miss Marian Myers '35 of Brookline.

Rowena Rollins has been reelected as president of the Glee Club of the Perry Kindergarten Normal School.

(Continued from Page two)

reason for his unsuccessful attempts. "Tramp Strangles Citizen at Front Door."

With this knowledge, we resorted to the last attempt, of a rather delicate and grasping nature, that of usurping. With the deed accomplished, he continued trudging along the main road in his big, new boots. At a fork in the road he saw a crowd armed with pitchforks and blunderbusses. At sight of him they charged, and he in turn, leading the attack. Due to his superior speed, he soon left them behind, and after two miles of country road, they gave up the chase.

Panting, sweating, and travel-soiled, he fell on the turf by the side of the road. Then he closed his eyes in exhaustion, and philosophically laughed at himself, or rather, the boots. All for a pair of boots. Was it worth it? Once more on his way, he hesitated, and then flung his newly acquired boots on the road. Barefooted, but conscience clear, he again, resumed his journey. After all, he could step lighter and then again, with those boots he could not feel the cool earth between his toes and on his hot soles. (To be continued)

THE ALL AMERICAN HOME

The average American home is a great institution. You go into one of our Yankee houses and are glad that you are in America because it is so original. As you enter the old English door, the first thing you step on is a Turkish rug. Then you will look around the room and see a few men sitting in front of a Holland brick fireplace smoking Egyptian cigarettes. Perhaps you will glance out of the French window and see many beautiful clumps of Scotch heather in bloom. You may in the course of the evening become chilly as you sit by the window, and your hostess will give you a Mexican blanket to throw about your shoulders. Tommy, the young offspring of the house, demands that you come out into the garden and look at his Belgian hares. Then the Irish maid enters to announce that dinner is served. After washing your hands in the Italian marble washbowl, you go into the dining room. The hostess shows you to your place at a Chinese teakwood table. After everyone is seated, she tells you that she is serving some food which was baked in her new Dutch oven. You pay no attention to her, because you are very much interested in the flowers in the beautiful Russian bronze bowl on the table. Immediately the pretty Scandinavian waitress comes in with the dinner. You take a good look at it. It is a Spanish omelette. You receive your tea in a Japanese cup and saucer. It is very hot at first, so you test it with a German silver spoon. Then you get up from the table, and remark what a lovely new Persian carpet Mrs. Brown has bought. After sitting round for a short time, you notice by the Swiss clock that it is time to go home. You discover that you have left your purse in your apartment, so you ask the hostess to lend you carfare. When you get on the car, you discover that she has given you a Canadian quarter. When you arrive home, you will remark to your family what wonderful American people the Browns are and what a wonderful American home they have.

MARION PETERSON, '34.

JUST A MOSQUITO
BZZZ — BZZZ — BZZZ.

"Now, my dear," says Mr. Mosquito, twiddling his feelers in the meantime, "let me warn you once more to be careful, especially now that we have the children to consider, to be very careful, I repeat, what restaurant do you patronize. Now you know that for some strange reason, not all people enjoy our company! So, when you feel you want a bite to eat, do try to pick someone with a sweet, gentle disposition. And I don't mean for you to start flirting with any good looking human either, not that it would do you any good, but, well haven't I always been a good husband to you?"

"Well, I certainly hope you'll practice what you preach!" answered Mrs. Mosquito rather tartly, for she believes as most women do, that the female sex is far superior to the male sex."

"Ah me! too bad you haven't the brilliant mind I have," sighs Mr. Mosquito and a real tear rolls down one of his long legs.

"Sh," he buzzed excitedly, "Here comes a human! Now just you watch my technique! Why, when I get through, I won't need to eat for weeks!"

"Ooh! Stand still a minute Hubert, there's a nasty mosquito on your arm!"

Slap! — — "there that's done! Ugh, horrid things! "exclaims the dainty murderess. She smiles sweetly on her male companion and they resume their walk unconscious of the fact that behind them a weeping widow is expostulating with a snap of her feelers, "Humph! That, for his technique!"

PORTRAIT OF AN AFTERNOON

How strange today has been, at least today
Outside my window where the placid river
Stretches flat and still; one end of it
Is pointed north between the sentinels
That will some day support the bridge.
While I, between two windows tall and gray,
(Like sentinels too) look up awhile to see
This strangeness, wind, and snow, and rain,
First one and then another, never just
A silent view of river, shore and bridge.
But now there's only a drifting, aimless void
Of flakes, tugging at one another, loosing
Between my windows and the
Veil of white. I have been sitting here;
One elbow on the desk, making a pattern
Of snow and words on paper, weaving a scarf
Of quietness, that I may put it on
And feel the vivid white about myself.
But when I lift my head to frame it all
Through the window, veil and snow and peace
Have slipped away and left a blowing rain.
A rhythmic tapping takes the place of still
Slow whisperings. The drive is gray with rain
And sings a whirring song of tires on wet
Asphalt—and rain—and ever falling rain,
That fills my heart with questioning . . . How strange
Today has been, or is it I am strange?

A GROUP OF HOKKU

October

Sharp rapier thrusts
Of the wind and a bloody
Spot on each brown leaf.

Fall Leaves

Briskly and lightly
They dance upon the streets.
Is death so lovely?

After Rain

The rain drenched willow
Shivered . . was it that the moon's
Kiss was so chilling?

Snow

Some birds flying high
Scatter the white notes of song
That fall fluttering.

NOMA JUNE RATHNER, '34

GRATIS

Down through the years with '34:

1930: "I Found a Million Dollar Baby."
1931: "I've Got Five Dollars."
1932: "Here It Is Monday and I've Still Got a Dollar."
1933: "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?"
1934: ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

A word to the wise and "BUTCH" ALTER:

Men are born with two eyes and one tongue in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

Clyde BEATTY can't tame his lions any better than Miss LEVINE has tamed her LARRY ANDERSON.

JOHN went to the GRAND FIELD
Searching for his mania,
What he sought, what he got,
Was just his hyaCYNTHIA.

Teacher: "Jimmy, why are you so late this morning?"

JIMMY SULLIVAN (breathlessly): "If you please, Sir, we tuned in on a western station last evening and mother set the clock by it."

Who's that coming down the corridor LINKed arm in arm? Is it the king's horses? No, it's only MOSS and DORIS GOULSTON.

Things you never noodle now:

That JUNE BRADFIELD stopped following her nose after doing a couple of loops.

That GILDA WARSHAW could keep her terrible temper (while standing on Coolidge Corner with that awful outfit on.

Obviously RACHEL'S suitors do not like the signals, "One if by day, two if by night." They think it should be, "Three if McKNIGHT."

H. URROWS: "Will you take this woman for butter or wurst?"

R. SALK: "Oh, liver alone: I never sausage nerve."

If, in our attempt to scandalize the scandalous, we should reveal that our CAPTAIN OF MARSHALS is trying to horn in on LEW KORNFELD for the possession of JUDY COHEN, there would be nothing short of a lynching in B. H. S.

(Continued from Page five)

icine and retail selling. This list certainly indicates that "thar's a brain in thet thar head." Not only will this equip the girls with invaluable information, but they will have the opportunity of meeting many well known men and women in these respective fields.

Parent-Teachers' Social

If it were not for the fact that the Parent-Teachers' Social was a very gentle, orderly affair, we might say that it went over with a bang! After about fifty mothers were comfortably seated in the Girls' League Room, Jean Leslie, the hostess, opened the meeting with an address of welcome and then handed the remaining business over to Edna Maddox, chairman of the tea. Edna introduced as speakers: Frank Gardner, Class President; Bert Litman, Captain of the Marshals: Mr. Ringer, headmaster; Miss Sawyer, Dean of Girls; and Miss Liden, Senior House Mistress. The context of their addresses was the welcoming of the mothers, the outline of the school government, and the need of the co-operation between parents, teachers, and the students. Congratulations are extended to Christine Adams, who sang "Chinese Lullaby" accompanied at the piano by her mother, and as encore, a medley of popular songs, assisted now by Irene Hamilt at the piano. Tea and cookies were served and the Social ended after an hour of chatter between the company and the teachers. Many hearty thanks are due to Edna Maddox and her committee: Refreshment — Elinor Godsoe; Hostess — Jean Leslie; Serving — Mildrel Friedman; Cleanup—Dorothy Freedman. Thanks also are extended to Miss Hale and Miss Horn for their kind, willing service. Not only are they proven artists with their pencils, but also with a kettle and a pound of tea!

Thanksgiving Party

The success of the Thanksgiving Party on November 24, sponsored by the Junior girls of the League, is due to Irma Goudey and her commendable committee: Entertainment: Edna Tishendorf; publicity, Phyllis Hamon; Decorating, Rosamond Montgomery; Lighting, Betty Webber; Admission, Betty Green; Food, Nancy Weston; Clean up, Dorothy Schmidt; Property, Ynette Vogel. The results were: cash $6.31, cans 199, jellies—thousands, vegetables — millions, deserts — billions with slight exaggeration of fact, not spirit.

(Continued from Page five)

suing German were admitted to the meeting, and although no dues were collected, the hat was passed!

Recently the entire body of German students voted, without nominations for the club officers. Those elected are:—

President: Ruth Krivitsky, '34.
Vice-Pres.: Howard Lewenstein, '34.
Secretary: LaReine Gardner, '34.
Treas. Robert Leslie, '35.

The new officers, under the capable leadership of Miss Krivitsky, and the excellent guidance of Miss Bailey sincerely hope to make the German club a bigger and better organization.

These contributions were submitted to the Brookline Friendly Society, and, from the above mentioned list, we can gather that the appetites of a few starving Armenians were appeased!

"QUOTES"

A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and a bit of verse — are not complete — without an onion.

Transcript.

There is a destiny that ends our shapes.

Reader's Digest.

He hasn't an enemy in the world, but all his friends hate him. A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once. That's her story — and she's stuck with it.

Readers Digest.

There is a sort of wit so weighted with wisdom that laughter is hushed in wonder.

Blue Book.

Only bankers have the right to sell lemons on State Street.

Transcript.

Pretzel-twisting, a government survey reveals, is a highly-skilled occupation, and besides, it must be highly edifying, too, doing so many good turns a day.

Herald.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

The regular assembly period was turned over to the Senior Class for a meeting to enable them to understand just why they are expected to have their pictures taken at Purdy's. The representative from his studio showed samples and explained that there were various prices which are placed above the pictures on display outside the art studio.

The various Senior Committees were announced by Frank Gardner, president of the Senior Class.

Dance Committee: Frank Taylor, chairman; Louis Bouelli, Gifford Ross, Jordan Coleen, Cynthia Jones and June Bradfield. The Class Day Committee: Tod Plotkin, chairman; Joseph Hartigan, Howard Lewenstein, Bert Liteman, Margery Gallison, Vihginia Snow, Edna Maddox and La Reine Gardner. The announcement was made that Class Day Dues must be in by the end of February. Faculty advisors were also named. They are: Mr. Hollingworth, Miss Taft, Mr. Snow, Miss Allen, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Gifford.

Yearbook: Henry Urrows, chairman; Winthrop Steele, Manard Cutler, James Smith, Robert Salk, William Ingraham, Woodson Baldwin Margaret Murphy, Marion Peterson, Ruth Krivitsky, Janet Printz, Selma Levine and Dorothy Friedman. The chairman of the Ring and Pin Committee is Mildred Friedman. On the committee are Frances Bowser, Robert Kitsis, Jeanette Silverstein, Jerome Grossman and John Grandfield. Gift Committee: Edna Hibel, chairman; Jean Leslie, Ruth Levine, Dick Spears, Norman Hunt and Eliot Silverman.

Reviewing the car situation from another angle, the family's latest idea appears to be that dad ought to keep fit by walking instead of throwing one, when he has to.

Possibly we could modernize the old melodies and add an explanatory note to make it run: "O, there's a tavern in the town, in the town, and there my true love sits him down, he sits him down, because he can't get anything to drink if he doesn't. Herald.

May we state very emphatically that the incident published in the Gratis column of the last issue of the Sagamore entitled "Overheard in Room 232" did **not** occur. It was a purely fictitious item and was printed with the substitution of the names of Miss Bliss and Jerome. We regret the insertion.

(The Ed.)

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Those loud preliminary chortles of mirth with which radio humorists sometimes introduce an antiquated jest, lead us to wonder whether we haven't been wrong all along and whether it isn't really he who laughs first who laughs best.

Herald.

(Continued from Page one)

and Stanley Livingstone. Dave Farnsworth has been plugging steadily all fall and should provide one of the surprises of the year in the thousand. Besides these Bert Litman bears watching in the shot put, as does Bob Grenier in the broad jump and dash.

In the tank, a similar feeling of optimism prevails. The team will be built around a number consisting of the letter men; the two captains, Bob Ritchie and Herby Wein, Cotter, Kilman, and Kaplan. It is a well balanced outfit with a fair amount of strength in almost every department.

In the free style quite a galaxy of stars, among whom are Donnels, George Kilman, Al Landry, Cotter, Burton, Lenny Sulkis Herby Wein and George Ware Sulkis won his "B" two years ago but did not attend Brookline last year. George Ware won his letter in his freshman year, three years ago.

The dive boasts of Ritchie and Gardner, both likely point winners. The backstroke is probably the only open event; Paul Meehan, veteran backstroker, being the only swimmer in this event. Eddie Ryan, Art Glickman and Hewey Kaplan will ably take care of the breast stroke. Almost any four of these already named could form a most aggressive relay team.

CHESS CLUB

The first meeting of the Chess Club was held in Room 122, Wednesday, Dec. 12, with Miss Allen kindly consenting to act in the capacity of faculty adviser. The most important subject of this meeting was the election of officers, the results of which are as follows: Harold Bernstein is President; Alvyn Gladstone, Secretary, and Leigh Dimond, Manager.

The remainder of this interesting meeting was devoted to learning the science of the ancient and honorable game of mental skill. Miss Allen explained the numerous moves and later demonstrated one or two of the common openings. The members then played actual games in which they concentrated on using these openings and attempting to find means of breaking them up.

We are happy to announce that thirty-odd members attended this meeting, although we regret the fact that very few of these were juniors or seniors. The next regular conclave will be held Wednesday, Dec. 20, within the sacred portals of the Chess Room, 120, and it is hoped that more members of the two upper classes will attend.

Bitter Sweet .... Report Cards
The Power and The Glory
B. H. S. Football Team
Bed of Roses .... General Course
Double Harness .. Seventh Period
Goodbye Again .... Dismissal
Never Give a Fellow a Break
To The Freshmen
I'm No Angel ... Habitual Truant
The World Changes Vacation Time
Looking Forward ...., To The Bell
The Big Brain .... Class Prodigy
Best of Enemies
Yours Truly and Teachers

NEAR

"Once an S. S. Pierce customer, always one" seems to be the motto of people in all parts of the world.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."---Winthrop's Journal

Vol. ~~XXXIX,~~ 45 No. 6 BROOKLINE, MASS., FEBRUARY 2, 1934 Subscription, One Dollar

TEACHERS' CLUB PLAY A GREAT SUCCESS

Did we dare to sing the praises of the recent performance of "The First Mrs. Fraser," we must enlarge our vocabulary of Superlatives before the attempt. As it is, we must rely weakly upon such mild descriptive phrases as "delightful and subtle comedy," "skillful acting," "professional scenery" and the like.

Certainly Miss Hannon as Janet was superb; completely equal even to such difficult demands as being alone upon the stage for a good two minutes, without losing the attention of the audience. Mr. Downing as the "leading man" gave a perfect characterization of the harried Mr. Fraser, while Mr. Hammond as Ninian, with his quick and tart retorts, was highy amusing. Enter the villian — r the fly in the ointment — or vhat have you — in the person of .Ir. Wilkinson, who, as Philip Lozan, bore his high hopes and subequent crushed heart with pereverance fortitude and finesse to he bitter end. The supporting ast was a good one, which added ot a little to the final enjoyment f the production. We pay final ibute the congenial atmosphere nt by Miss Allen's charming arıngement of scenery and proper-, and to Miss Delano's excellent aching.

Yes, comedy stalked abroad ose nights of January 19th and th and we were glad to be prest at the stalking.

WARTZ, ENRIGHT IN K. OF C. MEET

Two former track captains of ookline High School, Joe Enht and Allan Swartz particied in the Knights of Columbus ut Games. Joe Enright, forr 600 yard flash, running in the mber three position on the St. hn's relay team, aided the team secure their fine showing.

In the high jump Swartz, now Worcester Academy, failed to hold the pre-race expectations. wever it must be considered t he was competing with some the greatest jumpers among om was George Spitz, the rld's record holder. The former led with the bar at 6 feet ¼ hes.

SENIOR HOUSE DANCE TO BE SOCIAL EVENT OF SEASON

The gala social event of the winter season will be the dance to be presented by the Senior Class for the entire Senior House on Friday night, February ninth, at Driscoll Hall, Westbourne Terrace. The dancing will commence at 8 o'clock and continue through 12 to the strains of Bill Bigley's Yankee Network. Orchestra. The informal event will be open to Senior House members and their partners. As the price is at a new low, 1 dollar a couple, a capacity throng is expected. Tickets may be secured from your homeroom representative or Jordan Cohen.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE
Brookline High School

December 18, Brookline 49 — Needham 18.

December 20, Brookline 20 — Belmont 10.

*January 3, Brookline 15 — Cambridge 32

January 5, Brookline 11 — Worcester 51.

January 12, Brookline 15 — Huntington 22.

*January 15. Brookline 23 — Rindge Tech 24.

January 18, Brookline 11 — Newton Trade 16.

*January 22, Brookline 25 — Cambridge 23.

January 24, Brookline 24 — Needham 23.

*January 26, Brookline 30— Newton 29.

January 29, Brookline vs Huntington.

February 1, Brookline vs Worcester.

February 6, Brookline vs Newton Trade.

February 9, Brookline vs Rindge Tech.

*February 15, Brookline vs Newton.

*Suburban League game.

SCHOLARSHIP

DRAMATICS

APRIL 6 AND 7

SAVE THESE DATES

BROOKLINE QUINTET TOPS NEWTON IN SURBURBAN LEAGUE GAME

PLOTKIN GIVES BROOKLINE FIFTH PLACE AT N. U. INTERSCHOLASTICS

Due to the individual efforts of the Brookline High track captain, Tod Plotkin, the Wealthy Town managed to snare six valuable points to tie Lynn English for the fifth place in the seventh annual Northeastern University interscholastics held last Saturday at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, Malden High was the winner with Watertown, Lawrence and Medford following in that order.

Plotkin, after having won his heat, broke through to place third in the 45 yard low hurdles. His second contribution to the red and blue cause was a tie for first in the high jump with Gene Graf of Arlington at 5 feet, 9 ¾ inches. His total contribution of six points constituted Brookline's entire scoring.

Leon Rogers, an up and coming sprinter, put up a fine battle in the 45 yard dash as well as in the 300 yard run, his "300" effort went unrewarded, however, as he did not compete in the final heat although he had previously won his trial heat.

Hal Sklar, another promising youngster, ran in the 45 yard dash as did Dave Farnsworth in the "100". Larry Anderson ran a very clever race in the "600", finishing a spectacular third in his heat. He probably could have done better, had he not been placed in the second row of runners.

Brookline's game efforts in the relay race against Dedham High brought every spectator to his feet. Leon Rogers, lead off man, was unfortunately tripped up by a Dedham competitor, when Rogers attempted to pass him. Rogers rolled over on the track, scurried to his feet, snatched up the rolling baton and dashed away after the distant Colsonman, now about fifteen yards in the lead. "Red" Guthre, the second man, was unable to cut down this lead by much and handed over the baton to Lenny Canner. Canner was after the

(Continued on page 8)

BROOKLINE 30 — NEWTON 29

VICTORS BY POINT, CROWLEY, SULLIVAN STAR

The Brookline High School basketball team continued on its victory warpath in Suburban League competition last Friday afternoon at the Newton High School gym, by overcoming the Garden City quintet 30-29, in the last three minutes of play.

Crowley. the Red and Blue left forward was star and high scorer of the afternoon with seven baskets and two foul points to his credit, among which were the two final and winning points. Fisher, the Brookline right forward, combined with Crowley for many of the Brookline baskets, and accounted for three of them by himself. "Jimmy" Sullivan played his usual sterling game at right guard with his sensational dashes down the floor netting the Red and Blue five points. Casey at center, and [illegible] Boyle at left guard completed a fast and smoothly working Brookline team. Small for Casey was the only substitution of the afternoon by Coach Bemis.

Coming into the second half of the game, the Wealthy Towners were losing 17-11, but steady shooting, especially by "Jim" Sullivan and Crowley, brought the standing to Newton 22 — Brookline 20 at the end of the third period.

The score mounted evenly for both teams in the fourth period, and with three minutes of play left, it stood 29 26, in favor of the Orange and Black.

Crowley, dashing down the left side of the court, was tripped, thereby receiving two foul shots. He made both of them good, although badly shaken up by his fall. Newton stalled around a little, but this same "Johnny" Crowley, breaking up a Garden City formation, dribbled again down the left side of the court, and netted the winning baskets by a perfectly timed shot.

Coach Bemis deserves immeas-

(Continued on page 8)

ROVER

Rover took you on an interesting tour through the lunch room in the last issue. Today he is going to delve into its mysteries further. You all know your own side of the question; ticket line; bread line; table-top; out. Rover has entered a new world behind the scenes in the lunch room.

There are four or five fellows that you meet first. They are the ones with the money boxes and the tickets. Most are rather taciturn chaps and seldom give themselves over to conversation. Their deft fingers keep a continual flow of tickets going out and money coming in. There are two or three of them, however (Rover need not mention names, you know them), that have a different word for each customer. Two in particular, incidentally sitting on the girl's side, have the exceptional ability of doing many things at once. They hand out tickets, take in money, smile, talk, and sing almost at the same time.

The Rover meandered down there once during the fifth period and became audience to a sensational quartet.

You no sooner get your tickets from the above, eagle-eyed gentlemen than you surrender them to one of the helpers that collects. Sometimes Rover is going to try his hand at this job. You see Rover has an unquenchable thirst for seeing lots of people. These fellows, one would imagine, have the best chance of meeting people (and finding out what they eat).

Rover's precious life was endangered once by those white-coated demons that run the trucks (in the lunch room helper's vernacular these are known as "busses"). If he hadn't leapt, in a most undignified manner, to the side of the aisle this article might never have been written. You've all seen them, darting in and out among the diners. Out in the kichen they unload with dangerous rapidity, heaving stacks of trays here, sliding dishes down somewhere else.

Of course there are girls there. Rover is very grateful for their services. He once had a very pleasing idea that they served him personally in a fine manner. Now, after seeing them pour forth hundreds of bowls of soup and cover thousands of meat-balls with tomato sauce, he is greatly changed.

He found out that they take in about a hundred dollars a day. Rover is tempted (notice that he is often tempted but never falls) to try his luck at the business.

Continued on Page 7

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

EXPOSURE

This week we will attempt to disfigure another one of the seniors of B. H. S. . . . that dark, handsome lad over there in the corner . . . surrounded by the beautiful girls . . . can't you see whom we mean? . . . the one with the blue eyes, brown curly hair and tortoise-shell glasses . . . sure, Howie Lewenstein, that's the chap . . . this year's football leader . . . the one with "All-American" ambitions . . . who, among many, is crazy about Keppie's jokes . . . lemon pie . . . and Bert Lahr . . . Jacob is the middle monicker but don't call him "Jake" . . . 'cause he's 5 ft. 10 in. and packs 165 pounds of brawn (or something) . . . lives at 14 Alton Place and doesn't snore . . . but is extremely ticklish . . . has run and jumped under T. H.'s eye for three years now . . . reached sixteen last October first . . . gaduated from Devotion in the class of '30 . . . dislikes Fitchburg's team and second lunch . . . but "goes for" Jean Harlow . . . Bert Litman and Phil Levine . . . did you hear his recent football oration . . . quite a speech for one who intends to be a doctor . . . is on the Class Day Committee . . . and Vice-Pres. of the German Club . . . he is included in the French Club, too . . . and expects to enter Alpha Pi this January . . . has been a marshal for a year . . . played frosh baseball . . . Howie's name may be enrolled at Worcester Academy next year . . . if not, he'll enter either Clark, Exeter or Harvard . . . was born in Roxbury . . . enjoys all athletics . . . and playing the piano . . . talking to Mr. Hines is his only habit . . . 'cause he doesn't drink nor smoke . . . if you ask him, he'll tell you how modest and bashful he is . . . Wallace Beery is the favorite actor . . . "Jake" enjoys wasting his summers at camp . . . guards the simoleons for Sigma Lambda Tau . . . is frequently found daydreaming . . . usually it's about football, Burns and Allen or Guy Lombardo's last program . . . says Fate will probably have B. H. S. win a football game just after he graduates . . . we're thinking it will be more than just Fate.

This petite miss is "Flossy" . . . excuse us . . . it is Florence June Bradfield . . . seldom called by her first name although she likes it . . . be careful of her . . . her hobbies are collecting books and jewelry that matches her clothes . . . will enter Alpha Pi this February . . . once occupied assignment-editor's office of this here bi-weekly . . . her destination is Wellesley . . . and then a few years of study in France . . . if she isn't married by that no so far off date . . . talking about dates . . . her number is Asp. 0179 . . . call up sometime . . . Burt Litman used to quite often . . . first saw the dark of night . . . June 23, 1917 . . . in Boston . . . came to Brookline soon after . . . and went thru Devotion . . . assistant captain of marshals this year . . . on the force for four years . . . doesn't care for girls who talk too much . . . (let that be a word of advice to you, Bill Daley) . . . the secretary of the Debating Club . . . we never knew there was one here, but oh, well . . . you can't know everything . . . summers at exclusive (?) Kenberma Beach . . . but longs for a summer at Nantucket . . . where she may drive, sail and play the piano to her heart's content . . . has paid Girls' League dues for four years . . . as a result, she was and is a Junior and Senior advisor . . . enjoys dancing, golf, swimming, reading, ice cream cones, French fried potatoes, Robert Montgomery and Myrtle Niccolls . . . as well as "Chucky" Sherrill and Ellin Ilfeld . . . and R. F. . . . he being mysterious Mr. X. . . . a medical student in Philadelphia . . . Flossy also holds down the V.-Presidency of the 4-minute Speakers' Club . . . studies sufficiently to attain a "B" average . . . frequently found day-dreaming . . . four years have been spent as a member of the French Club . . . dislikes the manner in which the marshal posts are given out . . . whichever method it is, we don't know . . . is habitually asking your exposer of the exposables about yellow papers . . . last year she was a class day aide . . . this year her favorite color is blue

Continued on Page 7

RED PENCIL

Miss Poland of the Commercia Department proved to be another resourceful person to interview.

"Swimming," declared Miss Poland, "might be called my second nature. When I journey, my bathing said journeys with me. I learned to swim almost as soon as I could walk and it has always been my favorite hobby." As a child Miss Poland often swam a distance of one or two miles. Since then, she has enjoyed the sport in various waters. When abroad, she went swimming in the Adriatic Sea and off the coast of England She also swam in the Bay of Chaleur and along our own Atlantic seacoast, especially at Nahant. Miss Poland is a recognized Senior Life Saver.

Other favorite outdoor sports of Miss Poland are skiing, canoeing, mountain-climbing and playing at golf. She has climbed an almost incredible number of mountains, including Mt. Washington four times, and is an enthusiastic lover of the sport.

Miss Poland is deeply interested in more intellectual subjects. She is taking a course in English at B. U. and hopes to attain a Master's Degree.

Reading is her favorite indoor pastime. She asserts that all books, from novels to biographies are of inexpressible delight to her. She finished Anthony Adverse in two days and a night and maintains that she could tell you all about it. That was certainly a notable accomplishment!

Miss Poland is a motorist and prefers driving to being driven. She goes in for it in a big way frequently going several hundred miles in one day. "Just to prove it," said Miss Poland, "on October 12th I drove to Albany and back over the Mohawk Trail." She particularly enjoys automobile trips in the autumn because of the colorful foliage and spectacular scenery.

When she first started teaching Miss Poland was captain of a Campfire Girls' troop. She gave this up, however, in preference for the Girl Scout organization. She has been captain of several troops and at the present time is captain of the B. H. S. troop. Always actively interested in Girl Scout affairs, Miss Poland goes on hikes and camping-out parties. She loves to cook and sleep in the out-of-doors. Miss Poland has likewise been camp-counselor at different camps and enjoys the position immensely.

BACK THROUGH THE SUBCONSCIOUS

By Charles Osgood

What has gone before: Leon IcAlister, out of work, answers n ad for a man to take part in n experiment and is shown into a boratory by an extremely beau- ful girl, the daughter of his em- loyer, Professor Philip Wells. He to be paid a hundred dollars an our for his work. In a chair be- re a silver screen, he takes a owerful drug and goes swiftly nconscious. When the darkness asses he is Numir de Rhenarund, aptured by the savage islanders. e dies at the end of the horrible urning at the giant oak tree. He wakes in a much earlier period s Son of the Wolf, the young hieftain of a large tribe of cave- wellers. Son of the Wolf finds a ate in a girl named Tara and olding her in his arms again rifts easily into the land of lankness. . . . Now go on with e story.

* * *

The world was swimming about im as he struggled to his feet. e of the Club had fallen from a igh branch while in search of the reat, juicy fruits. He had a hazy hought that he had used his outh to make noise as he came t of the semi-conscious state. e tried to repeat the sound.

"Tuurrarr".

His thick, heavy lips refused to ake the sound that his mind had nceived. He grunted unintelli- bly and picked up his club. It as through this that he had come get his name.

It had happened one day in the rests. His memory, hazy at the st, made it difficult to recall the tual happenings. He had fallen d broken his thumb so that it y across the palm of his hand. is thumb healed but never was raight and long as were those of e others of his kind. He was rprised one day in the forest by saber-tooth tiger and the branch leaped for had broken off in s hand. As he whirled to meet e charge of the tiger, the bro- n thumb clamped down hard on e small end of the branch. The arsome beast sprang and he ought the club down upon its ad. It fell to the ground, its head crushed, and he was the first of the animals that walk upright to have killed a sabor-tooth. He became the pride of the tree folk and kept the club always with him.

He of the Club gathered as many of the fruits, that had fallen to the ground with him, as he could carry and, putting the club between his strong, yellow fangs, started back to his tree home. Here he, his mate, and the new, little, furry one, that he never could understand, spent the nights. He got no further than a few steps when a terrible shock ran through the ground at his feet. He dropped the fruit and stood, swinging the club menacingly.

There was a rumbling roar, like that of a thousand thunders, and the top of the mountain, on the side of which he was, seemed to fly upward in the air. A river of hot lava came streaming down toward him. Still holding tenaciously to the club, he ran. As he ran he screamed: "Tara! Tara!" and did not know why. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that the lava was almost upon him. Jabbering wildly he clambered up the side of a large boulder and stood at the top, pawing at the lava and poured all around him.

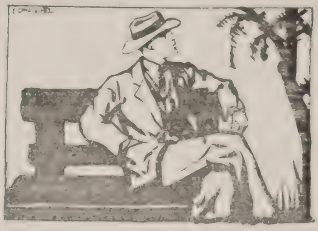
Then he felt the rock move, pushed by the weight of the fiery mass. He knew that it would soon be over; the rock would turn and he would be hurled into the lava. Slowly the boulder roled and then, with a lurch, it turned completely over.

"Tara!"

The picture of his beautiful mate flashed before his eyes; he knew that it was his sleek-glossy-haired she that he called Tara. With his club in his clenched hand he plunged down toward the white-hot lava. It seemed to rise to devour him. He of the club felt swift, burning agony; then cool darkness.

* * *

The deep nothingness lifted and he became conscious of something being forced between his teeth. A fiery liquid seared his throat and cleared his mind. Where was he Was he Numir; Son of the Wolf; or . . . he shuddered . . . He of the Club? Something heavy was lifted from his head and he opened his eyes. A silver screen faced him. What . . . the memory came flooding back. Answering the ad; the laboratory; then the darkness of the test. And those . . . dreams were parts of the lives of his ancestors. He shook his head dazedly. It was throbbing.



"Are you all right now?"

The worried tones came from at his side and he turned around. In doing so he noticed that his arms and legs were bound to the chair. He saw the professor.

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Wait a minute and I'll take off your bonds. Sorry I had to put them on but you struggled so at times that I thought you'd destroy the apparatus. Do you remember much of what happened?"

"Too much, I'm afraid. It was horrible."

"Yes, it certainly was. I saw it all through the screen. It brought a wealth of information for the world, though."

"I wouldn't try that again for all the money in the universe," said Leon, rising from the chair, unsteadily.

"Look . . . er . . . Leon. I would like to have you as my assistant. Would that suit you?"

"I'd take you up on that readily if I could be sure that I wouldn't have to go through that test again. You know I've been out of work for a long time."

"I'll give you my word of honor that you'll have absolutely nothing to do with it again. And here, take your three hundred dollars and buy yourself a new wardrobe and a hearty meal. Your salary will begin tomorrow."

"Thanks. And now, if you don't mind, Professor, I'm going out to get cooled off."

"Just let me tell you why I'm hiring you, before you go. First because your courage is magnificent. You dared to take a chance with death to please the whims of science. Secondly, as you have told me, you need work. And finally . . . you may think me a fool believer in predestination . . . my daughter's name is Tara."

Leon walked aimlessly through the busy streets of the metropolis. It was night and the cool breeze fanned his flushed face restfully. He wandered on and on, and at last found himself on the same park bench where he had sat when he first saw the ad. He sat down and let his head fall back. The stars seemed warmer

Continued on Page 7

DROPS OF GOLD

ON HEARING LIEBERSTRAUM

Norman Hunt

Lord, what was the world like
Before the golden notes
Of Lieberstraum
First fell from th' obedient chords
of the piano,
Dripped from the fingertips of the
artist
And fell in little golden pools
Upon the heart of the audience.

Lord, was the world quite complete
Before that song,
Or did the souls of men
Burn for some spiritual satisfaction,
Not yet felt,
Yearn for some spiritual experience
Prepared from the beginning of
time,
Until the soul of one,
More sensitive than the rest,
No longer able to endure the exquisite craving
That he felt growing upon the
world
Burst
Into the full-throated tones
Of Lieberstraum?

POWDER OF GLORY

Anonymous

Sweep them up!
Brush them together!
Drab little heap they make . . .
Yet I remember . . . once,
When we both were gay,
Both were so wrapt in dreams . . .
Heavenly, far-distant days.
What could it be made you heedless and cold?
Something I did, or I said, or did
not?

I have found that
Memories sweet can be bitter:
There was a time . . .
When you held it—how tenderly!
Cupped in your sheltering palm,
And I thought, "What a lovely
thing!
Priceless . . . my treasure . . ."
See it there Lying in ten thousand
Infinitestimal splinters of red . . .
Splinters of red! Powder of red!
What do they matter . . . now?
What are they? . . . Nothing . . .
Only the fragments of my shattered heart . . .

The Sagamore

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Norman Hunt

Managing Editors
Charles Osgood
Stuart Goldenberg

News Editor
Frances Bowser

Sports Editor
Philip Levine

Features
Aaron Levine
Florence Bailey

Staff Artist
Edna Hibel

Printer-Member
E. Vaillencour Fossa

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Eliot Alter

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Jerome Grossman

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UNDERSTANDING AND WORLD PEACE

In the summer of nineteen fourteen the heir to the throne of the Austrian Empire was brutally attacked and assassinated. It was this circumstance that broke the war clouds that had glowered over Europe for some time, In 'seventeen our own nation was forced to enter the conflict to preserve the world's democracy.

Only those who have returned from the fields of war can fully comprehend the tales of terror and speechless agony that were endured in the strife to make possible the selfish aims of one of the ruling powers in Europe at that time. Fifteen years have now passed since those times, — — years of reconstruction, hope, and battle against what many people believe to be part of the aftermath of the Great War. the depression. Above all else, in the under current of human affairs, has been the constant striving for the goal of World Peace, one of the two things taught by the war as the greatest things to be desired among nations. Congresses and conferences. rallies and meetings all give testimony to the fact that the world is striving toward that goal.

In the present day, when we have made so much progress in this field. it is to be wondered that stories and remembrances of the strife that have lain buried in the dust of passing years are being once again revived. Local news institutions are bringing before the reading public a series of pictures that have all these years been forgotten in some veteran's album where they still belong. Why are they doing it? To what goal is all this propaganda being directed? It cannot be possible that it is the de sire of certain powers to arouse hatred and jealousy among nations by influencing the generation that is growing up. Why is there any need to bring back to our minds the stories of bloodshed? We have always remembered the deeds and heroism of "our boys ' in France and we always shall. but is there any need for the future citizens of the world to glory in the contradiction of their own ideals.

In the book of Revelations we read, "And I saw a new heaven and a new Earth," — a comforting selection to those aspirants to the common goal of humanity. The other lesson taught by the Great War is the mother of World Peace, — Understanding. When nations and men acquire that manifestation of God's love, then will the goal be won and its blessing secured.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTES

To the disgusted readers of the Sagamore;
Dear Readers:

The Sagamore, in its attempt to present to you a form of good reading and of well meaning literature, has seemed to fail (where you are concerned) in its objective. We have done away with everything that tends to make a paper vulgar; and, especially in a High School, where "you are now becoming what you will soon be," vulgarity is absolutely unessential. This so-called vulgarity has been contained in "humor columns" and "slander columns." We have printed poetry. short stories, and essays; these being for the most part, rejected as unworthy for reading. We wish to make clear to you that these types are accomplishments of school-pupils who have attempted to please you. If you enjoy the "peek-a-boo" columns of some versatile writers, then the Sagamore will try to develop your intellectual powers by printing the best that the high school can offer. Of course, we are not doing away with all columns, but are keeping the finest humor that should improve greatly on the sordid and stale kind that you have been used to reading.

Most of our literature is not composed by geniuses. Some of it is pretty fair and rather common. We encourage you to write or to speak to us about this and will gladly accept the vox populi. But you, who have not yet begun to take notice, assume all to be the same. Surely we expect some appreciation of the good and we hope that you can distinguish between the good and the bad.

THE HOUSE PLAN

Every student of B. H. S. is now a member of Roberts, Shailer, Packard, or Senior House. He is made to feel that he is an integral part of that House, a member of that family. He is at home there, for he began his high school career with the other members of the group, and he is now a charter member, whether he has as many points as his comrades or not. The House is advised by an efficient member of the faculty, who feels that he or she is a real part of the plan, too. Already, the House is taking over assembly periods and acting as a social unit, much like those other Houses across the Charles River, upon which ours are more or less modelled.

Some such plan seems to us necessary, even vital. For this school is a huge plant. Within its walls there is a hustle and bustle and confusion. Everyone is too busy to help anyone else, and some timid souls are lost in the scuffle. We echo the phrase, "the survival of the fittest." . . . And so each student, athletic or scholarly, academic or mechanical, important or seemingly unimportant, should be incorporated in some smaller unit than the school itself. We heartily favor the House Plan and offer our support and co-operation.

Now this system was not inaugurated in the hope of bringing about any millenium in education, nor is it offered up to the God of Pedagogy to bring down new showers of red tape and sterilized efficiency. It is merely another step in the trend of modern education. Not only of modern education but of modern political science and all modern thinking: namely, the realization that the powers that be are under obligation to provide every member of the system with the right to decent existence.

LIBRARY LINES

It has often been said that truth is stranger than fiction; and surely, the story, basically true, of "Mutiny on the Bounty," by Nordhoff and Hare, is full blooded and thrilling enough to satisfy the most exacting demands. Miss Lewis, whose father lived on Norfolk Island for over a year with the descendants of the mutineers, has lent the library a most fascinating collection of material pertaining to the island and its inhabitants. There are letters from the men written as far back as 1842, old photographs of island and people, and miscellaneous papers dating to a newspaper clipping in 1917. Those especially who attended the weekly reading of the book will be interested to ask for them. A propos, a sequel, "Men Against the Sea," is now available.

The New England School Library Association was addressed at a recent meeting by two Brookline speakers, Mrs. Louise Kent, author of the new novel, "Two Children of Tyre," and Mrs. Russell, who, as the friend and literary executor of Amy Lowell, read a selection of her poems.

The Aero Club has presented the library with two books; "Flying and How to Do It" by Assen Jordanoff, with a foreword by Frank Hawkes, and "Flying," by James E. Fechet.

Final and climatic item, Mr. Kepner, in collaboration with Mr. Falkner, has presented the world at large with a textbook, "America, its History and People." It s enough to quote from the wrapper: "This is not the same old story told in the same old way."

THE SPANISH CLUB

The last meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Tuesday, the inth of January. This meeting was called for the special duty of nitiating the new members. The main part of the initiation consisted in reciting from memory a ledge to the club. The following re the new members:

Dorothy Bourdelais.
Ann Feldman.
Phyllis Lord.
Charles Osgood.
David Feigenbaum.
Leo Maguire.

Then the club members turned the new business. It is expected hat there will be a masquerade nce, probably on Monday, the hirteenth of February. It will be teresting to see the group in the colorful costumes of old Spain.

After the business was done, some clever games were played that called for the use of Spanish. Later refreshments were served and the members played Bridge and Authors for the rest of the afternoon.

S. P. L. G.

There comes a time in every Seniors, life win the burdens become too heavy for one alone to carry. Then again there comes a time in every Junior's life when one must learn the trade imposed on one. In other words, the Senior management of the Girls' League will be officially passed on to the Junior members on February 9. The Senior members will be amply occupied with graduation, boards, and committees of various sorts. Not that the Packard House members are any less busy, but they can use the apprenticeship in preparation for next year. Many hearty congratulations to Jean Leslie, Edna Maddox, Christine Adams, and all the other Senior members of the League for the success the organization has enjoyed throughout this half year! We hope The Junior officers and committeemen may be as efficient!

SENIOR BANQUET

Last year a successful Senior Class Banquet was held after the outdoor Class Day activity, but the tppetites of the boys proved to be too much for the waitresses. Consequently, the League is holding a supper party on February 10, the evening after the Senior Dance. The tickets are $.50 and include a substantial meal and surprising entertainment. We are sorry to exclude the rest of the school, but primarily it is a Senior Class affair, and then it would be a task too great for the League to tackle a supper for 1,928 hungry, starving people ! ! — unless you want to wash the dishes . .

GIRL SCOUTS

The High School Girl Scout troop with Miss Poland as captain. Miss Nichols. and Miss Robertson as lieutenants, has a membership of eighteen. The troop has many interesting ways of doing its necessary work. There are supper hikes that give opportunity of passing fire building, camp craft and outdoor cooking tests. It usually goes on an overnight hike once a year so that the girls may pass tests in the planning of a hike, proper campsites, fire prevention, menus suitable for outdoor cooking and nature work.

The troop contributes much to Community service. During troop meetings the Scouts make garments for the Needlewoman's Guild, which are distributed among Brookline's needy. Many scouts give up their study periods to help in the Emergency Room. At Christmas the troop helps the Girls' League in the activities of the season.

The girls work for merit badges under special teachers. Teas are given which help in the work on the Hostess badge. Trips to parks and woods help to secure Nature Badges.

THE ALPHABET OF POPULARITY

By Selwyn Sulzberg

Always smile pleasantly.
Borrow not at all.
Consider others first.
Deal kindly and honestly with all.
Everywhere observe good manners.
Frankly admit your mistakes at once.
Give generously of your talents.
Help your fellows here and there.
Invite Friends frequently to your house.
Judge not hastily nor too harshly.
Keep your troubles away from the world.
Lovingly give, liberally to receive.
Mind your own business very strictly.
Never gossip idly about others.
Often take time to act graciously.
Pay your debts promptly when due.
Quickly anticipate the wishes of others.
Refuse ever to act deceitfully.
Seldom criticize adversely.
Treat everybody equally well.
Usually listen more and talk less.
Venture not to curiously.
Wherever you are, talk cheerfully.
Xtend your hand with kind cordiality.
Yet never greet over effusively.
Zealously guard your temper at all times.

RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross of Brookline High School is planning the annual moving picture show to raise money for the milk fund, eye glasses, the National Children's Fund, etc.

The yearly First Aid course has started under the able direction of Mr. Johnson from Red Cross headquarters.

It's Not Too Early

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necessary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it may be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesmen or canvassers) to the school at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal,

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
334 Boylston St., Boston

LUCKY OFF AND ON

(Continued)

As the miles whizzed by, Lucky's thoughts became less heavy, till none remained on the scales of his mind. With all of Nature's splendor speeding past the freight-car, it is no wonder, for our hero had eyes that were made for seeing. Dreamily, his thoughts viewed with pleasure the lowering sun.

The prospects of sleeping in a barn were by no means repugnant. Fortune was with him, for as the cars slowed down to stop and water at a near-by tank, Lucky evacuated his elevation, and was once again on foot. If he had given any utterance to his preference, between rail and foot, he would most probably have chosen the Iron Road, but he now meandered in pedestrian fashion with a soft, sweet-smelling hay rick in mind. After long minutes of trudging past unending fields of corn, he dropped by the side of the road to rest his weary limbs.

Then, Luckily, he began to whittle and think, a miniature totempole and of his past experiences. Of the former, there was much originality and color; but the latter was common-place and drab, in his opinion. He had no ambition other than to stay as he was, for having known no other mode of life, he wished for none. The open road, the sky above, two meals a day, and what more could any man desire? Of companions he had no living acquaintances but with his jack-knife, thoughts, and health, he was on the best of terms. Of women, he had known only those from whom he borrowed a meal, and the few at the orphan's home, and for philters he had no use. His was a reliable existence, and one from which he had no wish to depart.

And so he rose and shambled along as he had done countless times before. By now the sun had sunk so that it half hung above the horizon, and steeped the world in a dark-blue dye. Whistling "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day," Lucky ambled along, the picture of phlegmatic contentment. At last the farm-house came in view, but all that Lucky saw was the barn. Still more objects came in view as Lucky whirled around because of a long-drawn, wolfish howl!

Down the road, in the shadow of the dusk, two wolf-like figures sped along, after the fresh trail of Lucky! With unaccustomed vigor, he fled, for the second time that day, for his life, while after him the two creatures pursued! Now they were at his very heels, now farther behind, now Lucky gained . . . till Lucky could go no farther, but for tales of man-eating wolves he had heard about. Here was the barn, its double door two feet open, and squeezing through, our valiant hero slammed shut the doors, to grope in the dark and to fall, exhausted, in the corn-bin, while just outside the barn, the wolves howled in frustration. And in the farm house, the farmer spoke, "Dang 'em dogs, the pesky critters c'n only chase around after nuthin' a'tall; watch dogs, hmff, never bit a tramp 'n never will, 'nstead they play with 'em!"

He who laughs last seldom gets the point anyway.

DUST

This paper believes in starting the new year off right by inserting a collyumn worthy of the space it occupies———

I wonder what a girl looks like without makeup on? . . .

At Salem, New Hampshire, the by-word is, "A man that bets is a gambler but a man that doesn't bet is no better."

Don't disillusion Elinor Green. (She is still trying to find out how Santa was able to squeeze down her narrow chimney).

(The reason why I am not putting in my good jokes is because M.——— got very ill from laughing after reading the trial copy of this collyum).

The clarinet player with the tall hair (You know who, I am not allowed to give names), put some liniment on his sore wrist andit made it smart. He ought to put a little on his head.

In the old days it was O. K. if you could borrow a horse and buggy to take your flame for a ride, but now you not only must have a car but a radio in it too.

She was as pure as snow but she drifted.

You ought to hear the jokes written in this collyum which were censored.

Edna T. pulls down her shades at night just for a blind.

It is rumored that the Roman addition is speaking Latin fluently . . .

Henry Rosen wants to be cremated and his ashes to be thrown on the hearth so they will mingle with those of the great . . .

The Worm.

THE KEYHOLE

This is our first appearance in "The Sagamore." We hope to remain in this paper as long as there is a Walter Winchell on Broadway.

-:-

Homework is one of the necessities of school. Rae McKnight thinks so when she visits Jeannette Thaxter's house every afternoon. Blake is a fine fellow.

-:-

Track practice may tire them out but a boy by the name of Guthrie has a chauffeur calling for him every day. Read above and guess?

-:-

Copley Plaza has been doing a great business lately. Does he wear his black shirt, Virginia?

-:-

Bulova watches aren't given by every young gentleman to a beautiful girl for Christmas. This does not refer to Fred Daley for he would give her the correct time.

-:-

Imagine two boys who are the best of friends fighting over "Scotty" MacMillan.

-:-

Is Quincy important in the life of Rose Cropper. That is what we would like to know.

-:-

Three people took poison because they heard that Jack Davidson and Frank Shaughnessy were taking girls to a dance and none of these were Miss Markle.

-:-

In a Socony Road Map there is given the mileage from B. H. S. to Shaw Rd. Millie and Charles Cav. computed this.

-:-

Louis Bonelli is slowly going down hill. It is like a mountain he has been up.

-:-

Second hand news from Jack Sharkey from Miss Buckley to Ricky Bonelli.

-:-

Chub Lee has been visiting lately. "Where, oh where, has he gone?"

-:-

Manhunter Whitcomb lost his "Frat" pin, and not in a pawn shop.

-:-

Cab Calloway had quite an attraction at the "Met." Bud Brett and Miss Shinness acted a love scene from the audience.

-:-

A sophisticated lady has been found in B. H. S. Cacy Coe, H. R. 214.

MYSTOGRAM

Miles Warner, reclining in an easy-chair, in bathrobe and slippers, was engrossed in an extremely interesting mystery story. He was a small, frail old man with an individual pair of shiny, bird-like eyes. He was noted for his indefatigable poker pipe. Where Mr. Warner went the pipe was sure to go.

Miles laid his head back and closed his eyes. Then with a movement of supreme disgust he threw the book down on the table by his side. He had found out who the murderer was an how he had committee the atrocity. In an afterthought he lifted the book and glanced at the last pages. He was hopeful . . . but no, he was right. The hunchback was guilty

Brrrrinnng!

"Hello . . . this is Sergeant Connelly."

Continued on Page 7

SUMMER HOME

I.

In our magnificent home on the quaint south shore,
Where the daisies grow up through the parlor floor,
And games are played upon creaking floors
Dodging the raindrops when it pours;
The beds are as hard as rocks on the shore,
And I'm sorry to say my back was sore
During wind-kissed nights when the pine needles brown
Pricked me when blown through the shutters (blown down).

II.

The rooms upstairs have pasteboard walls
Which make them as private as public halls;
The palatial furnishings were up to date,
The living-room stove has a broken grate;
The mirrors are cracked and make you look sick.
Sitting on chairs is a perilous trick.

III.

Outside: the velvety lawn of thistle and weeds
Grows thickly and wildly without any seeds;
In the back is a mound for my poor old hound
Who lunched on some pine cones he found on the ground;
Oh our beautiful home on the quaint South Shore,
We hope it can stand for just one summer more!

R. S.

"Hello, Sergeant, what's on your mind?"

"Just had a man, a butler, call up about a suicide over on the Drive. Thought it likely that you would want to go along."

Miles glanced at his feet, warmly covered with shapeless bedshoes, and at the window, through which he could see the piles of January snow.

"I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

A while later they stomped into the hall of a large, impressive mansion. A terrified butler met them and hurried them into the master's private room.

A man, in evening clothes, was sprawled over the desk. His head and arms were hanging over one side. A revolver was clutched in one of his hands.

"Must have been going somewhere, eh, Sergeant? "Topper and everything."

Miles walked over to the corpse and removed the hat.

"Mmm. Stetson," he said, replacing the hat. "All shiny and new. Wouldn't know it was used."

Sergeant Connelly had disengaged the weapon from the fingers and smelled of its barrel carefully.

"Yep! This is it, all right," he murmured, holding it carefully in his handkerchief.

Miles Warner went to the door of the room and called to the butler.

"Now just who has been here to see your master this evening?" he asked.

"Why . . . er . . . his brother came in about two hours ago and left immediately."

"Did you see the deceased after his brother left?"

"Why no, Sir. I didn't see the master after dinner at all. That is not until I found him, Sir."

Sergeant Connelly had been watching these proceedings with astonishment. Now he came up in front of Miles.

"What the Devil is this all about? This is as clear a case of suicide as I've ever seen. Hole through the head, coming clean through and out the other side near the top; gun in his hand; no other finger prints; a known fact that his company was just about on the rocks; bullet lodged in wall at about the right angle. What more do you want?"

"You've overlooked a most important factor, Sergeant. This is not suicide. It is murder!"

How did Miles Warner know this? What was the fact that Sergeant Connelly overlooked? Answer in next issue.

ROVER

(Continued from Page two)

Rover spent an interesting fifteen minutes with the women who prepare our food. Think of it! About seven or eight women prepare food to be eaten by almost two thousand. It is a marvelous place, that kitchen. A giant stove, about eight feet square and seven high, commands the attention. There is an electric dish-washer that cleans five or six thousand dishes every day. A masterful bread-cutter stands at one side (equally efficient at clipping off fingers). There are many more wonders here that will astound the reader.

Rover wants to close now, but he feels that a story about the lunchroom is not complete without a word about Mrs. Potter. She controls the entire machine. It is through the efficiency of this exceptional lady that we members of an extremely large high school are able to get our lunch in the short twenty minutes that are given us. The students get pure, healthy food and Rover (remembering that he is essentially a democrat) condescends to enter the throng and eat here entirely because of the food. And now, gentle reader (this is one of his pet names), if Rover enjoys his meals, you certainly should.

BACK THROUGH THE SUBCONSCIOUS

Continued from Page 3

and nearer than they had on other nights. They seemed to whisper to forget and sleep. He turned away and put his hand into his pocket. Yes, they were still there, those crisp bills.

"Come on there, buddy, on your way."

The same blue-coat was strolling toward him. He stuck his hands deep into his pockets and shuffled off. It was so strange, the feeling he had. He knew that he'd gone through the crazy experience. Yet the world was not changed. The cop ordered him out as he had done in the afternoon.

How in the world could a girl like Tara ever care for him, who was little better than a worthless tramp. Yet she hadn't been the slightest bit snobby when she had first seen him. He thought of the money he had and of the new clothes he could buy.

Leon straightened his shoulders and, after a reassuring feel of the money in his pocket, strode rapidly off. His shabby form soon melted into the throngs that paraded the brightly lighted streets.

The End

HITS OF THE SEASON

Thanks ..for passing me in math
And So Goodby 'til after exams
Let's Build A Little Home ......
if we ever get out of this place
Surprise ....A German test
I Want You, I Need You ....
Another point
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes ......
when you're trying to study
Roll Out of Bed With a Smile ..
Saturday morning
Lazy Bones .... Monday morning
Oooh I'm a Night Owl ....
that's why I'm tired all day
Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore ......well, after six years
Keep Young and Beautiful .....
without using makeup or red nail polish
What More Can I Ask ....
than to get 16 points in 4 years
Temptation ....to skip school
Save Me ....
from flunking college boards
Write a Letter to Your Mother ..
a deficiency slip
Good Bye Again .....to vacation
A Place Where Old Friends Meet
.... The Georgian
Blue Hours ..studying for exams

EXPOSURE

(Continued from Page two)

. . . (no, there's no connection there) . . . she is a Senior Dance Committeewoman '. . . dilatory (slow to you) in everything . . . and fond of Rudy Valle, Greta of the Enormous Pedals, and Ed Wynn . . . and informal dances . . . although she is crazy about dancing and formal dances . . . her chief diversion seems to be reading . . . she weighs exactly 100 pounds . . . rises 5 ft. 3 in. above the ground . . . has blue eyes . . . and brown (not so curly) hair . . . is ticklish, and doesn't snore.

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CLIPS

Girls used to wear many unmentionables. Now they wear hardly anything worth mentioning.

—Winnipeg Free Press.

* * *

Criticized for addressing his employer as Mr. 'Arrison, an East-end Londoner remarked: "Well, if a haitch and a hay, two hars, and a hi and a hess a ho and a hen, don't spell 'Arrison, I don't know what does."

—London Tid-bits.

* * *

About the only difference between the old dime novel and one of today is $1.90. — Ohio State Journal.

* * *

Marriage is a great institution, but I'm not ready for an institution, yet — Mae West.

* * *

A famous chef, asked the recipe for his equally famous corned beef hash, replied: "There is no recipe, the stuff simply accumulates."

(From the Readers Digest)

* * *

We call our rich relatives the kin we love to touch.

—Eddie Cantor.

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BROOKLINE FIFTH PLACE AT N. U. INTERSCHOLASTICS

(continued from page one)

leading Dedhamite with all the strength of his powerful body. At the end of his first lap he decreased their lead to about six yards and in the mdidle of his second passed his opponent, handing over a three yard lead to Hal Sklar, running anchor. Sklar maintained this lead until at the very tape when he was just nosed out. Dedham, however, was disqualified, giving Brookline a much deserved victory, but robbing them of a chance to turn a winning time in.

BROOKLINE 30 — NEWTON 20

(continued from page one)

urable praise for the great work he has done with the Brookline quintet, especially in the past two or three weeks, and the school wishes him and the team the best of luck in the forthcoming and telling encounters.

A politician is a man who stands for what he thinks others will fall for.—Los Angeles Bulletin.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."---Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, No. 7 BROOKLINE, MASS., FEBRUARY 16, 1934 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SENIOR DANCE FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL SUCCESS

Last Friday night saw one of the most financially and socially successful dances in the recent history of B. H. S. run off in an excellent manner by the committee was headed by Frank Taylor and the two faculty advisers, Miss O'Brien and Mr. Downing. The affair was held at the Driscoll Hall on Westbourne Terrace, one of the most beautiful and spacious dance floors in town Due to the low price —$1.00 a couple—and to the promise of a wonderful time dancing to the music of Bill Bigley's Yankee Network Orchestra, the hall was filled to capacity with approximately 275 people. As the members of the Senior House and their guests began arriving at 8:30 and continued to stream in until about 9:30.

The boutonnieres worn by the ushers were most kindly donated By Rogers

Financially, the dance proved a tremendous aid to the slim bank balance of the Senior Class, realizing approximately $80 for its treasury.

RED CROSS

As last year the Brookline Junior Red Cross is sponsoring a motion picture show. This year it is to be given at the Coolidge Corner Theatre. There is to be a feature picture, "Our Gang Comedy," "Mickey Mouse" or a Silly Symphony," and the news,—all for 35 cents. The performance will take place Saturday morning, March 3 at 10 o'clock. Tickets will be on sale in home rooms the week after vacation.

SCHOLARSHIP

DRAMATICS

APRIL 6 AND 7

SAVE THESE DATES

SAGAMORE CONTEST

PRIZES FOR THE BEST
SHORT STORY
ESSAY
POEM
HUMOR COLUMN
DRAWING SUITABLE FOR
PRINT

Your friend, THE SAGAMORE, is carrying on a group of contests that will prove interesting for the students at Brookline High School. All members of the student body are eligible for the prizes. The material tendered for the prizes will be evaluated by competent judges from the faculty. If you are a phenomenal genius you may be able to win all the prizes though this is very doubtful. All the works that have been printed in The Sagamore so far this year are eligible for prizes. All contributions that are handed in to Miss Deal, faculty advisor for The Sagamore, from now until the first of May, will be eligible. In the issue following the end of the contest the winning works will be printed See if you can have your story or poem in this issue. There will be no second prize, but those who get second place will receive honorable mention. The contest is open until May first.

BROOKLINE SWIMMERS CONQUER MOSES BROWN

The Brookline mermen enjoyed their first victory of the season Saturday afternoon, February 3rd, by defeating the Moses Brown swimmers at the Brown University pool, 45 to 30. Bob Ritchie, leader of the Wealthy Town natators, high scorer of the meet, winning both the dive and the 100 yard stroke to contribute ten points to the Red and Blue cause. George Kilman was runner-up, winning the 300-yard free style and taking second in the 50-yard free style. Bill Dunnels was the other Brookline winner in the 100-yard

Other creditable performances were turned in by Burton who tied Brown of Moses Brown for second in the 100-yard free style; Wilcox, runner-up to Ritchie in the breast stroke; Landry who followed Branch of Moses Brown home in the back stroke; Gardner who placed third in the dive; and Geo. Ware, a spectacular second in the 300-yard free style. In the relays Brookline split, winning the 150-yard medley relay with a team composed of Landry, Wilcox, and Thaxter, and losing the 200-yard free style relay.

JUNIOR GIRLS SUBDUE SOPHOMORES IN BASKETBALL

In a rather one-sided game on Thursday, February 8, the Junior girls' basketball team, under the capable leadership of Betty Green completely subdued the Sophomores with a score of 38-0. Due to the able guarding of Betty Green, Meave Sullivan, and Alma Shoolman, the Sophomore forwards were unable to make a single basket, whereas the unusual aim of Helen Mackey, Mary Dolbeare, and Sis Mulvihill piled up a large score for the Juniors. At center, Jean Giller, captain of the sophomores, and Esther Brady, had a hard time keeping the ball away from Janet Dubinsky and Sis Mulvihill. In spite of their admirable efforts against the stronger team, the Sophomores yielded the game.

The Juniors and Seniors are trying out a new kind of basketball. It resembles the basketball that boys play, more than the usual kind, isasmuch as there are two courts instead of three, allowing the side-centers to shoot for baskets. It is possible that in time this manner of playing may replace the former.

DEBATE BETWEEN BROOKLINE AND MEMORIAL HIGH TONIGHT

There will be a debate tonight in the Roberts Auditorium at 8 o'clock, between the teams of Brookline High and Roxbury Memorial High. The subject to be debated is "Resolved that:— The Federal Government of the United States should adopt Compulsory Unemployment Insurance." The local team will defend the affirmative of that proposition. Representing Brookline are Leigh Diamond, Harry Shooshan, and Robert Leslie. The Memorial team will be announced tonight.

G. L. SUPPER INAUGURATES NEW OFFICERS

A new season for the Girls' League is beginning under the administration of the new officers, who were announced at the Senior Supper, Saturday, February 10. The new president is Norma Nasmyth; the vice-president, Margaret Bennett; the secretary, Betty Green; and treasurer, Janet Dubinsky.

Marjorie Gallison, as the chairman of the Supper Committee, and Frances Bowser, as her assistant, with the supervision of Miss Sawyer and the cooperation of Mrs. Potter, were largely responsbile for the success of the evening. After a delicious supper "with all the fixings'," past presidents of the League, Jane McKnight and Betty Greenleaf, spoke, Betty Richey told of her travels in Europe as a member of the U. S. Hockey Team; Jean Leslie gave her farewell address; and Mr. Ringer spoke briefly.

In the Girls' League Room, with Jean Leslie presiding after music by the G. L. Orchestra, the year's work was reviewed by Jean; Ruth Krivitsky, in the absence of Myrtle Niccolls, read the secretary's report; and Edna Maddox read the treasurer's report. A one-act comedy "Buried Treasurer," was presented by a cast of Senior Girls including Christine Adams, Janet Printz, Selma Levine, Evelyn Adler, Barbara Wilder, Janet Phillips and Lillian Barrett.

ROVER

Buckle on your six-shooters Gentle Readers, for Rover is going to take you on a tour of the Brookline High School's underworld. We'll enter by the door near the lunch room.

As the door closed behind, the outer world was shut out and Rover was in the underworld. He stood on a solid metal floor and gazed astounded at the intricate machines about him. Lengthy leather belts were whirling ceaselessly; were murmuring softly. He could feel the power of the great machines and could hear their throaty roar.

A strong draft was blowing through the room and Rover, being essentially a curious human, sought its source. He traveled down a flight of stairs and came upon several more rooms. These were surrounded by thick walls of concrete and housed more machines. These machines were entirely different than those above. They were squat and oily. Rover could see countless pistons rising and falling in true mechanical regularity.

Still seeking the origin of the powerful draft, Rover spied an opened metal door that lead away into pitch blackness. He was almost blown off his feet when going through that door.

Your old friend, Rover, stood for several minutes in dark listening to the strange sounds. Above he could hear the muffled tread of hundreds of feet. In looking for a light he gave his head a terrific whack on one of the many pipes.

Rover found the light switch and snapped it on. Presto! The underworld was flooded with light from many bulbs. He saw that he was in a long tunnel, lined with pipes which extended under the school. From these there came an occasional gasp or snap that was most startling.

And still Rover couldn't find the source of the draft. The air whirled all about him, but it was unsufferably hot at this depth. He wandered down the passage for a short distance. Then he came upon the cause of the wind. As he passed by a side passage he was struck by a riotous, continuous blast of air. Giant fans at the rear of the side tunnel sucked in the outside air and swung, or rather hurled, it through the underground hall, finally to circulate through the school. In the upper machine room there is a panel covered with levers that control the different drafts.

(Continued on Page 7)

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

EXPOSURE

Brookline High's outstanding actor . . . who, by the way, is aching for a crack at a part like Hamlet . . . is 7 years younger than . . . "Bottles" Coleman . . he's about 24 . . . if he isn't, he will be by his graduation day . . . well anyway, Eliot Nathan Silverman will be 18 next June 14th . . . the President of Alpha Pi pursued his studies at Devotion before his admittance to these halls of learning . . . having erected a small telescope...he now entertains ambitions of building a 10 inch one . . . always eager to increase his debating ability . . . he finds the best places to practice are his English, physics and history classes . . . if you doubt our word, question "Keppie" . . . he'll tell you, he will . . . is now headed for Harvard . . . prospects for entrance seem pretty good . . . he rises 6 feet and one inch above the green grass in the neighbor's lawn . . . is decidedly (or, should we say, undecidedly) indifferent at most times . . . sleeps and takes his meals at 16 Fuller St. . . . member of Sigma Lambda Tau Fraternity . . . (that's just a high-fallutin' name for the Breton Club) . . . in his undies, he manages to push the indicator to 175 on any scale . . . won prize speaking last year . . . after an unsuccessful but valiant attempt in 1932 . . . is looking forward to the day when he'll be bumping across the Sahara desert between the humps of a good-natured camel . . . speaking of cigarettes, he smokes a pipe . . . yes he does . . . a leading character in dramatics for the past two annums . . . thrives on bull sessions . . . usually terminating in the Georgian . . . or eating marts of lesser fame . . . president of the Debating Society . . . studies when the opportunity arises . . . would enjoy a trip through Mexico . . . has two diversions . . . arguing with little Leigh Diamond . . . and telling Norman Hunt . . . he's slipping . . . passes the summer tramping in the White Mts. . . . building telescopes . . . passes the time away for our little "El" . . . and now if there are any questions . . . ask Eliot . . . he knows the questions for every answer.

MYSTOGRAM

(The answer to last issue's mystogram: Myles Warner knew that it was murder for this reason. The murdered man's hat was on his head. The bullet went clean though his head and out the other side near the top. Yet the hat had no bullet hole in it. From this it was clearly evident that it was murder as a man cannot shoot himself in the head and then put his hat back on.)

Miles Warner turned hastily about as young Robert Everly yelled at him from the head of the stairs. Everly was dressed in a bathrobe and appeared to have just awaked.

"Yes, what is it?"

"My sister's best pearl brooch has been stolen!"

"Well, you'd better come down here in the parlor and tell me all about it."

Miles was spending this weekend with young Everly and his father as he quite often did. It was early morning,—about seven o'clock. He had just arisen and had been on his way out to get the paper when Everlyhad called him.

Miles relaxed into a sofa, refilled his poker pipe and lighted it, and listened carefully to what Everly had to say.

"I was going down the hall to the bathroom to wash," said Everly, taking a chair in front of Miles, "when I saw a man going down stairs softly. Of course I thought it was you as you often leave early when you are here. I went into the bathroom and on my way back to my room I was astounded to see you come out of your room and go into the bathroom behind me. At first I was ininclined to think that being sleepy, I had seen things; but then, while I was dressing, I thought of my sister's jewelry. Slipping into my bathrobe I ran to her room and looked in from the door-way. The box was on the floor and the jewels were lying in a pile at its side. I looked over my shoulder and saw you start down stairs, so I ran out and called you."

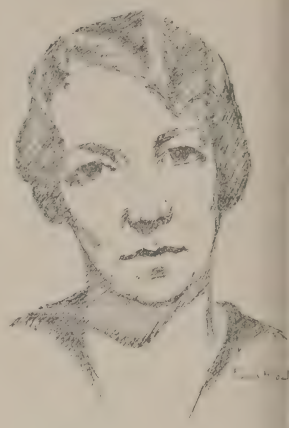
Miles puffed on his pipe slowly for a minute or so and then:

"Did your sister have much jewelry Bob?"

"Oh Lord, yes. Lots."

(Continued on Page 7)

RED PENCIL



Marion Woodbury Parker, the head of our art department, wa born in Massachusetts and educated in four states. She onc thought of being a librarian but having always liked to draw an paint, decided to study art instead She attended art-school in Bosto and was a special student at Harvard, B. U., and Radcliffe.

Miss Parker remembers B. H. S when it was only the old Building with 600 students and 30 teachers. She has never taught in an other school and was the baby o the faculty for many years. Sh recalls with pleasure the old Senior Socials and dances and th many clubs that have come an gone. The Year Book, Girls' League, Honorary Society and othe school antivities have develope since her arrival here. Miss Hor and Miss Hale. who now assis her, were her pupils when they attended B. H. S. Miss Parker wa made head of her department i April, 1932.

One of Miss Parker's favorit hobbies is collecting dishes, fab rics, pottery, miniatures, picture prints, beautifully illustrate books and antiques. She learne about antiques whileworking in well-known Boston firm. She tr mendously enjoys making scra books, tooling leather, doing dec rative embroidery and crochetin and making picture maps.

She is noted for carrying pac ages and likes to window shop.

Miss Paker is domestic and lik planning, cooking for, and givi parties. However, she dislikes a tending formal functions and pa ties unless she has something keep her busy.

Another of her pastimes walking in the fresh-air. S caddies for Miss Horn and her f ther.

(Continued on page)

THE CLIPPER SHIP

by Charles Osgood

John Anderson, or Old John as he was called by the ship's company, was carefully carving a miniature cannon to place on his clipper ship. He had been on the "Palmer" ever since it had been built, in 1878. For the last fifteen years he'd had no regular place on the crew as he was far too old to be of much service on a sailing vessel.

On that day, fifteen years ago, he received his notice from the company, tobacco merchants, that he should not leave Boston with the ship. With tearful eyes he pleaded with the captain and through the influence of the crew had been allowed to stay.

He had a tiny cubby-hole on the big three-masted schooner, partitioned off from the hold. All his pay went toward buying, bits at a time, costly wood for his model. She stood at one end of the room, six feet long and nearly as high as the bent, old man was tall.

It was almost completed. A few more cannon and the rigging, and Old John's clipper would be done, completing more than ten years of unceasing labor. Even now, without the silken sails and the delicate tracery of the rigging, it was a masterpiece of model ship making. Every plank, every mast was a work of wood-carving art in itself.

At night the members of the crew, who were not busy, would gather down there by the hold and spin their yarns by the mellowing, smoky light of the oil lamp while Old John worked lovingly on his bits of wood. No one ever made fun of his work. The clipper was too beautiful. Once, when the ship was just begun, a young sailor had ridiculed him. The next time the ship came to port the sailor left. The crew wouldn't stand for that sort of thing.

Heavy feet stamped down the ladder and the [illegible] head of the third mate, Jim, appeared in the door of the cubby-hole.

"Gettin' a new skipper, John."

"Eh?"

Old John was somewhat deaf and it took a good amount of shouting for him to hear.

"Gettin' a new skipper!"

"Oh . . . sighted a whale, eh?"

Jim, as all the others, had patience with Old John. He was so . . . well so pitiful with his mussy white hair, pale blue eyes, and weak receding chin.

"Naw . . . not flipper! . . . skipper! We're gettin' a new skipper."

"What's the matter with the captain?"

"Nothin'. The bosses'r switchin' him to another boat."

"Who's comin' on?"

"I dono."

"Gosh, . . . that's too bad, ain't it?"

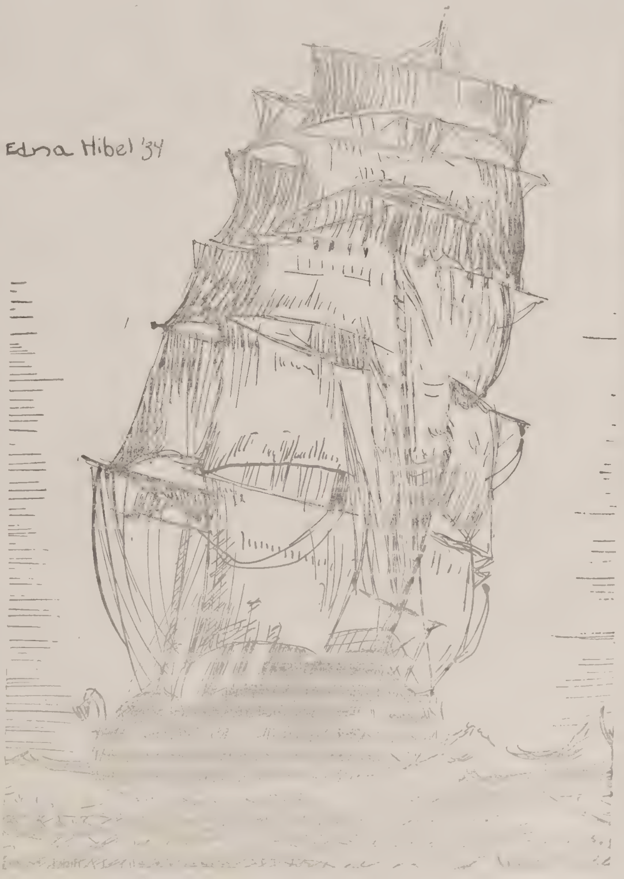
"Ye're right swoggled it is."

The third mate craned his neck around toward the clipper.

"How's she comin', John?"

"S-she's almost d-done, Jim."

Old John's queer, high voice trembled with emotion as he spoke. The ship meant much to him.



Three days later the old captain [illegible] my clipper [illegible] was a tall, [illegible] ready to ear[illegible] [illegible] swiftly through the line and upon finishing looked straight at Old John.

"What are you doing here, old man?"

His sharp, nasal voice corresponded well with his narrow face.

"Why . . . er . . . I . . ." Old John stuttered weakly.

[illegible] ship, Sir." [illegible] hold up the schedule [illegible]."

"But Captain, I-I-I've s-s-spent most of my life on it. I-I-I can't leave it now."

Old John's pale eyes were brimming with tears and he seemed to have shrunk deep down into his patched attire. His lips were trembling.

"He's kinda what you might call a mascot to us, Captain Wording." Jim interpolated from behind the new captain.

"I dare say a mascot that eats plenty and takes up valuable cargo room. Has the company given its permission for this?"

"Why . . . er . . . no. That is, not exactly."

"Then he must get off the vessel. [illegible] get your things together [illegible] and leave with the tender, old man."

"B-b-but Sir . . . I-I . . ."

"Come on, out with it," Wording. The captain's face was getting red and he was shaking in anger.

"You get your stuff and get back here in five minutes . . . and stop that damn sniffling."

"B-b-but . . . I-I

"Go on!"

"If you don't let him do as he says, you'll have mutiny on your hands." Jim's eyes were mere slits in his deadly white face.

Wording glanced at the crew and was met with a row of burning eyes and clenched hands. After fuming a bit he conceded.

A half hour later, Old John made his way carefully across the deck, assisted by Jim. The clipper ship was held steadily in his arms. His heart underwent a qualmish leap when the men swung it down into the waiting tender but it was placed on a seat without harm and Old John clambered down right behind.

As the tender drew away from the "Palmer," Old John sat, a huddled heap, in the stern watching the channel of water, that lay between him and the ship that had been his home for many long years slowly widening. Through tear-filled eyes he saw the crew-men of the "Palmer" waving to him. He gazed sorrowfully at the captain who was standing grimly amidships.

Then the oar of a clumsy sailor caught a crab and the tender swung, tilting over, in a sharp curve. The gallant clipper ship slided smoothly along the seat and plunged into the sea before a hand could be raised to save it. Old John uttered one despairing cry and dived after it into the spot where the [illegible] gone.

[illegible] of the junior officers [illegible] them [illegible] to the place of the accident. [illegible] up, [illegible] of their shoes, and [illegible] into the [illegible] and [illegible] had disappeared.

[illegible] place. The clipper ship [illegible] up from the depths and [illegible] on the [illegible] up and shook dolefully.

In the cabin of the third mate of the "Palmer" stands the clipper ship. It is in a corner, under a bright, oil lamp, in full rigged glory. Jim did that. On its sweeping bows is its name, in neat, white letters, "Old John."

THE END

The Sagamore

Founded in 1893

Published bi-monthly by the students of Brookline High School

Editor-in-Chief
NORMAN HUNT

Charles Osgood *Managing Editors* Stuart Goldenberg

News Editor
Frances Bowser

Sports Editor
Philip Levine

Aaron Levine *Features* Florence Bailey

Staff Artist
Edna Hibel

Printer-Member
E. Vaillencour Fossa

Business Manager
Frank Taylor

Circulation Manager
Eliot Alter

Advertising Manager
Jerome Grossman

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THE DANCE

Well, the dance went over with a bang. We knew it would. There was a determination about that Senior class that was bound to put it over with a bang. It was as though they had said, "We know no Senior class has had a successful dance outside the school for half a decade, but **we want one** and **we're going to have it."** It was conducted in a very sensible way. No faculty member could say it wasn't suitable, and yet no young person could say he didn't get a kick out of it. In fact, some of the young ladies got several kicks.

Since this dance was so well conducted, Seniors, you may be sure you **can** have one in June, if you really want it. Now the administration knows that when the class of '34 really wants something, it gets it—but in a very happy sort of a way.

Let it be a good example to all of you Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors who want Senior dances sometime in the future. That's the way to do it—plan it ahead, work hard to make it a success, and then make it one by enjoying it!

SCHOLARSHIP DRAMATICS

The annual Scholarship Dramatics will take place on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 6 and 7. This year the play is different. Gold in the Hills is a modern burlesque of the melodramatic "thriller" of the Gay Nineties. It is replete with all the favorite situations involving the staunch old farmer with his mortgaged property, and his beautiful but—alas—credulous daughters; the utterly good hero (always in the nick of time); the utterly villainous villain; the sleuth; the constable; the sharp-tounged (and eyed) housekeeper.

The first and third acts take place in the farmhouse (the last act, of course, on Christmas Eve). Act II depicts a beer garden on the Bowery in wicked New York. There you may see a vaudeville entertainment done only as the Bowery could do it—or would. It will be well worth your time, and the price of your ticket to see the fun. Dancing will follow the play.

Mr. Downing is in charge of tickets. Engage yours—early.

Finally, and most important, the need of financial support for the Scholarship Fund was never so extreme. It should therefore be the desire of every student in school to avoid making any other engagement for the evening of April 6 or 7 but that of Dramatics. **No individual or group of individuals can claim ignorance of these dates when planning outside activities.**

For once let us get together and **fill the house for two performances.**

L. HANNON,
Director of Dramatics.

THE NEW SAGAMORE

The readers of the Sagamore may look forward to a greatly improved paper from now on. Through the influence and perseverance of the advisors and the staff a new plan and method is being put into effect beginning with this issue. All those that are aspiring to positions on the staff next year and in future years will have training in the art of producing an excellent paper. This will mean that, from the first, the ones that desire to take part in the Sagamore work will know their part of the paper perfectly. There will be no more hap-hazard choice of editors. Also the reading material of the paper will be improved immensely as the contributors will no longer write as stumbling students but as regular newspaper men.

With this issue starts the new era in Sagamore history. There is a new staff in operation. The new editors have been chosen for their ability and initiative than for their length of service. Instead of the old idea of the prospect starting as a freshman and writing a bit and becoming familiar with the heads, he will have special training and work in the position he is suited for. Special classes in journalism will be conducted for the Sagamore members and as a result the paper will be in the hands of truly competent people.

The editors of the Sagamore are working toward a completely different attitude in the school. They want the paper to play a vital part in the life of Brookline High School. The effect of the training should become apparent to all in the looks, the journalistic style and a greatly improved literary section.

The editors and the advisors are confident that the Sagamore is now launched on the greatest era of its long career. We want the support of the school as a single reading body, every room one hundred per cent subscribers.

ENLIGHTENMENT AND BROTHERHOOD

We seldom realize that our daily life is as much an integral part of history as the past of which we read in text books. If we should try to visualize ourselves as people of the future, looking back upon "the shape of things that were," then only should we see this life of ours in its full swiftness of movement and color of action and intricacy of pattern. The facts that governments are tottering and that untold perils are imminent become merely startling paragraphs in the newspaper, which seem very far from the reality of personal affairs.

It is time that we, the youth of America, as representative of education and enlightenment, should hold back the force of prejudice and ignorance and archaism which motivates the government of Germany, and which is seeping not only into other European countries but into these very United States. Are we, as we stand before the promise of higher knowledge which this century holds forth, to push ourselves back wilfully into a depth of ignorance comparable to that of the Middle Ages—the Dark Ages? Germany has burned millions of books and paintings which were works of genius—through blind, stubborn stupidity. Germany professes that she will change her country from the nucleus of science and learning that it recently was to a nation of unschooled peasants, trained to fight. Unschooled they have to be, to submit unrebelliously to the narrow-minded, senseless rule which is Hitler's.

Nazi propaganda is being distributed here—in Boston, in New York, in countless American cities, large and small. It is for us to quell this storm of disastrous fanaticism, to shut our ears and eyes to this bigotry, and remember Abraham Lincoln's immortal words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

LEADERS IN SPORTS

Track—Tod Plotkin

This is the first of a series of icles about the star members the different sport teams. Track ms have always brought glory our name and although this ar's team mainly consists of vices, Coach Hines hopes to live to that tradition.)

When one mentions track at kline, one means Tod Plotkin. lowing in his brother Ralph's -teps, Tod went out for the m in his freshman year. Dur- that year he secured a foun- on for his future efforts. He ed third in the broad jump at ckton, jumping 8 feet 11¾ ins. e following year, his sophomore r, he reached top form. He the Andover meet with a jump 10 feet 1⅝ inches and he be- e the State Scholastic cham- with a leap of 9 feet 11 ins. ereupon, having a natural ing and suppleness, he went out he hurdles. He tied for sec- at Worcester and placed third indoor meet at Newton and d in he outdoor meet. This minates the activities of that on.

his third year he tied the e broad jump record, 10 feet, iches. He smashed the Andov- ark by a jump of 10 feet 4⅝ s. In that same meet he ed third in the high jump. He ed second in the Northeastern jump. That commenced an- source of track exploits for . He won the broad jump at y dual meet of that season. the end of last year he was ed captain of the team. In the al Arlington meet he won the d jump, hurdles and placed nd in the high jump. He repre- d all the Brookline points at Northeastern meet with a tie first in the high jump and a l in the hurdles. All the local moaned the fact that there no broad jump.

has broad jumped 10 feet, ches in practice this year. have probably noticed the ually increasing size of the es for that event.) He expects reak the state Andover rec- He hopes to high jump 6 ft. h him in the hurdles also.

xt year Tod hopes to enter ard, where he expects to alize in track and studies. of his interesting characteris- is that although he is very ient in the hurdles, he has mense dislike for participat- n that event.

xt issue — basketball and Crowley).

SPORTS

BASKETBALL TEAM DROPS TWO GAMES

The B. H. S. basketball team encountered some tough opposition last week, and was defeated twice.

On Tuesday, February 6, the quintet opposed Newton Trade here at Brookline and was taken by the score of 27-15. February 9, Friday, the Red and Blue traveled over to Cambridge, and, in a Suburban League game was put back by the Rindge Tech, the current leaders, by 30-15.

Fisher and Crowley stood out from the rest in these two games by combining for many of Brookline's aggregate number of 30 points; and both showed their usual performance of perfect timing, and great teamwork.

The team has but one more encounter, that with Newton, a Suburban League game. If it wins this coming fray, second place in the League standing is assured, a remarkably good showing for only the first year of league competition.

BROOKLINE VS. HUNTINGTON

The Huntington Prep swimmers proved stronger than was expected when they decisively defeated the Brookline outfit last Wednesday, February 7, at the Y. M. C. A. pool by a score of 36 to 33. Gordon Connolly of Huntington won the meet when he broke the P. M. C. A. tank and Hunting school records by winning the 100-yard free style in 64 4/6 s. The other spectacular performance was Bob Ricthie's last minute spurt to nose Friel of Huntington in the back stroke. Ritchie, as well as being the only Brookline winner, was high scorer with a total of ten points.

The Wealthy Town's other points were accounted for by George Kilman's third place in the 50-yard free style, Wilcox's and Ryan's second and third respectively in the 100-yard breast stroke, Burton's and Ware's second and third in the 200-yard free style, Wein's and Dunnell's second and third in the 100-yard free style, and Al Landry's third in the back stroke. Brookline lost both relay races, the medley with a team consisting of Landry, Wilcox, and Wein and the 200-yard free style with a quartet composed of Dunnels, Sulkis, Gurton, and Kilman.

FLYING SPIKES

At the B. A. A. schoolboy track meet held last Saturday, February 10, at the Boston Garden, it seemed that all former and present Brookline trackmen were jinxed. Only one of this number escaped the jinx and that was Alan Swartz, Brookline track captain of last year and now jumping for Worcester Prep. Swartz cleaned 6 feet 2 inches to tie Clarence Edwards of Newark Prep for first place in the high jump.

Jimmy Johnson, now attending Huntington Prep, came very near winning the "300" but was nipped at the tape by two other competitors.

The prize bit of tough luck, however, was suffered by another former Brookline High track captain, Joe Enright, now wearing the colors of St. John's. Enright, after breezing through a trial heat of the 600" with just enough speed to qualify so as to save himself for the final heat, lost his right hoe on the very first corner of the final but still managed to maintain his lead until the very last corner when his handicap proved too much for him and two opponents slipped by. Nevertheless Enright copped third.

Howie Lewenstein sprained his ankle high jumping, and immediately afterwards a brand new, ulging mat was laid on top of the original pile.

The relay team had quite a time when one of the judges miscounted the laps. Each runner was to run three laps but at the end of Hal Skleir's second, the judge beckoned to Anderson, the anchor man, to take the baton. On completing his third lap, Anderson was told to continue and finally ran four laps, his last mostly on nerve. Newton had the same trouble as Brookline but managed to win.

-:-

Things are improving — people are taking their bills out of the envelopes.

DUST FROM THE DANCE FLOOR

The scene: The dance.

The characters: L. Wyman—the country boy trying to make good.

R. Cropper—the pretty heroine.

"Rat" Bonelli—the villain.

* * *

Did you see the babe Jim Casey had! Yes sir! Jim was right up there last Friday!

* * *

Considering the fact that Gifford has been out for a month with pneumonia, me thinks it surprising that his inimitable style of dancing is still intact.

* * *

Tiaras have definitely been outdated, as shown by Hoadie Whitcomb and Bert Litman, who modeled the latest styles in headwear (P.S. Patent has already been applied for).

* * *

One of the patronesses remarked that she simply could not understand the new s ction dancing.

* * *

Noted at the dance:

Janet Hamilton and her escort. We did not quite catch his name —oh yes, Norman Hunt.

* * *

George Ware, who startled us by staying awake throughout the whole dance (not counting the intermission of course). Could it have been his partner?

* * *

Norman Hunt, critically surveying the dance floor for the next victim.

* * *

George Harley and Eliot Silverman stag. We can understand one of these phenomena but not the other.

* * *

A very blonde blonde. Could she have been one of our flock in disguise, or a representative from Roxbury?

* * *

Frank Gardner, looking very perturbed. Was it because of his duties or because——didn't arrive until quite late.

* * *

See you next **June at the Senior's Summer Formal at the Country Club!**

LIBRARY LINES

While we suffered during that notably nerve-wracking week of Midyears, the school librarians, utterly carefree, were satisfying their curiosity concerning the Newton High School library. They were lucky enough to see Franco Goldman, the famous orchestra leader, conduct the school orchestra, as guest of the day, before they were led through the rooms by the librarian, who is quite prominent in local library circles. These rooms were of special interest because they too, are modeled from a former auditorium, but they are unlucky in that their smaller rooms are rather dark, while Shailer Hall is adapting itself most obligingly. Nor have they the advantage of close connection with the town library, by which means to obtain new books in larger quantities.

Mr. Weeks, the director of the Atlantic Monthly Press, spoke most delightfully at a meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club concerning recent pooks. It is not surprising that he mentioned Nordhoff and Hall, co-author of these adventure stories often received in this column. He had received a letter from Mr. Hall, telling of his nearly fatal shipwreck while voyaging to Pitcairn Island in search of material for a new novel. The account of this trip will appear in "The Atlantic" shortly. The book will probably be out in a year.

While we are on the subject, rumored possible winners of the Nobel Prize are:

Mutiny on the Bounty
Anthony Adverse
As the Earth Turns.

And while we are on THIS sub- [illegible] some enticing new books [illegible] available are:

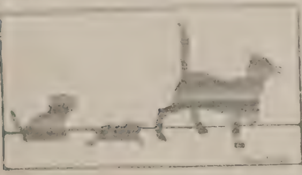
[illegible]

[illegible] field.

[illegible] -Deck" — a sea story [illegible] George Grant.

"Oil for the [illegible] of China" by [illegible] Hobart.

[illegible] "—a powerful novel [illegible] times [illegible] Louis Bromfield.



SEEN AND HEARD

THE KEYHOLE

We won't know whether Walter Winchell is still on Broadway but we are still in B. H. S. and will be here for a long time to come, so put on your rubber boots . . . .

* * *

In our fan mail:

Dear Mr. Palmolive,

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says, "No mug required" What shall I shave?

Sincerely,
Lil' Louis Bonelli.

* * *

We asked Jane if she got Lee and Richey confused, and all she said was, "No, I get Bill confused one night and Chubby the next."

* * *

You hung my moon,
You fixed my star,
Why did you shove them
Up so far?

* * *

Jack Steverman says that he doesn't mind our telling lies about him, but he'll break our neck if we tell the truth.

* * *

The prize this week goes to the sweetest little lady in B. H. S. One cake of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to Lovely Louise Wyman.

* * *

Helenka says that she cuts a good figure every time she dons the old skates.

* * *

Election returns from the girl's league . . . Pres. Frank Flynn; Sec. John Ste[illegible]; V. P. Louis [illegible]an: Treas. Mr. F. Jerome.

* * *

George Ware went into the library the other day and asked for "The Kentucky Cardinal." He demurred when a librarian began to look under "religious" —"But this cardinal was a bird," said George, "I am not interested in his personal habits," was the reply.

* * *

We hear that Joh[illegible] Grandfie[illegible] has gone so far as to buy chicken dinners for his lady friends at St. Clair's . . .

Continued on Page 7

DOWN THE LINE

"This side of Heaven"—The day before vacation.

"From Headquarters"—A summons to the headmaster.

"Four Frightened People" — Those who got the summons.

"Convention City"—The Auditorium.

"Supernatural"—Getting an 'A' in Math.

"The Meanest Gal in Town" — The teacher who flunked me.

"Take a Chance" — And you'll wish you hadn't.

"The lost trail"—The road to learning.

"If I were free" — I'd wish I hadn't flunked.

"Easy to Love"—School without exams.

—By Jack Glunts.

ALUMNI NOTES

F. Glenn Ring, B. H. S. was one of seven juniors at the College of Business Administration at B. U. to be tapped for membership in "Skull," the highest honor available to students of the college. It is based on scholastic attainment, personal characteristics, and value to class and college. Glenn is the vice-president of his class.

Dorothea MacMillan is included in the cast of a play presented by the German Club of Radcliffe.

Each year, at Radcliffe, fifteen sophomores and twenty-five freshmen are guests of honor at the annual dinner sponsored by the committee on Encouragement of Scholarship of Iota Chapter, Phi Betta Kappa. The fifteen sopho[illegible] are those who, during their freshman year, have attained the [illegible]hest academic standing. The twenty-five freshmen are those whose entrance records give promise of conspicuous ability. This year, close rivalry in ranks cau[illegible] [illegible] of second-year students to be increased to eighteen. B. H. S. alumnae to be invited were:

Sophomores: Miriam Hurwitt, Carola Nasmyth, Hodee Waldstei[illegible]

[illegible] Elizabeth Howard, [illegible]

[illegible] former B. H. S. student, a sophomore at C. B. A. at B. U., has been appointed to head the issue of the new Boston University magazine, "The Quodlibet."

Among recent Brookline engagements of interest are the following:

Continued on Page 7

LUCKY OFF AND ON

by M. Hommelibre

The mid-day sun streamed down mercilessly on the bank of a [illegible] er listless farmer. As Lucky, for he was the laborer, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, he straightened his back to gaze around him at the flowing [illegible] of corn. Nor was he the only sufferer, for placed at intervals in the same field were Farmer Berse and three other temporary helpers. Several hours before, Elisha Berse had found our ingenious friend tranquilly snoring in his oat-bin. Putting his versatility to use, Lucky soon found himself picking corn in an over-burdened field, his strength and will enforced with two helpings of coffee and eggs. For six interminable hours he had stripped ear after ear of corn from long rows of stalks, and now he was thirsty, insufferably hot, and still picking corn.

As the sun reached its peak in the sky Sophy Berse clanged the dinner-bell outside the kitchen door. Straightening once again Lucky turned to leave the field, and dropped his jack-knife with which he had been easing his labor. As he stooped to pick it up, he noticed a short. course piece of sacking projecting above the ground. In reaching for the knife, he pulled the burlap, but it remained firmly rooted in the earth. His curiosity aroused, Lucky dug into the soft earth.

* * * *

Dinner over. Lucky left the kitchen after praising Sophy's cooking, and hearing voices in the closed living room, stopped to ask Elisha when he might quit his job.

"I'm sorry. Elisha," said the other man, "but unless the five hundred is paid by tomorrow, I'll have to foreclose the mortgage!"

"But sheriff, you know't al [illegible] are a' havin' difficulty 'n sel [illegible] corn this season."

"Yes, I DO know it, but fa [illegible] the mortgage must [illegible] aid by tomorrow. Good day, [illegible] isha." Opening the door, the sh [illegible] pushed past a much perturb [illegible] Lucky.

"Wal, Lucky, what k'n I do [illegible] you?" asked Elisha, noticing [illegible] hero by the door.

"Er . . er . . m . . nothin [illegible] . . I was just goin' out t' the f [illegible] —." and Lucky turned away. [illegible] isha's bowed back seemed to b [illegible] yet farther as he softly [illegible] "Sixty-two year; 'at's a long time."

That night when all the house was still, a dark form stole softly through the door, to return shortly, and after another pause, to

Continued from Page 7

ROVER

Continued from Page 2

Rover had been hearing, for sometime, stories about a mysterious passageway that travels far below the street from the school to the Gym. He set about finding whether there was such a passage. There is, Gentle Reader, there is. It starts under the girl's door of the lunchroom and goes on and on until you find yourself in the gym. Rover was so deadened by the heat by this time that he could hardly crawl up the steps to the upper machine room.

He managed, as Rover always does, to get up, and there found another surprise awaiting him. He moved up close to one of the rotating belts the better to inspect the metallic monster. Through the part of his anatomy that was nearest the belt he felt the stings of what seemed to be a million wasps. Looking down he saw that fingers of electrical fire were darting into him. It really didn't feel like wasp stings. It was a mixture of a tingle and a tickle.

Rover experimented with fingers and toes. Always the miniature forks of lightening would leap out when he came within striking distance. It was great fun but Rover must confess that it left him super-charged for the rest of the day. And so, until next issue in the same place, he bids you good day. Until then don't do anything Rover wouldn't do!

ALUMNI NOTES

Continued from Page 6

Nancy Reeves Means, Brookline, to Robert H. Hallowell, Jr., Boston.

* * *

Alice Brent Van Sweringen, Brookline, to Robert Bell Purinton, Brookline.

* * *

Ruth Leventhal, Brookline, to Earl S. Schwartz, New York, and Everett.

* * *

Margaret Frances Clapp, formerly of Brookline, to Melville T. Nichols, Jr., of Medford.

* * *

Grace Hooper Wyeth, Brookline to Stephen Sleeper, Brookline.

Vera Thomas, Brookline, to Ralph F. Fay, Brookline.

KEYHOLE

(Continued from Page one)

Dave Dickson, the Arlington flash, flunked the chemistry exam by one point. He would have passed the exam if he had known the color of blue vitriol.

* * *

We thought that Jack Davidson had lost his heart in Melrose but we now find that he parks it at the home of Rita Buckley.

* * *

People sometimes hear about a boy "Robbing the Cradle" but look at Hazel Armitage going out with Bill Smith.

* * *

Some of the boys about town are sure wondering if Virginia Markle will star in "Gold Diggers of 1934."

LUCKY OFF AND ON

(Continued from Page 6)

turn down the highway towards the somnolent freight-yard.

Back in the farm-house, the moon-beams fell upon a dirty burlap bag and a wrinkled sheet of note paper. On the paper in labor- [illegible] scrawled, "i fownd this in your feeld so i gess it belongs to you 500 dolars are a lot ov money but you can yews it better than [illegible] Respeckfully, Lucky."

MYSTOGRAM

Miles blew out a cloud of pale blue smoke.

"You say you thought that it might be robbery of your sister's jewelry so you ran to her door, saw that the box was on the floor and the jewelry spilled out, and called me. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Well . . . let's take a look at the scene of the robbery."

The room was all in perfect order except for the box which lay on the floor. Miles knelt down and looked through the stones.

"Well . . . there's no pearl brooch here."

Miles straightened up and pipe in hand turned to Everly.

"Look here, Bob. If you need money for something just ask me for it. Just what do you want anyhow?"

"Why . . . er . . I - . needed just that amount to add to what I've already saved to buy the new car I've been looking forward to," Bob Everly said, with a sheepish grin on his face. "But how in God's earth did you know?"

HOW DID MILES WARNER KNOW THAT EVERLY WAS THE ROBBER?

WHAT SLIP DID HE MAKE?

Answer in next issue.

RED PENCIL

Continued from Page 2

Miss Parker likes to help the other fellow. She believes that being a friend is the greatest and finest thing in life. She is happiest when working and helping others and her own position is ideal for Aunt Charity by many of her forthis. She says she has been called mer pupils.

Miss Parker thinks that life would not be worth living if things were handed out on a silver platter. (Philosophy that is worth thinking about). She says she tries never to worry about matters that cannot be otherwise.

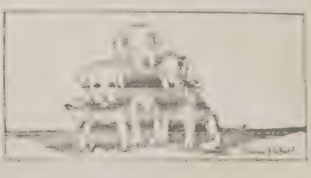
Miss Parker likes the opera, symphony, and ballet, but turns down the movies unless her fav- [illegible], is playing. She dislikes publicity, making speeches, acting, and having her picture taken.

She believes that people who want the yard-stick of living should understand the science and beauty in nature and art, cultivate a sense of harmony, balance and rhythm, and know money- [illegible]. She asserts that woman should never lose her femininity and says that anyone can be well-dressed in plain clothes.

This charming teacher says she has a mania for bags and pocketbooks but believes that, like your clothes, they should always suit the occasion. Her favorite colors are navy blue, turquoise, jade, old blue, with occasionally a dash of orchid or apricot. She likes jewelry but never wears any unless it is needed as a decoration to her costume.

Miss Parker has traveled in America and in Europe, and says that before going abroad one should know his own country. This is essential if you wish to study intelligently the customs and manners of the Europeans, their works of art, splendid cathedrals, and cities. Miss Parker says, "You must carry beauty with you or you find it not.

Miss Parker is not a faddist, but still gets a thrill out of being called "antique." She is glad to be growing older and hopes she is becoming wiser. She wishes to retire from teaching when she is forty-five and establish an art colony of her former students in which to experiment in many of her hobbies.



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STRAW BALLOT

Always first with the latest news, this pillar will now attempt to get the jump on the 1934 Year-Book by conducting a straw ballot for the Senior Class Who's Who. Each member of the Senior Class has one vote apiece in this contest. In order to make your vote count, your name and homeroom must adorn the ballot. Ballots are a clean sheet of block paper deposited with selections thereon enscribed in the ballot box located in the B.H.S. library. Vote this week for these honors:

1. Most Popular Boy.
2. Most Versatile Boy.
3. Boy who has done most for B. H. S.
4. Handsomest Boy.
5. Best Boy Athlete.
6. Best Boy Scholar.
7. Class Wit (Boy).
8. Class Sheik.

10. Class Optimist.
11. Class Pessimist.
12. Boy most likely to succeed.
13 Your secret passion (male).
14. Most popular teacher (male).

1. Most Popular Girl.
2. Most Versatile Girl.
3. Girl who has done most for B. H. S.
4 Most beautiful girl.
5 Girl with best figure.
6. Best girl athlete.
7 Best girl scholar.
8. Class Wit (girl).
9. Class flirt.
10. Girl most likely to succeed.
11. Your secret passion (female).
12. Most popular teacher (female).

Make sure your name and homeroom are on the ballot—if they are not, your vote will not count. Vote this week, Seniors!

CLIPS

There is one thing about boldness—it is real.

-:-

The car to watch is the car behind the car in front of you.

-:-

A woman is as old as she looks, but a man isn't old until he starts looking.

-:-

Ours is a fixed income—we can't budget.

-:-

The thing most needed in the American home today is the family.

-:-

She was a good little girl as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.

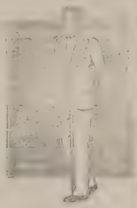
-

Half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

-:-

There seems now to be a general?

(From the Readers Digest)



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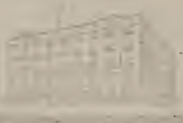

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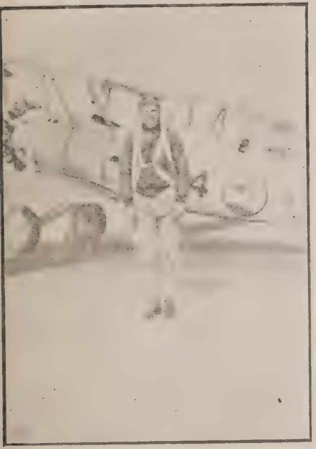
THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."---Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, No. 8 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 9, 1934 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

A LETTER FROM JOHN W. JEWETT, '28

The following leter from John W. Jewett (B. H. S., '28 and son of our Mr. Jewett), comes to us from Coronado, California. He was with the group of navy pilots who recently "hopped" to Hawaii. Editor of the Sagamore:



JOHN W. JEWETT

As far as I know, I am the only member of the Class of 1928 that is participating as a pilot in Naval Aviation; as such I am only too glad to send you a brief description of my activities in hopes that a few readers of the Sagamore might be interested.

After completing a year of training in June, 1933 at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola as a Reserve Student Officer, I was ordered to report to Commander Aircraft Battle Force, San Diego. Upon reporting, I was assigned to a fighting squadron (UF-16B) attached to the aircraft carrier, U. S. S. Saratoga. As with the other units of the Aircraft Battle Force, UF-6 is based at the Naval Air Station, San Diego as part of the Fleet Air Detachment.

"Fighting Six," as the squadron is sometimes called, is composed

Continued on Page 8

SCHOLARSHIP

DRAMATICS

APRIL 6 AND 7

SAVE THESE DATES

BROADER FIELD CALLS MISS BARNARD

Last week Miss Florence Barnard, who is well-known to us as our teacher of Economic Education, was released from her duties here that she might have greater freedom for the pursuit of the work in which she has pioneered in the Brookline schools.

She joined the faculty in 1921 as a Latin teacher but in 1928 she began her courses in the Money Management System which, in 15 years of intensive study, she has reduced to a science.

Government officials are definitely interested in the outcome of these revolutionary experiments. Miss Barnard has been appointed Educational Director of the American Association for Economic Education, which is sponsored among others by Secretary of the Interior Ickes and Dr. T .N. Carver of Harvard; and she is a member of the National Council of the American Provident Society.

MR. KEPNER PUBLISHES TEXTBOOK

Brookline High School has an author. The first book of B. H. S. authorship to be published since the Spanish books of Miss Adams, appeared recently. **America: Its History and People** is the title of this new book, and, according to the publishers, Harper & Brothers, it is "not the same old story told the same old way." For three years Dr. Harold U. Faulkner, Professor of History in Smith College, and Mr. Kepner, Director of Social Studies in the Brookline Schools, have labored on the book, which in this school suggests, for better or for worse, History I. to every senior or prospective senior.

Of special interest is the fact that the book is thoroughly of Brookline origin. Its organization —which by the way is different from that of any other book now available—is what is called by teachers the unit plan. In easy English this seems to mean that the text is so organized that one studies one major development at a time. In Unit II, for example, the political life of the nation is traced from the close of the Revolution right down to the "New Deal," while in Unit III, to cite another example, the economic life of the American people is developed from the early days of the Industrial Revolution to the well-known NRA. And so it goes in another Unit, in which foreign relations are dramatically presented from Washington's Neutrality Proclamation to Roosevelt's recognition of the Soviets. In still another Unit one follows the social and cultural progress of America from the days of Puritan New England to the

Continued on Page 8

BROOKLINE CONQUERS NEWTON ON BROOKLINE TRACK 43½ TO 33½

GIRLS SWIMMING TEAM CONTEMPLATES SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Wednesday has become a popular day at the pool, for a great many girls are doing their best to produce an unusually strong swimming team. Through the winter season scores of girls have turned out to improve their ability by receiving the excellent instruction which is offered by contests between the different houses and with other schools help to arouse the spirit of competition necessary to the successful mermaid. The following schedule has been planned:

February 28—Election of House Captains. Choosing of House Teams by Captains. Practice in charge of House Captains.

March 7—"Splash Party" with other schools—Norwood, Newton, Pawtucket and others.

March 14—House competition. Choosing of House Varsity Team. Announcement of Honor Varsity Team.

March 21—"Play Day" with other schools.

March 28—Open Exhibitions. Awarding of Varsity letters.

Election of captains have been held with the following result:

Captains of House Teams (Advanced)—Roberts House, Priscilla Moody; Shailer House, Betty Webber; Packard House, Mary Dolbeare; Senior House, La Reine Gardner.

Captains of Intermediate Group: Roberts House, Eleanor O'Hearn, Julia Hootstein; Three Upper Houses, Sally O'Hearn.

PLOTKIN AND ROGERS SHINE

The Brookline High School track team rose to new heights last Saturday, March 3, at Brookline, when for the third successive year, it decisively defeated its ancient rival, Newton High School, by a score of 43½ to 33½.

The highlights of the afternoon were the performances of Captain "Tod" Plotkin and of Leon Rogers. The former was high scorer with 14½ points while "Lee" showed himself to good advantage by getting a total of 12 points.

CAPT. "TOD" PLOTKIN

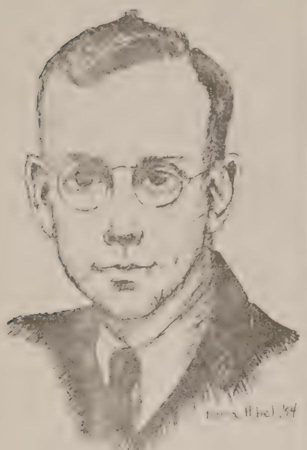
Tod got a first in the broad jump with only one leap of 10 feet ¾ inches, he tied for first with "Howie" Lewenstein in the high jump at 5 feet, 7¾ inches, he won the 40 yard hurdles in 5 2-5 seconds; and, as a surprise entry, he tied for third in the dash

Leon tied for second in the broad jump with "Bob" Grenier at 9 feet, 3½ inches; he won the 35 yard dash in 4 1-5 seconds; and he won the "300" in the extremely fast time of 35 and 1-5 seconds.

In the shot put "Charlie" Nevins came up to expectation with a beautiful toss of 45 feet 8¼ inches, the farthest he has gone this year while "Bert" Litman surprised everyone by taking an

(Continued on Page 5)

RED PENCIL



Mr. Flemings, that vivacious young gentleman of the English department, is today's victim of the R. P. interviewer.

He is a staunch believer in this quotation of Bacon: "Walking is good for the stomach; horseback riding is good for the head" Mr. Flemings declares that nothing can compare with riding for clearing the head and resting the nerves after a tiresome day's work. Riding is, therefore, his favorite hobby. He says that he almost never goes riding that something funny doesn't happen, or without experiencing an unforseen thrill. For instance, one day his horse was galloping at quite a speed when they came upon two paths, one of which was the way home. Mr. Flemings had already decided on the direction he wished to take and had braced himself in position. The horse, however, suddenly changed his course and it looked as if it would be a "just too bad" situation for both of them. Straight for a tree—and as Mother Nature determines certain stationary spots for trees—well— —

Mr. Flemings enjoys walking in all seasons of the year. Next to riding, he finds it the most healthful and invigorating recreation. In the summer, his favorite sports are swimming and playing at tennis. "The 'at'," he explains, "is because I play a one-sided game. I can knock the balls back just as fast and thick as they come but at anything else I'm not so good."

Everyone who witnessed his performance in last year's faculty play as "Tony" will agree that he can act. He likes the stage and frequently takes part in amateur performances.

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARY MORRIS

By Esther M. Shain

Mary Morris, who has been playing in "The Double Door" at the Plymouth, was born in Swampscott, Mass. She graduated from Brookline High School, and attended Radcliffe for three years. Even while a very young child she was always interested in acting. She won "Prize Speaking" in her freshman year. She always remembers this experience as being a most thrilling one. She also took part in Dramatics.

Having completed three years at Radcliffe, she decided to try her luck on the stage So, with many letters of recommendation to influential people, she sallied forth to New York. She was patient, and willing to work hard. For a whole year she simply did any kind of part she could find. For instance: She would be the maid, and pass right in and out of a scene. For the whole year she did this understudy work, she didn't get paid at all. Then she joined a stock company, worked herself up, and gained fortune and renown.

Since childhood, she has liked playing the part of an old woman, usually a heartless and cruel one. Now, however, she vows to change into an entirely different character. She thinks it would be quite thrilling to be on the screen.

Miss Morris is a charming and gracious young woman. She is not the least bit affected, but very natural and sweet. She is extremely happy, and glad to be alive, and (to use her own words) she thinks acting is "loads of fun." Miss Morris is a good example for any budding artist.

This extremely talented young woman never took a lesson in dramatics, but got her training by always being near the stage and on it as much as possible. She says that she has spent many precious hours at high school, and that she will surely visit us the next time she comes to Boston.

I'm sure we all wish her the very best of luck, and that we realize what a true credit she is to our school.

MYSTOGRAM

(The answer to last issue's mystogram: Everly said that he went to the door of his sister's room and saw the jewelry box, its contents spilled, lying on the floor. Notice he didn't go into the room! Yet he knew the pearl brooch was gone. This clearly pointed him out as the thief, as he couldn't have told which piece of jewelry was gone without looking through the box. Now try your wits on this one!)

Miles Warner was rudely jerked from the arms of the maiden of sleep by the harsh clamor of the telephone. It must have been nearly midnight. Miles considered this sleepily as he reached for the phone.

"Huuullo."

"Just get a load of this, Miles." It was Connelly. "A man was found dead in the apartment right below yours."

"What!"

"That's right. Cut his throat with a razor. Get dressed. I'll be right over."

Miles remained sitting there with the phone to his ear for a minute. In the apartment below! He threw off his bathrobe and, rushing into the bathroom, plunged his head into a bowl of icy-cold water.

The door of the apartment below was opened by a middle-aged woman whom Miles took, rightly, to be the deceased's wife.

"John was sick," she cried in a high, tense voice, "and so I went to the show alone. When I got home . . . he was there like he is now . . . dead!"

"You just stay in the living room while we take a look around and you'd better lie down to calm yourself a bit," Miles said softly.

The man was lying in the bed, the covers close about his neck. A bloody razor was beside the bed. Miles placed his hand on his head. His flesh was cool but not cold.

"He hasn't been dead more than an hour," he said in a whisper.

Connelly pulled the bed-clothes away There was blood smeared down the front of his pajamas and on the underside of the sheet.

"What a messy affair this is," Connelly gasped.

"After the lady is more settled, you'll have to question her closely, Connelly.

(Continued on page 7)

EXPOSURES

That quiet little girl with the brown eyes and the brown mop of silken threads of hair is . . . Ruth Nancy Levine . . .. formerly of Devotion . . . soon to be of Wellesley . . . way back about two months ago . . . she was enraptured with "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" . . . and still further back .. . . about 16 years ago . . . she first began to enthrall the public . . . that was Oct. 13, 1917 . . . and it all happened in Bean Town . . . the keeper and guardian of the green backs of the Iota Phi Sorority . . .. has a taste for green bananas (they are stomach-aches), her finger nails, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Duchin and lots of people . . . the secretary of the Circle Francais . . . is a great archer . . . this Senior and Junior advisor of the Girls' League enjoys a good stiff game of tennis . . . and she gets stiff from horseback riding from which she derives much pleasure .. . . oh, well! there are all types of humans . . . and animals! . . . in case she doesn't achieve her ambition of marriage . . . she will probably be a social-service worker . . . but cracking knuckles and abhoring lunchroom duty now constitute her habits, and dislikes respectively . . . she stands 5 feet 3 1-2 inches above the floor of her home at 73 Verndale St. . . . and weighs 110 lbs. on the scale that's in the room which is the first one on the right at the top of the stairs . . . well, it's the first on the right in our house, anyway . . . this is her first year as a marshal and in the German Club . . . she knows some good (?) stories about Waterbury, Conn. .. . . she hopes to get into college and once out of there to go to Sorbonne . . . dancing at any place . . . Statler preferred . . . and traveling compose her pleasures . . . Ruths Koerner and Klein are her cronies . . .. and reading is the hobby . . . summers are whiled away at camps . . . while studying and waiting for Norma Shearer's flickers occupy the fall, winter and spring to a certain extent.

It was pleasant to see the number of B. H. S. boys who saw fit to lean on their shovels for five bucks a day during the recent snow storms.

ALIAS ANGELA BAYLORD

By Sarah Cauman

Henderson never knew what led him down that street. Sometimes, later on in the days when he himself was an editor on the "Star," he felt that it had been Fate weaving his destiny, and at others he reflected, more logically, that in his despairing concentration he had simply followed his feet.

Henderson had exactly three hours before the evening paper went to press to find and write the longest True Story ever written. That was exactly what the Big Chief had said. "Write me the longest True Story ever written, Henderson," said the Big Chief. "There hasn't been a murder or a good robbery in this city for three days, and Congress isn't in session."

Well, that was all right. A True Story could be any kind of improbable idiocy one chose, but Henderson was working for promotion and needed a good one. What a sensation in the newspaper world if the "Star" actually printed a story not merely readable but well worth reading! Henderson had searched the remotest corners of his mind for some germ of plot, culling every memory for a suggestion, and endeavoring at last to build one of his own imagination; try as he might, the revelation eluded him.

When he had hunched himself for the greater part of the afternoon over his desk, he rose madly, seized his hat and overcoat, and fairly precipitated himself over the outer threshold into the chilly street, quiet under the curious purple dusk of a winter twilight. At first his one thought was to clear his brain, whirling from abuse and fuddled from the smoke and din of the copy-room. Gradually it occurred to him that for once he might seek a true True Story working his plot from the face of a passerby a car parked near a corner. He had almost begun to evolve a romance, built around Jim in the delicatessen whose specialty was pretzels, when the white door of a brick house opened hastily, and a girl in evening dress fled across the lawn in the direction of Easton Ave Henderson, who had been hardly conscious of the fact that he was walking, was startled, but next "Here" said he to himself, "is something good," and he ran after her.

There was something queer about a girl attired in trailing white satin who rushed wildly down the street at six of a cold evening. Family complications? Step-daughter? Tried on half-sister's dress from eagerness for beauty? Mother appears waving a curtain-rod?

Ah, where will she go? The step-daughter disappeared into a drugstore. What was this? Someone dying? Last night she had quarreled bitterly with her father, about her lover, and today he fell down the stairs. Is his heart weak? Is she penitent, remorseful, anguished?

When he entered the store there was no sign of his heroine, and he was fearful till he noticed her in a phone booth. That destroyed the father theme, which he had personally preferred Returning to the first, he settled himself, as if waiting for someone, in the shadow of a half-open door, watching carefully the glass window of the booth.

Mentally, he reconstructed her conversation, cursing the man who invented sound-proof doors. Her expression as she gave the number seemed eager, hopeful, as if there might yet be some possibility of being forgiven. At the first words, however, her brow wrinkled, a hunted expression appeared in her eyes. She seemed to be pleading and as the answer to her agonized request was fairly lengthy, Henderson found time to name her. Marie—Constance—Selina—Angela! Angela was her first name, and her last name was—was Baylord. He felt tenderly for Angela Baylord. Something sweet and appealing about the girl which even years of maltreatment had not vanquished She seemed soft and helpless.

When he looked at her again, Henderson leaned forward indignantly. Did he only dream it, or was that a tear rolling down her cheek? Another? Her eyes were unmistakingly filling, her shoulders shaking.

"The brute," he thought, "jealous of the pretty step-daughter for the sake of her own ugly duckling! Making her a drudge, a slave, depriving her of the rightful pleasures of a young girl, till her starved soul cried for the loveliness of the sister's clothes, her warm, pleasant room, her place in the family!

Henderson, in all his years as reporter on the "Star," had never let a story go so to his heart; he was quite wrought up.

Without waiting for her to finish, Henderson slipped out, the tragedy half-written in his mind. This would be an epic, a great work, for he himself felt so deeply for Angela Baylord that he could portray her emotions vividly, her marytyrdom vitally as a living thing. As he tapped out the grim tale in the smoke-choked copy-room, he felt that the essence of human nature had been revealed to him. Henderson was very much moved.

Jane Smith was quite annoyed with her mother. Her mother, from the voice, which came to her over the wire, was annoyed with June but trying to soothe her.

"But Julia," Jane wailed, "Bob said if I couldn't get the car it would be impossible to go. The Country Club is fifteen miles from town and . . .. what? What? Oh, he called me just a few minutes before the phone at the sorority house broke down. His roadster was smashed by a truck and—what Oh no, he wasn't in it—no, no . . . Yes—I mean—well, if you can . . . what? Oh, mother, please. There's not half an hour left before the dance begins, and being the chairman of the refreshment com—but, Julia! . . . If you would lend it to Bob, he's right next door, and would drive it over to the sorority. You what? Oh, I think you're horrid! Opera doesn't matter a bit! Hire a cab! Dad won't give a darn. What—oh, everyone else says it . . . But really, mother, it will spoil my whole life if I can't go to that prom tonight. I've just lived for it for weeks and weeks and I—I was trying to hook Bob anyway . . .. I—I can't stop crying. I'm n-not a baby. You've simply forgotten what it's like to be young and to like having fun . . . What? . . . It—it wasn't six times last week, it was five, and I—you're . . . oh—you're—well. I'm not coming home this week-end. You're too—oh! Really? Oh, mother, is he? For dinner? Saturday . . . I think I shall after all! Please dont mind the names and have a good time—what? Oh,

(Continued on Page 7)

THE ULTIMATE

O, translucent lore and magic art alluring——
The very essence of your jeweled touch
Floats in the perfumed air of hazy memory.
Here in the tweeing of the cobra flute
And by the cool-narcissus banks of dreams;
Here, grown in ebony 'long the soft brown shore
And deep in the coolness of lazurite vase;
Here, in a grim, weird background
Enclosed by an engraving of musk and spice—
Lies the Philosophy of Life
In its forms of both Heaven and Hell:
"Unendurable pleasure, indefinitely prolonged."

BOUGH OF WILDING

——"Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand."
—Wordsworth.

PENTHESILEA

How beautiful she is!
Yes, even, now,
As there she lies.
Not two days ago
Those red lips moved
And sparkling eyes
Sparkled with life!
But now she is dead
And gone . . .
Yet,
How beautiful she is!

WINTER

By Henri Rosen

While sittin' 'round the fireside,
From the old folks I was told
Of weather cold and winters long
In their childhood days of old.

But let them brag or boast no more
Of the hardships they endured;
I think this winter of '34
Has had these boasters cured.

And oh, what glorious sports there are,
In a year that is so frigid;
But the jinx, he had me in his power!
For I slipped and broke a digit.

So listen well and heed my words,
Tho, at my rhymes you jeer;
For now, the others skate and ski,
I, in the grandstand, cheer!

INERTIA

You have no mind,
Your heart is as dry as a fallen maple leaf.
You have no feeling
On a day when the trees are adumbrated by the fog.
You are dull
As the sound of lead upon lead—dead, dead.
You wither, yet we live——
You are dead, poor Earth, dead and withered.
—By Aaron Levine.

The Sagamore

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THE FORMULA OF SUCCESS

Set the goal and hold fast! And there it is; the formula of success. It is certainly not a secret. Yet why doesn't everyone make the grade? There are three main reasons! failure to pick the right goal, lack of grit and stamina, and the interference of others.

First, and perhaps of prime importance, is the choice of the goal. The number of goals to aspire to are as countless as the stars in the heavens, calling to mind the old saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star." At this time in life the average youth is swinging his wagon-rope in preparation for lassoing some of these fleeting stars. But which one? To which goal shall he turn. . .on the neck of which wild horse will his lariat settle? The youth is looking upward with eyes clouded with indecision and bewilderment. He is facing the question that will face, is facing, or has faced all of us.

Father wants him to be a great figure in the business world. Mother wants him to be a writer. But what does he want to be? He wants to be a chemist; naturally of great fame and renown. His teachers say that he shows marked ability and a love for chemistry. Should he cast his lariat over the head of the horse of business, the fiery, troublesome broncho for writers, or should he travel the road that winds through the land of mercuric waters, where the test-tubes grow in profusion? By all means. he should follow the way of his abilities and desires.

This brings us to the next step; having the grit and stamina to cling to the chosen course, stay hitched to the speedy star, ride the spirited horse. Any fool can waver back and forth, try this and that. But it takes a real man to hold onto his ideals. The stars flash on in breath-taking flights; the wild horses buck and race. It takes a man with a steady hand and a level head to manage them. The body groans and complains, but it can be forced on to the goal, if the will is strong.

With his rope fixed firmly in the stars, the man is drawn, mercilessly, through the mire of those who have no goal. They, in the mire of their own failings, seek with jealous fingers to hold down the one with a goal in mind. He is trampled and scorned. . and envied. He is tempted to cut the rope that holds him to the star and sink into the ease and shiftlessness of the folk in the mire tempted to become just one more of those bound with the chains of custom and habit. What is the reward of all this hardship and pain?

There are those who lie listless and ideal-less in the mire, those who chase wildly after the fanciful feather that flutter and spins along the banks of the mire, and, finally, those who draw themselves up, by the ropes of their will and ideals, above the level of the mire.

Which of these groups is it going to be? The formula for success is. . .set the goal and hold fast. We all have the power, and the way is always open. Which one of these groups is it going to be?

THE MACHINE AGE

When we are told that man is descended from the ape, it is a little easier to understand our passion for mimicry. We strive, so it seems, to smother every expression of individualism and disguise every natural trend by modelling ourselves after the same pattern. What "everyone" is doing and saying we must do and say. If the critics acclaim a novelist, then he is accepted as great, is promoted to the living-room, bookshelves, and all who notice the acquisition may know us to be people of discrimination and good taste. The dress which a cinema star displays is promptly launched upon an eager public in lots of a hundred thousand. If "futuristic" furniture is "the style' then out with the Early American suite and in with the grotesque angularities of the modern school.

Why do we play it—this dull little game "follow the leader?" Are we too little creative, that we must depend upon the initiative of the few? Are we too weak, too timid to withstand the swaying influence of the forceful minority?

Wake up! Don't be a Milquetoash. If you don't like blue or Greta Garbo or airplane rides or chocolate ice-cream or Mutt and Jeff, even if "everyone" does, say so; if you do like Goya and the Household page and fancy hats and Sibelius, even if "everyone" doesn't, for heaven's sake, say so!

Otherwise, we will soon become a nation, a world, of tens of millions of little identities, fashioned of the same mold and the same material; so much alike that we will be characteristic products of the machine age which turns 'em out a thousand a minute. Just so many tens of millions of postage stamps, flaunting the same engraving, the same number, the same color, the same amount of glue on the back; about as interesting as a ten-hour lecture on Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," or an empty, white plate, blank. expressionless. and offering nothing to a hungry seeker.

A WINGED WORLD

The planet into which our generation was born a few years ago is fitted out with wings. It is no longer the peaceful orbit that our parents knew and it is still changing from year to year, from day to day. The course of human events is influenced by a score of dictators whose slightest word sets in motion political and economic machinery. Moreover, there is now under consideration social reform that will inevitably affect you and me. We can no longer view with unconcern the unrest in Europe, the Orient and America. It may come down very directly to every one of us.

That is what the philosophers and columnists, the critics and prophets are all telling us. But just what can we in Brookline do about it? If this is the situation, we should know how to face it. Well, in the first place there are several qualities that modern youth must have. Alertness is certainly one; initiative is another. An alert mind in an active body is vital in a world where there are two classes, the quick and the dead. And without initiative we cannot hope to compete in a world of skilled workers.

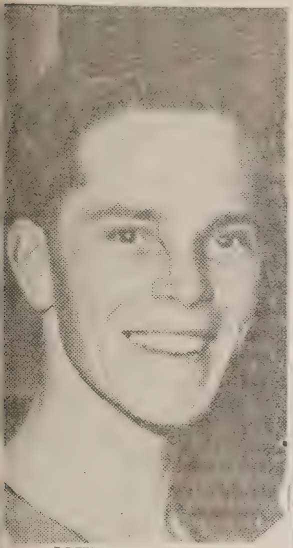
If you have a progressive mind and a liberal attitude toward life, you will be much happier in the next decade. For that is obviously the trend of modern times. What was radical a hundred years ago now seems conservative.

A practical education seems especially important to fit us out for the strenuous life ahead. Hygienics, commercial geography, typewriting, practical English, city planning, civics, and economics are only a few of the courses that bridge the gap between pedagogy and the modern world.

Let us prepare ourselves, then, for the herculean tasks that lie ahead. If we are well prepared, we shall have confidence in ourselves. If we have confidence, success is ours!

SPORT LEADERS
Basketball—John Crowley

When one thinks of basketball
: Brookline . . . the name of
ohn "Ace" Crowley . .. . and the
sion of his unfailing shots . . .



JOHN CROWLEY

owley . . . although official
ringrecords have not as yet
n issued . . . unofficial ones
e our Johnny second place in
League's individual scoring
. .. . since last year when
okline had its first basketball
m . . . Johnny's hobbies have
n sports with the hoop game
ng foremost in his attention
. a regular last year, he was
of the high scorers with a to-
of 40 points in 5 games . . .
dark brown-haired youth (he's
18) spent last summer prac-
ng shots from all angles . . .
, those who were fortunate
igh to witness some of the
n's games, saw some seemingly
aculous shots . .. . but that
mer's practice was the big aid
ays appear foremost amongst
thoughts . . . scoring an aver-
of 9.6 points per game . . .
nny rolled up a total of 144
ts for the past season . . .
k" (as some are wont to call
started the season off by
ing B. H. S.'s basketeers to a
d triumph over Needham . .. .
ng 20 points all by his lone-
. . . this, by the way, was
blue-eyed youngster's high
for one game for the past
on . . . it is interesting to
that in most of the games in
h Johnny scored only two or
baskets . . . the team's
was exceedingly low . . .
h goes to show that:—As
ley went, so went the team
eir dropping through the hoop
for a big 2 points . . . his greatest thrill was snatching two games from Newton with last minute baskets . . .. and those who witnessed those struggles can truly say it was one of their greatest thrills too . . . speaking confidentially, the 145 pound, well-built young man said that it was Ed Rae who brought him the necessary luck in those games . . . as parting word, we offer to you budding hoopsters of future years Johnny's motto: "It's the second half that counts."

Next-Swimming and BobRichey.

BROOKLINE SWIMMERS CONQUER BROWN FRESHMEN, 36-29

A strong Brookline High School swimming team defeated the Brown '37 mermen at Providence on February 16, by a 36-29 score.

Bob Ritchie was the outstanding performer of the meet, with first places in the backstroke and the dive, while Wilcox was the only other Red and Blue winner, by virtue of a first breast-stroke.

Incidentally, the Wealthy Towners seem much nearer to winning back the Meehan Trophy this year, than they have for a long time.

The medley relay team, composed of Landry, Wilcox and Kilman, showed perfect form in its victory, while other point scorers were Sulkis, Wein, Ryan, and Gardiner.

The B. C. High natators bowed, Thursday, to a strong Brookline team at the Brookline pool. The score was 44-19. Kilman was the star of the day for the home team. He established a new Brookline High School pool record in the 100 yard freestyle of 5' seconds. Shinnick featured for the visitors, taking a first in the 50 yard freestyle and a third in the 100. The main event of the afternoon was the 150 yard medley race, won by Brookline. Another High School record was set by Landry, Richey and Kilman of 1 minute, 4 seconds

PLOTKIN BREAKS SCHOLASTIC BROAD JUMP RECORD

BROOKLINE TOPS NEWTON, 43½—33½

Continued from Page 1

easy second with a throw of 41 feet 1¾ inches, also his longest of the year.

When the field events were over, and it was time to go outside to the track, the score stood at Brookline 25, Newton 2. In the running events, however, the Orange and Black gained 31½ points to the Red and Blue's 18½.

In the "600" "Lawry" Anderson, who took second, showed plenty of spunk in fighting off the attempt of Charlesworth, the Newton man, to pass him.

In the "300," Leon Rogers might have done even better time if he had been pushed. Plotkin took the hurdles quite handily, but in the high jump, "Howie" Lewenstein, although he has been out for three weeks, and although his ankle was all bandaged, showed plenty of sprint in staying up with Plotkin, and in keeping off McClean, who came in third, with a jump of 5 feet, 6¾ inches.

Next week, the team is entered in the Massachusetts State Championship which title is now held by Brookline. Mr. Hines will not try to comment upon the outcome but there should be plenty of surprises shown in this meet.

BROOKLINE'S SUCCESSFUL SQUAD

BROOKLINE PLACES CLOSE SECOND IN ANDOVER MEET

Captain Tod Plotkin's efforts to put Brookline up again as Andover Interscholastic Champion, with the aid of the relay team, composed of Rogers, Anderson, Livingstone and Sklar, fell short by only 1 1-4 points. On Saturday, February 24, when a slightly more powerful Malden High School track team with such well-known names as Noseworthy, Lowery and Jivelikian, edged the Red and Blue by 18½ to 17¼. Brockton and Lawrence, the two teams favored ahead of Brookline tied for third with 11 points each.

Coach Tom Hines was thoroughly satisfied with the boys' performances, and the second place came as a distinct surprise in sport circles, where the team had been rated a fourth or fifth.

Plotkin himself scored 15 points, by a win and world's scholastic record breaking broad jump of 10 feet 9 3-8 inches a triple tie for second in the high jump, and a win in the hurdles. This amazing jump was his first in the finals, and brought the whole crowd to its feet, cheering, when it was announced.

In the hurdles, Tod was second to Powers of Lawrence, who tripped and fell and so five points more were added to the Brookline column. Incidentally, Tod had beaten Powers last week in the Lawrence meet.

In the high jump, Plotkins tied with Lowery of Malden, and Cuffe of Lynn Classical at 5 feet 8 3-4 inches, to add two more points.

Leon Rogers had some tough luck in the dash, when, after getting through the preliminaries he was shut out in the finals.

In the relay, however, he redeemed himself. The coaches had decided not to place anyone in either the "300" the "600" or the "1000," but to save the boys for the relay, since they would be more likely to score. Gratifyingly enough, the team defeated Newton, and tied for sixth place with Haverhill at 2 minutes 26 2-5 seconds, 2 1-2 seconds behind the winner to add 2 1-4 points to the total.

LUCKY OFF AND ON

M. Hommelibre
Vol. VII

In the tranquil silence of a cold summer night, a solitary figure stole silently down the moon-lit highway. As he walked along, Lucky was in a truly conscience-clear state of mind. Nay, even more than that, his was the conscience of the benefactor, benefactor to the amount of five hundred dollars. Though he had but thirty-five cents himself, the gift pained him not at all, for, as he explained it to himself, for him to be seen with five hundred dollars was the incident previous to his arrest! So now our humanitarian found himself once again on his own hook, shuffling along past rows of sleeping corn. Five minutes more of pedestrianating, and Lucky was at the freight-yard. As he softly passed the switch office, Lucky looked through the large window and saw the night watchman seated at the desk. Immediately Lucky dropped to the ground, to raise his head slowly and look within once again Emboldened by the sight of the sleeping man, Lucky silently entered the shack, obtained a lantern, and continued on his way to a single freight-car.

Once within its friendly hulk, he lit the lantern and proceeded to warm himself before retiring for the night. With the lantern placed at his hands, his feet froze, and with said lantern placed at his feet, his hands complained. To warm both objects with another lantern, Lucky once again determined to journey to the office.

Placing the lantern on the floor, he stepped toward the doors of the car. As the leg of his overalls caught in the burning lantern, Lucky jumped to the ground, the lantern was pulled over by the receding overalls leg, and the kerosense slowly trickled over the wood flooring, Lucky all unknowing. Briskly stepping along, Lucky tripped over a track-tie and fell flat on his face in the gravel. Having picked himself up, he resolved to light the next lantern to show him the way back. The deed accomplished, our hero turned

(Continued on page 7)

GIRL'S LEAGUE

Officers

President ....Norma Nasmyth
Vice-President ..Margaret Bennet
Secretary ....Betty Greene
Treasurer ....Janet Dubinsky

* * *

The Girls' League has in past years sent flowers or notes to girls who have been unable to attend school, due to serious illness. If anyone knows a girl who is ill, please notify Betty Green in 5A.

* * *

Orders for the Girls' league pin may now be placed with your Home-Room representative. Anne McEvoy, Room 127, is in charge of the pins. They are diamond-shaped and very attractive. The price is 55c, but we must have at least 100 orders to get the pins at this reduced price. Do your part!

* * *

March 17 the Girls' League is hostess to the Girls' Club Conference representing various girls' clubs of the high schools of greater Boston. We should have a large delegation of our own League members. Save the date! Those of you who are interested in serving please give your name to Norma Nasmyth, Room 128.

The following letter has been sent to the other schools:

Dear Girls' Club President:

For the past two years the Girls' Club Conference has been very successful in bringing together delegates from the high schools near Boston to discuss the girls' activities of the various schools.

The May supper meeting at Quincy and Watertown have been very enjoyable and of great value to the girls who came together to take over their problems and gain new ideas for their clubs. It has been suggested that the Friday night supper of other years might well be changed to a luncheon meeting early in the spring. In accordance with this suggestion, the Girls' League of the Brookline High School extends to you and your club a most cordial invitation to a Luncheon Conference on Saturday, March 17. We hope there will be a large group from your school, and that one of the delegates will be ready to report on the actvities of your club

Luncheon will be served at one o'clock and will be preceded by a social hour. Plan to arrive by twelve so that we may get acquainted with each other before the conference really begins.

"SMOKE RINGS"

Hy, ho, fellow sufferers, this is Glen Gray (the real one) bringing you something new, something different. Real "dirt" in the form of "Smoke Rings."

"Scotty" MacMillan's war cry seems to be "Buddy, could you spare a Frat pin?"

Hazel (nuts to you) Armitage was seen (mind you, I didn't hear this), I saw her thumbing her way up Tappan St. "Why, Hazel you should never do that."

It looks as if Bill Smith desires to "Parke" where he sees Teedie Clark, not at all surprising—it's been done before.

Sheldon Flynn's head would make a dandy hat rack wouldn't it, huh?

Does anybody know how Bill Richey wakes up when the alarm clock goes off?

The author of Keyhole should leave as an epitaph: "Here lies P. C. in the dirt he loved so well." Rather old but expressive.

Now that Frank "Francis" Flynn has a pair of "spats," he'll have to get a cane to keep the dogs away from his ankles.

Hugo McIsaac ought to leave his cane to some enterprising "Frosh" when he gets around to graduating.

"If you don't succeed at first, try, try, again." This was found on yellowed parchment signed by Leon Feffer, date not readable but it's good advice.

And now let's see what "Bill" Shakespeare has in store for us.

Georgie Pordgie Pudinhead Ware.
Kissed a girl and made her care;
When this girl came out to play,
Georgie, you bet, never ran away.

Are you listening, Georgie?

A parting word to the three spinsters, "Chin," Franie, and Betty "If you don't like my line, you know what you can do (?) Three dollars, please.

Tickets for the luncheon will be fifty cents apiece, and should be ordered before March 14. Please use the attached slip or telephone the office of Miss Sawyer, Dean of Girls, Brookline High School (Beacon 3191). The conference itself will be held in the Girls' League Room immediately after the luncheon.

We hope very much that you vill be with us for the conference.

It's Not Too Early

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necessary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it may be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesmen or canvassers) to the school at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal,

BRYANT & STRATTON
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THE GULF STREAM JR.

(Probably upon contemplating the name of this column several of my readers (?) will murmur, "Well! Well!" My only hope is that when they have finished they will feel the same way).

* * *

Once upon a time the following event took place: A very bright student was puzzled by this question which appeared on a college board examination, "Give the princip. parts of any verb." After a few moments' careful deliberation he wrote: "Slipio-slipere-fallibumptum." It just so happened that a teacher with an excellent sense of humor corrected his paper When the student got his paper back there were no marks of orrection on it but down on the ast page the examiner had vritten, "Failio-failere-flunkiuspendum!"

* * *

No, you're wrong, the people ho write columns for the Saga- ore are not called Sagamorons.

* * *

We are greatly indebted to Mr. 'illiam Ober for the following ddle, "Why is a hairdresser like sculptor?" Don't bother think- g; the answer is, "A hairdresser rls up and dies, while a sculptor akes faces and busts."

* * *

Early to bed and early to rise
Will make a sap of a lot of guys.

* * *

Mr Leon Rogers asked me ether or not he should sign his me under the title of the essay had just written. I told him would give a sort of modernistic ect,

SA
By SAP

* * *

just reminded myself about Dr. rible's fiancee. It seems that poor girl heard about the say- : "An apple a day keeps the tor away," and . . . well, you w these cases of acute indiges- .

* * *

ere are a few choice bits of sip which I have gathered for :

Myron Alexander only wears pants in that collegiate fash- because they are too short for anyhow.

Miss Janice Dietz is making s to hold a Smoker for Wo-

Will Ober has another hair-

MYSTOGRAM

(continued from page two)

"You said it. This is murder, all right."

How did they reach this conclusion? Answer in next issue.

HERE'S A BRAINTEASER

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

Horizontal

1. What itches
2. What fish sometimes do
3. What you do when you fall for a joke
4. What mosquitoes do

Vertical

1. What buzz
2. A chorus of assent
3. To annoy
4. A synonym for comfort

"Oh, when she is good, she is very, very good, but when she is bad, she is better."

The wanderings of Houghty Whitcomb's pin remind one of the old story of "off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan."

LUCKY OFF AND ON

(continued from page six)

home-wards and suddenly stopped ,burning lantern in his hand, as the sound of an approaching train reached his ears. No, it was two trains, approaching from opposite directions on the same track, and the watchman asleep!

Rapidly Lucky retraced his steps toward the office, then stopped and turned once again, determined to keep himself out of the matter. Again he turned toward the switch-house, and memory of the stolen lanterns in mind, swung around once again. Now the trains were approaching, and almost simultaneously, jammed on their brakes about twenty yards apart! Curses, shrieks, the screeching of brakes, tumult reigned in the yard. And Lucky . . .. Paralyzed by the uproar, he remained planted in the centre of the confusion, a hero! Engineers and passengers surrounded him, the savior of the trains,—and quite suddenly, with the vision of his burning freight-car, our hero, savior, (and fire-bug) fainted in the arms of the crowd!

DUST

Ye old worm has just crawled out of his hole to shake off a little of the dust that has accumulated during the past two weeks, and now proceeds to relate his "thinks" to you.

We should say that the "Keyhole" needs a little oiling; it is quite rusty.

* * *

We didn't see A. Kirshen much during the vacation. Gosh, but she takes up a lot of time!

* * *

I wonder how it feels to be dragged down the stairs head first from room 420 to the track? (Maybe you could tell me, Ober?)

* * *

There is a place for boys who suddenly take to sending valentines to their Latin teachers; but maybe there is a method in Henry Rosen's madness.

* * *

Why does Marshall Finch, who lives on Kent St., insist on wearing out the pavements in the vicinity of 40 Park St.?

* * *

Q. When is a lady not a lady?
A. Nine times out of ten.

* * *

Alvan Gladstone is still trying to find out where he can buy three cent stamps cheaper; if you know, please inform him.

* * *

Since one of our Sattymores has been initiated into a secret order, he feels highly indignant when he is offered a chair. We wonder why?

* * *

I wonder if one saves enough on his laundry bill to make it worth while to wear a black shirt?

* * *

Overheard at the Reservoir:
She: I'm tired. If I could find a rock, I'd sit down.
He: I'd be a little bolder, if I wasn't afraid of being sat on.

ALIAS ANGELA BAYLORD

Continued from Page 3

I don't know. You phone Bob. I can make coffee in my room and open some sardines. I—no it's all right. He's really rather a fish. I mean, compared to Charles. Oh, yes. No. Yes . . . I shan't mind at all; you're a dear to think of inviting him. 'Bye—what? Oh, wear your blue with the ruffles, and—yes. 'Bye!"

* * *

The Big Chief himself was impressed with Henderson's writing. "By the way, Henderson," he said thoughtfully, "an assistant editor, Barnes—you know him—is retiring. Like to fill his place? We need men like you on the staff. Oh—don't thank me. It's you that did it. Good night, Henderson."

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MR. KEPNER

Continued from Page 1

times—dare we say it?—of Mae West (strictly speaking, though, we can't find her mentioned in the book). In a final Unit some of the most pressing problems of current times are presented from the historical angle. Incidentally, perhaps we should point out, as the preface does, that approximately one-half of the book is concerned with America since the Civil War. This organization — one of the unique features of the book—is based upon more than seven years of experimental development in this high school, in which Miss Bliss, Miss Nichols, and Mr. Merrill co-operated.

As one glances over **America: Its History and People,** the eye is pleased with its general appearance. Even those not interested in history will find that the numerous illustrations compel one to stop and look. We wish we could list some of the illustrations just by way of example; they are indeed unusual, and so are the comments under them.

JOHN W. JEWETT

Continued from Page 1

of eighteen single-place fighting planes plus one scoutin plane. The fighters are made by Boeing (F4B-4) and are powered with Pratt — Whitney "Wasp" engines of recent design. Because of their compactness, these F4B-5's are especially desirable for carrier work where space is an important item. With a length of slightly over 20 feet and a span of approximately 30 feet, these eighteen planes can be parked in a remarkably small area.

Except for tactical exercises or extended cruises, when squadron is on board the "Sara," the planes are based on North Island at the Naval Air Station. From here, all operationns including gunnery practices, squadron tactics, etc., are carried out. Each operating squadron in the Fleet tries to make as good a score as possible in the gunnery exercises and there is keen rivalry among the pilots of the squadrons in effort to raise the score of his own squadron.

Operations from the carrier are very interesting and for the young pilot, quite exciting. Carrier landings are not difficult and a good landing is surprisingly simple provided a good approach has been made. Night landings are more difficult because they are carried out with as few lights as possible and it is hard to make a smooth, steady approach in preparation for a landing. However, a good many night landings have been made and nearly all of the carrier pilots have qualified after sunset. To date, the writer has made 27 carrier landings, two of which have been at night.

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SAGAMORE

ol. XXXIX, No. 9 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 23, 1934 Subscription, One Dollar

OSTON NEWSPAPER MEN ADDRESS JOURNALISM CLASS

The fourth in a series of classes n journalism was held in Room 21, Wednesday, March 8, with Mr. merson Hunt, rewrite man of the oston Herald staff, as guest peaker. Mr. Hunt's experiences s reported for the Herald proved o be the theme of his talk, and nteresting sidelights on journalism s a career were brought forth. r. Hunt recalled some of the inide facts he uncovered while orking on the S-4 submarine disster, an assignment which lasted or several weeks. As on the ocasion of the previous class, March , when Mr. William Cloney, school ports writer of the Herald, spoke, n informal questioning period ollowed the talk. Newspaper en from other Boston papers are xpected to speak at these meetngs in the near future.

ENGLISH CLUB IS FORMED

The Brookline High School Engish Club was organized Thursday, arch fifteenth in the Fireplace oom. Norma Rathner was apointed temporary chairman, while iss Lewis and Miss Allen repreented the English Department. he purpose of the club was disussed and each one passed in a ritten suggestion concerning the urpose of the club. The meeting as adjourned at 2:45 P. M.

RED CROSS

From the $75.33 collected from he annual drive and the $84.25 rom the recent moving picture how, $1.00 has been spent for ckets and $20 for next years Journal and Courier." The folwing have been approved by Mr. inger, Miss Smith and the Home oom Representatives and are now bject to Mr. Caverly's approval.

. Service	$5.00
at'l Children's Fund	10.00
ye Glasses	60.00
ilk Fund	8.58
elegate to Wash. Conven.	55.00

SCHOLARSHIP
DRAMATICS
APRIL 6 AND 7
SAVE THESE DATES

GEOGRAPHY CLASSES TO HAVE EXHIBIT

By June first, the pupils of the Economic Geography classes will exhibit the projects they have completed in the last half year. This will consist of themes, maps, booklets, and materials relating to such topics as the whaling industry, conservation, forest ranges, great inventors, transportation in all its phases, communication, radio, gold, textiles, and many others. Each pupil, to the number of 125, will be represented in the exhibit. Materials for illustration have been collected by the pupils, while some have been presented. Recently, a cotton spinning exhibit was donated by Mr. Friedman, father of one of our Roberts House girls. Because of the work and time involved, the exhibit is sure to be both enlightening and interesting.

A PREVIEW OF DRAMATICS

As you have probably guessed by the title the scholarship dramatics play to be given April 6th and 7th is a melodrama of the 1890's. The heroine, Nell Stanley, an innocent country girl, is played by Martha Turner. Kempton Field is the despicable villain Richard Murgatroyd, who catches Nellie in his toils. John Dalton, the courageous, honest hero with hayseed in his hair, is played by Jerome Grossman. Murgatroyd's assistant in crime is Slade, the part being taken by Myron Wallace. Norman Hunt enacts the role of Nellie's father. Her sister Barbara is characterized by Norma Green. The part of Tommy is taken by Dexter Hyman. Lizzie the maid is played by Peggy Bennet.

Miss Hannon has made a very good selection in the type of play, in view of the fact that the melodrama is going through a very popular revival in the theatrical world. The first and third acts take place in a simple room in a country farmhouse. The second act shows a saloon in the Bowery. there are several specialty num-

(Continued on Page 8)

We are to announce that if the above list is approved by Mr. Caverly, the Jr. delegate to the Annual Convention will be Myron Cohen of the class of '35.

FIRST ELECTION OF HOUSE OFFICERS AT BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

OUTSTANDING RESULTS

PRESIDENTS PLOTKIN, FORD, BLACKWOOD AND O'HEARN

There have been many class officials since the founding of the High School, but those recently elected hold the distinction of being the first House officers in the school's history. Under the new plan, each group of officers not only manages the affairs of its own class or house, but is also a part of the House council which binds in closer unity the entire student government.

Returns from the Senior House votes show that Theodore Plotkins is President, Jean Leslie is Vice-President, La Reine Gardner is secretary and Frank Taylor holds the harrowing job of Keeper of the Purse.

The Packard House Juniors elected Philip Ford, President; Charles Kerins, Vice-President; Janet Dubinsky, Secretary; and Leon Rogers, Treasurer.

Shailer House voted John Blackwood, President; Mildred Murphy, Vice-President; Margaret Bennett, Secretary; and John McEvoy Treasurer.

The Roberts House Freshmen elections were naturally of great interest to a curious school, as they prophesy, in a way, the future of the Class of '38. William O'Hearn is the President, Pauline Miller, the Vice-President, Robert Kornfeld, the Secretary and Leon Hartstone, the Treasurer.

GIRLS' CLUBS CONFERENCE

The Girls' League of the Brookline High School entertained representatives of the girls' club of greater Boston at a luncheon conference which was given on Saturday, March 17, for the purpose of discussing the girls' activities in the various schools.

Members of the reception committee escorted the visitors through the school and showed them many places of interest. The girls gathered in the Girls' League Room. They played ping-pong, looked about the room, and became acquainted.

Luncheon was served at 1.30 P. M. in the lunchroom. Two Brookline girls and six other girls, each one representing a different school, sat at a table.

The conference took place in the Girls' League Room immediately after the luncheon. Jean Leslie presided. The Girls' League orchestra played two selections. A member from each delegation spoke about the beneficial and social affairs for the girls at her particular school. The following high schools were represented at the Girls' Club Conference: Arlington, Belmont,, Brighton, Brookline, Framingham, Girls' High, Medford, Melrose, Milton, Quincy, Roxbury Memorial, and Watertown.

PACKARD HOUSE GIRLS ENTERTAIN

The Packard House tea, which takes place Friday, March 23rd, in the Girls' League Room, is mainly for the purpose of furthering the acquaintance between parents and teachers, and between pupils and teachers. The program planned for the afternoon's entertainment is as follows:

Girls' League Orchestra
Mr. Ringer—"How the House Plan Will Affect B. H. S."
Miss Sawyer—"How the House Plan Will Affect the Girls' League."
Sylvia Robinson—Piano Solo
Mr. Corcoran — "Problems and Interests."

NEW HOUSE OFFICERS MEET

The first definite meeting of the newly-elected house officers was held in the faculty room Monday afternoon, March 19. Mr. Ringer, addressing the group, brought forth the essential points in the proposed house organizatoin and solicited the aid of the officers in carrying out the plans. Class mottoes, colors and songs were suggested, all part of the progressive program. Individual House Council meetings will be held in the near future and will take the primary steps in completing the project.

ROVER

Rover hopes you enjoyed the tour of the underworld in last issue. This time he has something new to offer. As you have probably noticed, Rover is a person with a great many strange ideas. He has concocted a few wild ideas, perhaps a bit impractical, but at the same time they may be interesting.

Rover heard about the method used in some big companies for swift, short distance traveling. He saw a picture of the roller-skate girls. Now he really thinks that this would be a great improvement over the present mode of travel in the corridors of the High School. Every one would simply carry his roller-skates to school and once inside could glide and skim to his heart's delight. Just fancy flying down that grade between the old and new buildings! This might necessitate the invention of "motor-skates" for the marshals...but that wouldn't be much trouble. (Rover's imagination is running wild with pictures of the "elders" on skates). With this wonderful improvement, circular ramps would have to be built, with tractor type railings, in place of the present stairs. Then too, in the winter it would be fine if they should lay an inch or two of ice in the corridors for ice-skating. As it would be quite cold, the teachers could drag forth their forgotten mufflers and red flannels.

Now Rover thinks that it would be a remarkable improvement to the school if "automats" should be introduced in the lunchroom. All the hungry student would have to do would be to insert his nickel and, presto, forth comes a ham sandwich or a bowl of soup. There would be no more endless waiting in line. No more fussing with tickets.

Some one should formulate a "subject pill" for quick consumption of knowledge. For instance, Rover would go up to the doctor and request an "American History Pill." The doctor would hand Rover the pill in question and a glass of castor oil with which to take it down...the latter simply for effect, so that he won't think he's getting something for nothing. And Rover, with many a wry face and fish-like gasp, would down the pill, to find that he is a wonder at American history.

Rover has one that would be a fine aid to the frantic teacher. When John is raising a rumpus in

Continued from Page 7

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

EXPOSURE

The captain of our group of corridor clutterer-ups...B. Meyer Litman...came to Brookline...from Dorchester...to attend the first grade...at Devotion's halls of learning...his grey optics. . two football letters....an Alpha Pi pin...Judy Cohen...and his golden hair...are some the things most prominent among his likings...this five foot ten and one quarter inch youth...although he's 16 years old...and weighs about 170...still nibbles on the nails at the ends of his digits...wants to matriculate at Harvard . and continues to eat spinach...and with gusto at that...one. two and three...correspond respectively to the number of years he has been a member of...the Teachers-Student Council...Court of Justice...and the Marshal force ...Dec. 3 marks the anniversary of his advent into this muddled world...while his membership in both...the French and German clubs....indicates the fact that 3 or 4 hours of study a night...makes him a pretty good student ...although he entertains aversions to debates...Salk's puns and milk...as well as to some of his fraternity brothers...Bert is, nevertheless, President of Alpha Mu Beta...an organization of some sort or another...this spring ...he'll be out there on the diamond...doing his best to earn a letter to go along with...the track one he has recently acquired...both will, in turn, go along...to Miss J. Summers are spent at Mr. Hine's camp...to which he hopes to return again...following graduation...tinkering with cameras...while earfulling the music of Fred Waring...and the original wit of Eddie "Banjoeyes" Cantor...compose his pet hobbies....but he has another reason for listening to Cantor...he wants to know what cracks Laurie Daniels is going to pull during the following week...Bert speaking:..."Ah! to be a biochemist"...he always enjoys a History class...the reason we know well enuf...if you want to locate Bert any Sat. nite...either drop in at Addington Road...or drive over to the Dutchland Farm's stand...he'll be the one eating the hot-dog...Elissa Landi is O.K. by him...how's by you? ...Bert again speaking:..."The Ressy is too cold for me"...he knows from nutting...huh, Tod?

MYSTOGRAM

The answer to last week's mystogram: It was said that the blood was on the front of his pajamas and on the under side of the upper sheet. Yet the blankets were wrapped tightly about the man's neck. From this it was evident that it was murder as with the sheets wrapped about the neck the blood could not possibly get to his pajamas and the upper sheet.)

Miles Warner got to the old house at about two in the afternoon of the day after the robbery. Twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds had been taken from the safe in the living room. He was met at the door by the owner of the stolen property himself.

"Mr. Warner?" the old, rather bent man asked.

"Yes."

He showed Warner the scene of the robbery. It was an ordinary room, of a mid-Victorian cast, and the safe, in one corner behind a curtain, was lying open.

"Who was in the house with you last night?" asked Miles.

"Only the housekeeper and a gentleman from England."

"How did you happen to know this man?"

"Why I met him on the boat coming from Europe, and asked him to come over and see me when he could. He came last night."

"Is he here now?"

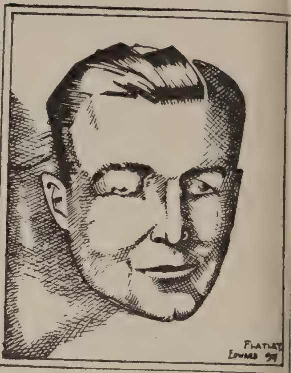
"Why yes, I'll call him."

When the man came into the living room, Miles was struck by his strange appearance. He was tall and cadaverous, with deep-set eyes and an iron-grey, Vandyke beard.

"Would you please tell what happened last night as far as you know?"

"Certainly. I was seated at dinner at about eight o'clock with my host, when, while we were in the midst of our dessert, we heard the sound of breaking glass in the living room. Being slightly the younger, I ran into the living room first. As I entered I fell over a chair and gave myself the nasty bruise you see on my face. It was

RED PENCIL



Mr. Gifford. our sub-master, ha favored the readers of the Saga more with a glimpse of his out side interests.

He attended Moses Brow School, and Rhode Island Stat College where he was captain o the 1924 football team. He receiv ed his Master of Arts degree a Harvard, and in 1931 landed at B H. S.

Generally speaking his interes lies in athletics, but his hobby s he tells us, is his family. He i especially interested in the trac team, which he accompanies t meets.

Once a medal, which Mr. Gifford had won in a shot puttin contest, was lost or stolen. Sometime later it was found by a youn sports reporter of the Boston Herald namely Mr. Cloney, who wa at the time (and is now) doin practice teaching here at B. H. S Having discovered that the meda had been won by an individua named W. Gifford, he set out i search of the owner. Newspape files and telephone books wer searched. At last he located a W Gifford listed in the telephone di rectory, and called him up on th chance that he might be the sam one. Imagine Mr. Cloney's surpris when he learned that the man wh answered the telephone was no only the rightful owner of th medal, but also the sub-master o the very school in which he himself was teaching!

Summing this up, we find tha Mr. Gifford likes his work, athletics, and his family; and that in judging the conduct of boys i school, he usually manages to remember the days when he himsel was a boy.

THE GIRL BY THE GATE

By Charles Osgood

The man was led, unprotesting, the wall where he was forced to is knees. He saw the squad, his ecutioners, wheel into a thin raight line a few yards in front him.

If he hadn't agreed to spy work . . .

The officer came over to him.

"Is there any wish you have be- re your execution?"

The man let his eyes wander a inute over the landscape. War- rn territory this. Yet it was the rth and sometime it would be een again . . .

"May I take it standing?"

"As you wish. Is that all?"

"Yes."

The officer drew a handkerchief om his pocket and started fold- g it to the proper shape.

The man breathed easily, yet eply, taking in to his being the veet air of the world. He saw a nall bird on a blackened branch. ehind him he felt the broken alls of the church The sky ove was a clear, unbroken blue. e felt that the sky was close to m, somehow. It was closer than ual; much closer. It didn't seem ght that a man should have to e on a day like this.

He realized then how much life eant.

The officer placed the handker- ief over his eyes and stood be- nd him, tying it. The sight of e living world was shut out. He uld still feel it, though.

He inhaled deeply.

The officer was walking back to e squad and it would soon be er. He felt that so much would over; done with. He was glad at it would be quick. It was tter than being wounded in the enches and lying half-dead for ys. Yes, they wouldn't miss, ose men with the long rifles.

"Ready!"

He heard the click of heels and haled with shuddering gasps. He nted time to review his whole e in his mind. There wasn't ne for that, he thought.

He saw his little girl, his wife, nding there by the gate. A m little girl with softly glow- , golden hair. She had her hands the post; it was a white post. always recalled her in this y. He could see her in other ces but the picture of her by gate was always the clearest remembered how carefully he d painted that gate.

She had stood there like that en he had left for the war; her all, clenched hands tightly hold- the post. How bravely she had smiled up at him, through tear-filled eyes. He had glanced back at her from a way down the road . . . and waved. Her little, toy-like figure, standing there by the gate, now far away, he would always carry with him . . . if he could. He hoped he could. He didn't want to lose . .. .

"Aim!"

God! He had so many things to think of and the time was so short. Aim. The next would be fire! He hoped fervently that they wouldn't hit him in the eyes.

His little girl liked to sit quietly and look into his eyes.

God, no; not in the eyes. Anywhere else it would be all right. He hoped that they would let her know that he had died in the highest service . . . and paid the penalty in full.

Then, suddenly, he felt the immensity of creation. It came flooding into him; expanding him. She was very clear now. Her blue eyes were shining. The earth, the sky, and his little girl blended into one picture of beauty. The ecstasy of the picture throbbed through him. It was like waves of fire, pulsing through him, over him, all around him!

She was opening her arms to him; her soft, warm lips parted.

Had the bullets been fired? He felt so far away and . . . no, he could still feel the rough stones of the wall behind him. The wall was expanding too. It was all right. Death would be sweet with her looking at him, waiting for him.

"Fire!"

She moved closer and held his hot, flushed face in her cool hands. She was looking into his eyes. She loved to look into his eyes.

The picture exploded, and then welled up again. He was in her cool arms . . .

The man fell away from the wall and onto the ground. The slight smile of contentment and peace was on his lips.

BOUGH OF WILDING

By Aaron Levine.

"Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand."
—Wordsworth.

The Story

Out of the book which opens to me,
Like a flower's lifting petals,
Comes a wealth of precious metals
Melted into a key for me.
A key to unlock the hidden door
To a thousand years of thought
Until now, by indifference caught,
A key to uncover the core—
Of wisdom...understanding,
The key....to even more.

* * *

Sleep

Sleep—
Strange and new,
As of the resting locomotive,
Relentlessly driven — but now aside,
Still—sleeping.
Sleep—
Not of the doped dreamer—
Of that heavy brain clot—
Dull, sodden...
No, I mean—
Sleep—
Sleep:
Strange and new,
As of the resting locomotive.

Eternity

Sky, you can't be painted blue enough!
Your shade too fair
Your clouds too white
Your sun too bright.
Sky, you can't be painted long enough!
Too crisp the air
Your thought too dear
Your sight too sheer
Sky, you can't be painted well enough!

* * *

The Other Side

The worms (dull, clammy creatures)
Many of them—pushing slimy bodies through the surface,
Through the good red earth—
Red as the blood—oozing under the heel.
An odor (dull clammy smells)
Repulsive—steaming up from the buds, the trees,
Into the air, the sticky air.
"I am...the resurrection...the life"—
I am it—
Spring.

THE VILLAGE OF DESPAIR

By Bertha Lubitz, '37

An appalling mystery had hung over the house of Fraling many years, but had been sealed by ominous silence. There had been foul rumors, hinting even murder. Andrew Fraling lived there, a desolate, uncommunicative man, aging rapidly and mourning a profound loss.

Andrew Fraling was now dying. He called his godson to him and told the lad the following story:

"She was dying; there was little doubt of it. Dr. Canby had given little hope when he left me, a few hours before, after staying nearly all the afternoon and doing all that he could. I felt that I shoud be better contented if I coud get the doctor to visit my mother once more. I hastily made ready to brave the wild night, and go to his house.

"After what seemed an hour of plunging through mud and water, soaked to the skin, I reached the doctor's. Bad news awaited me as Canby was rushing to see another very ill patient. Seeing how angry and disappointed I was, he substituted a nurse, that would do as much for my mother as she could he said.

"The doctor indicated a tall figure enveloped in a dark cape standing in the shadow. I glared at her, and at length discerned a girl, in whose face was the most tragic look that I had ever seen. The long cape she wore was wet and bedraggled with mud, as though she, too, had just come in from the rain, and she shivered as the wet garments swayed against her. Her eyes were large and luminous. There was something about them, from her first beseeching look, that always haunted me. It was a look of world-weariness, as though they knew of a secret burden that could never be shaken off and were peering into the unknown for relief. So keen evidently was her desire to help me that she stretched forth a hand in mute appeal. As she let her arm fall, my eyes were attracted by a heavy silk bag suspended from her wrist. For some reason, I would not take them from it at once; it fascinated me.

"'This,' said the doctor, 'is the daughter of John Williams, with whom I worked side by side in the clinic for years. Take her with you, Andrew, and I'll join you as soon as possible.'

"I nodded to the girl to follow me, and filled with terrible apprehension over this loss of time, I strode fiercely out into the night,

(Continued on page 7)

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THE EVILS OF THE MARKING SYSTEM

A few months ago there appeared an article in one of our daily papers with the headline, "All Marks to be Abolished at Newton." As one read further he discovered that in the lower grades of the Newton schools all monthly marks were to be abolished and that twice a year, once at the half-year and again at the end of the year, a written report was to be sent home giving the parent information in regard to the pupil's character, his willingness to work, his capability, and his attitude in the class-room. It is timely now that something should be said concerning the evils of the old marking system.

Let us first take the reaction of the pupil at school. In all High Schools there are three classes of pupils: brilliant pupils, average pupils, and pupils who can not be classed as anything except ignorant. Let us look at the reaction of each separate group. The reaction of the pupils in the brilliant group is rather more for the marking system than against it because the high marks they receive set them farther apart from the rest of their class into a group all their own. Yet if a school is to be joined into a group where all students are treated alike and all have the same work to do, this unity can not long endure if there are separate groups of students who hardly speak to each other except out of school. The reaction of the average student is far less perplexing than that of the other two. He is getting along well in his class and still enjoying the school life. He is not always studying to keep ahead of his colleagues nor is he studying day and night to keep up with the more brilliant boys. The reaction of the more ignorant pupils is far more perplexing. He works hard but yet does not get the good marks. He studies into the wee small hours of the morning but is unable to get the higher marks of his fellow classmates. After working hard all the year at school it is this type of pupil who is tempted to write "What Am I Struggling For?" His reaction toward school in general is "Oh 'heck', What's the use anyway," and this is not the attitude the school is trying to promote. We believe, also, that if marks were abolished there would be far less tendency to cheat among the pupils in the class room. As the marks now are, there is a tendency for one pupil to get help from another in order that he may get a passing mark, whereas if marks were abolished the tendency would be to get what one could by oneself.

Let us now take the reaction of the teacher at school. In a school where there is a marking system, such as there is at Brookline High; the teacher at the end of each month, makes out a mark to be put on the report card. This mark, although it is governed by what the pupil has done in the last few weeks, is the only way in which the teacher is able to designate how the pupil is standing in relation to his class. It is good for that one reason. We believe that if marks were abolished and the teacher, instead of sending home a report card with some letter on it, should write out a full report of the work done by the pupil, his attitude, his willingness and other characteristics of the student, this would give the parent at home a much clearer understanding of the pupil. Although the teacher would have much more work in writing out these reports, she would break through that "outer-shell" and would come much closer to the pupil. She would learn more of the student's "inside life" and would perhaps be able to help him with some of his troubles.

The reaction of the parent at home would be so different if marks were abolished. The student, when bringing home the report card, would no longer have fear of being punished, because the parent would not see just letters on the card but would see a written report of his child from which he could gain constructive information that would aid in talking to him and helping him in his work at school. The parent would also have to see and talk to the teacher and would in that way get even closer to his child through knowing his actions in school of which the parent is usually utterly ignorant.

In conclusion let us take briefly the reaction of the pupil, teacher, and parent, in a school where there is the regular A, B, C, D, E, marking system. The reaction of the pupil tends to cause a "wall" to grow up between the brighter and more ignorant boys, which is sometimes very hard to break down. To the teacher, the regular system of marking means nothing more nor less than a letter which designates where the pupil stands in relation to the rest of the class. With this system of marking the teacher learns nothing of the "inner-self of the pupil. To the parents the report card shows only letters which mean little to them and they do not understand how their child is progressing in school and therefore can give them no help. How much more efficient is the other marking system!!

DO YOUR PART!!!

On April sixth and seventh the Brookline High School Dramatic Club will present the melodrama "Gold In The Hills," in the high school auditorium, each performance to be followed by dancing. One of the outstanding events of the school year, the entire proceeds will be expended of the school year. The entire proceeds will be expended for scholarships, which are given to the deserving seniors who expect to enter college.

This well known melodrama by J. Frank Davis, contains several versatile male and female characters that will be ably interpreted by the cast. The proceeds in the past years have been approximately $1,000, and in order to reach this mark it is necessary to have a full house both evenings.

There is a home room representative in your room— GO TO HIM NOW, and get first choice seats.

B. H. S. FACULTY IN PRINT

Brookline High is very fortunate in having among its faculty a number of teachers who have published books that have added greatly to the prestige of our school. Of general interest to everybody is a volume by Mr. Snow, entitled "High School Prize Speaker," which deals with elocutionary selections that have taken prizes, honorable mentions, or have given interest to the program in the J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking which is a yearly event in our school. These selections cover a period of forty years of this time-featured event. "Tomorrow and Other Poems" by Miss Jones is constantly in demand at the Brookline Library. "America: Its History and People," is a text book for high school and colleges which has recently been published by Mr Kepner and Mr. Faulkner. Miss Barnard's many books on Money Management have more than a national reputation. Poems by Mr Harbour have been successfully set to music. Miss Adams has edited "Puebla de les Mujeres" by the Quinters Brothers; she has also compiled a book of Spanish poems which is used in Brooklin High. Mr. Packard has made a contribution to the field of scienc by publishing a laboratory manu for high school students entitled "Everyday Physics."

SPORT LEADERS

BOB RICHEY

Swimming

Now that the swimming season has closed...we can discuss...R. Graham Richey's...triumphs and memorable feats...the youngest member of a remarkable family of athletes...his sister is a member of All-American teams...of hockey and lacrosse...he has upheld the male end of the affair...by participation in football baseball and swimming...earning four letters in swimming...and two "B's" in football...along with freshman numerals...in baseball and football...although handicapped...by a leg that has broken twice...during his sojourn at B. H. S....once while wrestling in his first year here....and again while playing center vs. Quincy this past fall...he has been able to acquire...two N.E.A.A.U. swimming championships...the Junior 300 yard medley title in 1931...and the Junior 220 yard backstroke crown in '33...as well as...to make the Junior Medley record for a 25 yard course back in '31....although he's not yet 18...he reaches that age this June 24th...he has placed in 4 Senior New England Amateur Athletic Union Championships...to wit...the 300 yard medley...220 Backstroke...the Breaststroke for 440 yards...and the Fancy Diving...Bob, who's been captain for 2 years...hopes to wind up his athletic career...at U. of Michigan where the swimming & football aggregations....have few equals...you will have a chance to see Bob...dive and swim...once more this year...for on April 11...Michigan's undefeated swimming team...with their Olympic diving champ...among others...will meet...an all-star schoolboy group...composed of B. H. S. luminaries...and coached by good old Johnny Coutts...Bob's swimming tutor for the past 3 years...and so...we say...that's all there is...'til we write up...Capt. Max Van Dam...leader of our baseball outfit...in the next issue.

TRACK TEAM COMPETES IN BOWDOIN INTERSCHOLASTICS

The Brookline Track Team composed of Capt. Tod Plotkin, Leon Rogers, Bob Grenier, Charles Kerins, Bert Litman, Monroe Abels, Lawrence Anderson, Leonard Canner, Stanley Livingston, Howard Lewenstein, Allan Lipkin and Dave Farnsworth, accompanied by Messieurs Hines Gifford and Wells, as faculty members, journeyed to the Bowdoin interscholastics Friday afternoon as a reward for their excellent work this year.

Although the team as a whole gathered but 4 1-2 points, Mr. Hines was very much satisfied with the unexpected results.

Lawrence Anderson pulled a big surprise by running a well-planned race in the "600" to finish tie for fourth in the final, based on trial heat times. Charles Kerins and Bert Litman also did the unexpected by getting third and fourth respectively in the shot put. Both of these boys have improved in each meet and much credit is due them for their outstanding performances.

The biggest surprise of the day was the Brookline relay team composed of Rogers, Anderson, Livingston and Cauner turning in the fast time of 2.14 2-5 in defeating the schools in their race by a good 40 yards. Rogers, Grenier, and Livingston qualified in the semifinals but failed to reach the finals. The Chi Psi fraternity members made the team honorary "brothers" for two days and nights and treated them with exceptional kindness offering them meals and lodging.

HELP YOURSELF

By R. Frisch

Have you seen the article, "Burning Up Your Boyhood," written by Lawson Robertson, which appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post? Here is a story every athlete should try to read. It is not a sermon, but just common sense.

Mr. Robertson, well-known coach of American Olympic teams, with no grudge against his job pleads with the American boy that running at an early age is dangerous to his health in later years. He decrees absolutely no competitive running in grammar school or in high school before the senior year. During the first three years in high school, running and jumping would be all patient practice. A boy's pacing, heart-beat, and breathing, and the functioning of his vital organs would in time work in perfect rhythm. By the time he reaches college he would have the finest working machine ever grown on spikes.

Why kill yourself? It is a known fact that many stars of the track don't last after finishing college. What is the cause? Simply that they burned up their health. Give yourself a breathing spell. Trot the track.

BUTTON, BUTTON—WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

PLOTKIN BREAKS INDOOR STATE BROAD JUMP RECORD

Breaking the standing broad jump record as expected and taking third in the hurdles, Captain Theodore Plotkin scored seven of Brookline's nine points in the 17th annual State indoor meet, Saturday afternoon, at the Boston Garden, but his individual brilliancy was not sufficient to enable B. H. S. to retain the title in Class A. Led by its captain, Bob Lowery, Malden High School scored 26 points to dethrone Brookline. Watertown won the Class B title.

Plotkin was one of the four record-breakers in class A, while five new marks were established in Class B. Continuing the sensational leaping which has characterized his work this season giving him the world schoolboy record a week ago, Plotkin uncorked a jump of 10ft. 6in. in the State meet to surpass the former record of 10ft. 2in. Plotkin had previously shared the record with G. Scott of Boston English.

Plotkin won his heat in the 45-yard hurdles from Sloane of Newton in 6 seconds flat. In the semifinal he trailed Joe Powers of Lawrence. In the final, the order of finish was Lowery, Powers, Plotkin, and Hall. The time was 5 2-5, a fifth of a second behind the record.

Brookline's only single point winner, besides Plotkin, was Chas. Kerins, who finished fourth in the 12-pound shotput with a heave of 44ft. 11 7-8in.

Leon Rogers, Brookline's only man in the 50-yard dash, won his heat, but was eliminated in the semi-final by Edward Melik, of Lynn Classical. Melik took first place in the final, second going to Ira Jivelekian Malden; third to Moorfield Price, Boston English, and fourth, Robert Quigley, Newton.

With the aid of Melik's victory in the dash, Lynn Classical took third place with 10 5-6 points. Brockton was a close fourth with 10 1-3. Newton scored an even 10 for fifth place. Brookline finished sixth with 9 points.

Brookline's relay team, composed of Rogers, Anderson, Livingston, and Canner placed 9th to score Brookline's final point.

BROOKLINE PLACES SECOND IN MEEHAN MEET

RICHEY, KILMAN STAR

The Brookline High School swimming team traveled down to Pawtucket on Saturday March, 17, and in the 15th renewal of the Lt. George R. Meehan competitions, upset all predictions by nosing out Pawtucket High 15-13, for second place, while Providence Central High was winning with 34 points. By all "dope sheets" the team was accorded a third place, but largely through the efforts of Bob Richey, our natators came through on the top side of the upset.

Richey captured the dive with a score of 78.86, placed third in the 100 yard backstroke, and was on the relay team that finished second in the scoring only to Providence Central.

George Kilman, after placing second in his heat, placed second in the 100 yard free style to Chrostowski, who broke the world interscholastic record with a time of 53.4.

The relay team composed of Kilman, Richey, Landry and Sulkis performed beautifully and placed second to Providence Central and Chrostowski with a time of 1.45:2.

The team has shown considerable improvement this year and next year's prospects even without Richey, seem very bright.

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LUCKY OFF AND ON

By M. Hommelibre

Truly, last night had been a most chaotic occasion. With two expresses saved from disaster, and a freight-car burned to its frame, Flatleyton village was all excitement! not because of the freight-car, for that was to have been scrapped anyway, but because the expresses had been saved through the action of a nameless tramp. After having accomplished his deed of "life and death" as the newspaper put it, he had fainted from the strain on his nerves, putting the finishing touch to his heroism.

At the moment he was to be found in the railroad switch-office, dazedly unaware of his enviable popularity. To him the previous night was but a night-mare, its only proof of real existence being in his temporary presence in the office. And once again, to him this might be due to some freakish lapse of memory. In short, patient reader, our bewildered hero knew not where, why, or what he was, had been, and would be; a state of mind in which nothing is possible and all impossible.

So now we shall leave our "Living symbol of heroism," and bewilderment, totally at a loss for living, and journey but a short distance to the general-store of Flatleyton, where a large (comparatively so) crowd of countrymen is being addressed by the most audible and honorable mayor of Flatleyton, Mayor Sachs. "Fellowmen, I address you now for the execution of a most pleasant matter. A matter, I say, in which we should join in true co-operative spirit. No doubt, perchance, you have heard of the courageous, heroic action of a certain nameless benefactor—the man who, single-handed, flagged two trains in time to save the lives of countless (sincerity, if not truth) passengers. As Mayor of our noble village I have summoned you here to go with me to present to that benefactor The Key to the Ci...Village, our Good-will!" 'The murmuring of many voices,' the clapping of many hands, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward toward the switch-office, and they are on their way.

At the switch-office door Lucky is to be seen, vainly attempting to understand the night's successor. Slowly to his eustachian tubes is wafted the sound that a crowd makes in its approach... but to Lucky's conscience the sound is that of a silently ap-

(Continued on Page 7)

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

1	2		3	4		■	5	6	7		8	9
10		■	11		■	12	■	13		■	14	
15					16	■	17					
18		■		■	19	20		■		■	21	
22		23	■	24	■		■	25	■	26		
	■	27	28		29		30		31		■	
■	32	■	33			■	34			■	35	■
36	■	37				38				39	■	40
41	42		■		■		■		■	43	44	
45		■	46	■	47		48	■	49	■	50	
51				52		■	53	54				
55		■	56		■	57	■	58		■	59	
60						■	61					

HORIZONTAL

1. Our Master
5. Country in Europe
10. He (French)
11. Army Officer (abbreviated)
12. A Vowel
13. Word of Denial
14. An expression of Ed. Wynn
15. Science of Civil Government
17. Queerest
18. Kings Army (Abbreviated)
19. Tavern
21. East Indies (Abbreviated)
22. Brookline School (Abbreviated)
26. No. 4 (Vertical)
27. Monarch
32. Article
33. Catch fish in this
34. Prefix
35. A Vowel
37. Artifice
41. An obsolete language (Abbreviated)
43. Affirmative
45. Greatest country in the world
47. Girls name
50. Point of compass
51. Rude
53. Cook room of a vessel
55. Land measure
56. Man's nickname
57. This marks the spot
58. Article (French)
59. Personal Pronoun
60. The true (French)
61. When the girl proposes

VERTICAL

1. A teacher in High School
2. Homer wrote this
3. Talkative
4. And so forth
6. Finish—Aim in view
7. To be borne
8. Personal property
9. Take heed
16. Yes. (Spanish)
17. Preposition
20. Conjunction
23. Ocean liner (Abbreviated)
24. Each
25. Mournful song
26. Type measure
28. Canadian province (Abbreviated)
29. Greek letter
30. Poe's initials (Jumbled)
31. Expression of amazement (Slang)
36. More than one
37. Saint (Abbreviated)
38. Number
39. Possessive Pronoun
40. Head of Shailer House
42. Incorrect spelling, to guarantee
44. Foe
46. Road (Latin)
47. And (Latin)
48. No good (Slang)
49. Entreaty
52. Mountain in Greece
54. Fermented beverage

(Solution next week)

DUST

Hell-o everybody—Without any additional introductions I shall procede with the miscombubulations, so find a chair.

* * *

W. Ober was late for class the other day; he was detained in the office giving some advice to Mr. Ringer.

* * *

The only way that Stanley Brown's orchestra can get good chords is by buying balls of twine.

* * *

And they tell me that Brookline is supposed to be a rich town.... Fooey....In the gym every basket has a large hole in the bottom.

* * *

MIKE neither rides a bike
NORMAchine,
Butlikes to cut grass because
it's GREEN. (Ketch on?)

* * *

Q.—What is the best way to preserve pears and peaches?

A.—Don't eat the pears and don't tell your friends who the peaches are. (This joke ought to be canned).

* * *

Q.—Where is the quietest place in Brookline?

A.—The bowling alley on Harvard Street. You can hear a pin drop.

* * *

I named this poem "The End Of The Day"....See if you can find a better name for it—

Silence was her answer
As low she bowed her head,
She laid aside her Caesar,
And slowly crawled in bed.

* * *

Shirley M. dreamed that she died the other night and woke up from the heat.

* * *

Miss Deal came near being severely injured the other day....She collected some electrotype and when she was making the bundle she had several cuts in her hands.

* * *

Just learned that Lonaine Woods is saving dolls for her second childhood.

Concerning Wordsworth...."Well, sir, if you have seen a horse, I mean its head, sir, you may say you have seen Wordsworth; sir."
—William Hazlitt.

LUCKY OFF AND ON

Continued from Page 6

proaching posse! The excruciating memory of a burning freight-car flashes to his mind...and now in plain sight they came, fully thirty men. with an eager gleam in their eyes! Lucky whirled toward the stationary freight-cars, to lose his pursuers in the maze of cars, and crawling beneath the under-carriage of one of a number of cars loaded with corn, to lie there, shivering with remorse for the unintentional, but destructive, deed.

The next day ushered out the freight-cars and ushered in a front-page article in the village news to the effect that the unknown hero who had saved the two expresses was so modest that when presented with the key to the village, he had turned, and in his modesty, fled from the scene. An Unknown Hero!

THE VILLAGE OF DESPAIR

Continued from Page 3

hoping that I should find my mother alive.

"Soon the two lights from my mother's bedroom window were burning brightly. Old Nan still stood before the bed with hands clasped and eyes bent upon her mistress. I made a dash for the door, entirely forgetting my companion in my eager desire to reach the room upstairs and to learn the worst. When I turned at the door of the sick room, I was surprised to find the girl beside me. How she reached the landing so quickly and quietly, I never knew. Her large eyes were fastened on the scene before her, the wasted form with glowing cheeks and closed eyes, but a shadow against the snowy sheet, the rigid form of grief-stricken black Nan. She moved quickly toward the medicine table, with no sound save the dull swish of her soaked skirt.

"My mother did not die. Her recovery seemed something of a miracle. If brave, unmitigated diligence counted, then she owed it entirely to Muriel.

"One thing, however, I noted with growing alarm, as the weeks sped by; it was the vital place the girl had come to fill in my mother's life. She had become her life! Muriel would leave us occasionally, for a few days at a time, and just so long did my mother languish. I saw that eventually this girl must be persuaded to remain with us.

(To be concluded in next issue)

ROVER

(Continued from page 2)

the classroom, Mr. X asks him to step to the front of the desk. Mr. X presses an inconspicuous button somewhere and the miscreant drops into a smooth-sided shoot. At the other end of the shoot he is dumped neatly in front of the sub-master.

And why, asks Rover in positive irritation, in a world of such mechanical development, does the school have to rely on the morning notices for sending news about the school. With a microphone in the office and a loud-speaker in each room, the process would be absurdly simple. Something like this perhaps:

"R. R. Rover wanted at the office. R. R. Rover wanted at the office." Or then, at the end of the day in sweet, mellow tones:

"It's one-thirty, children, so you may run along home now."

And that's enough of this sort of thing until next issue.

"A certain number of fleas is good for a dog."

—Senator Bulow.

"Evil is so terrible because you cannot tell at the outset where it will end."

—J. V. Moldenhawer.

MYSTOGRAM

(Continued from page 2)

pitch dark, you see. Jumping hurriedly to my feet I sprang to the switch and put on the lights. Winston, who was right behind me, will verify my statements."

"Um....And why are the blinds on the window pulled to?"

Winston glanced at the window.

"We didn't want the cold air to get into the house."

Miles walked over to the light switch, that was, he found, behind the long drapes that hung about most of the room, and snapped it on.

"It's a trifle dark in here with out the lights on," he explained.

"Now," he continued, directing himself to the gentleman from England, "Suppose you tell me the truth about what you did in the time Winston was getting to the room."

THIS WAS RATHER SUDDEN. HOW DID WARNER KNOW HE WAS LYING?

"To those who take examinations too seriously, I would say that they are agreeable, pleasant episodes and not very important anyway."

—Virginia C. Gildersleeve.

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NOUS

He looked critically over the lunch-room. As she caught his eye and demurely blushed, he slyly winked. No! this isn't the beginning of a romance; it's only Bill Berman, the little drummer boy, up to his old tricks.

* * *

It's news around Shailer House that Sid Price, the Soph. wizard, plans to spend the summer vacation in Rome teaching the Pope advanced Latin.

* * *

"I don't think I'm going to like this opportunity class idea," muttered Stanley Livingston as he made his way through the throng about the Latin class.

* * *

Here's what Mr. Joslen has to put up with: Mr. Joslen—Warshaw how many times must I tell you to stay with the band and not go wandering all over the music. Harold Warshaw, meekly but firmly—It ain't me Mr. Joslen. It was the rest of the band. I was the only one in tune.

* * *

The town crier in the guise of Oary Rosen, proclaims that he finds life's tragedies in exams, reportcards, homework, hard-marking teachers and the attendance office. Nous agrees with him.

* * *

Pupils let hope rise in you. When Miss Hannon gets through with her Public Speaking classes, we'll be competent enough to get Midyears and Finals abolished.

* * *

"Gosh/ What a joint this is," groans "Ham and Eggs" McGinty, entering from a disastrous argument. "You don't get anything for nothing around here; you even have to fight for a black eye."

* * *

Last week the Sag received a letter saying that some of its columnists should be sent to a punitentiary. You Na-a-a—mean person.

DUST

Continued from Page 6

Bernard Brightman still thinks that the red lanterns which we see on the streets, burn red oil.

* * *

Dear Inquisitive: In answer to your question as to what kind of a worm I am, I wish to announce that I am a tape-worm; I work on the inside.

—The Woim.

TUXEDOS
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— and —
White

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The "Sagamore" wishes to acknowledge the typographical error in the advertisement of Read and White in the issue of March 9.

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DRAMATICS

(Continued from Page 1)

bers that are well worth seeing aside from the fact they are a part of the play. Virginia Stanislaus, a talented tap dancer, performs the role of Mamie, the queen of the Bowery. Christine Adams, as Miss Rose Robertson, sings with her usual skill. The team of Esther Shain, Esther Kelley, and David Rice also dance. It might be added that several of the characters burst forth into song in various parts of the play. Jerome Grossman's rendition of "Sweet Marie" will tear at your heartstrings. The visitors that come "slumming" to the Bowery: Mr. and Mrs. Vanderflop, their daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Glue are Lee Diamond, Ruth Kravitsky, Edith Levine, Robert Leslie and Francis Bowser. The bartender is Mike Cohen, and the three waiters are Bruce Ehrmann William Cheswell, and Leon Summers. The part of Kate is taken by Pearl Kaufman. The constable in the 1st act is Harold Cox.

"UN NOVIO ESPANOLE"

"A Spanish Lover" a one-act play, was presented by the Spanish Club on Monday the 19th of March. It was done with remarkable success considering the fact that there was only a week of rehearsal. Miss Adams and Miss Wood worked together as coaches. After the play the club enjoyed ice-cream and cake.

ANSWER TO BRAINTEASER

1 B	2 I	3 T	4 E
2 B	I	T	E
3 B	I	T	E
4 B	I	T	E

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SAGAMORE

ol. XXXIX, No. 10 | BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 6, 1934 | Subscription One Dollar

AGAMORE BEAUTY- INTELLIGENCE CONTEST

Is there an intelligent beauty in is school? This long debated uestion will be decided by THE AGAMORE. We are going to mpile a list of the ten most eautiful girls in the school. All n will be given an intelligence st in the SAGAMORE room. he test will be based on points interest pertaining to Brookline nd its High School. The answers most of these questions have en printed in past SAGAMORES. ever before has such an opporinity been offered to the underaduates. We want you to help form our list. Make your sugstions to Irving J. Helman, 6; Aaron Levine, 126; or Sarah uman, 124, or place them in the x in the library. The preliminry list of ten will be published the next SAGAMORE.

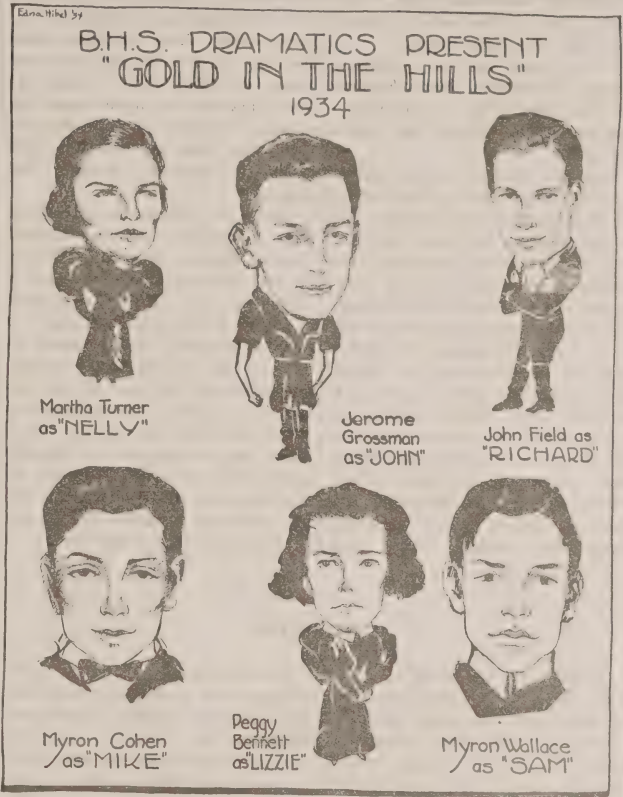
Are you beautiful and intellint? Well, see to it that your boy or this is purely a female const) friends give us your name. aybe you will be the lucky winr of the grand finale. That auty will be crowned "MISS AGAMORE," and will be given e first and only prize. Please member that we are not runng this contest from a jocular ndpoint but have purely appretive views in mind. Thank you.

PHA PI INITIATES EIGHTEEN NEW MEMBERS

ighteen new members were cted to membership in Alpha Pi, Honorary Society, on Wednes, March 28, at an impressive embly. The program opened h two short speeches, one by rma Nasmyth and one by Norn Hunt, in which they explained significance of the two Greek rds Arete and Prostasia for ich the letters Alpha and Pi nd. Members of the society, and new, then came on to the ge and were welcomed by the sident, Eliot Silverman. The nbers pledged themselves to up the standards of the society, ch were symbolized by a large trically illuminated emblem pended from above the stage. eys to membership in Alpha Pi e presented by Mr. Ringer to

Continued on Page 8

FIRST PRESENTATION OF "GOLD IN THE HILLS" TONIGHT



COACHED BY MISS HANNON

Martha Turner, Jerome Grossman, Kempton Field, Have Leading Roles

Tonight is the night! Yes, the long-awaited night, when the curtain, swinging apart at the magic hour of 8.00, reveals a scene transported from the Gay Mauve Age to delight the eye of the twentieth century. The anticipation not only of the audience but of the players and producers makes this moment one of sharp and tense excitement.

To Miss Hannon and Mr. Hammond, as coaches, this performance of the farcical melodrama, "Gold in the Hills," in its finished state, is final and, in a sense, mute testimony of the immeasurable time and energy and thought which they have contributed to the senior boys who look forward to its success, it is the possible fulfillment of their life-hopes and life-dreams. To those in the audience it is the satisfaction of their pent-up curiosity, and a smooth-running, rollicking entertainment. To the excited people behind the footlights—actors and stagehands alike—it is probably the ultimate Judgment Day.

What bustle and confusion is going on behind that curtain! In the blazing dressing-rooms above, ardent Thespians fasten themselves with trembling haste into costumes of the decade; shouts for a lost shoe, an extra pin, a borrowed comb, pierce the din of preparation. Make-up men slap cold cream on the faces of your classmate and mine, pat on powder and rouge; daub ruby lips, trace arched eyebrows over mascara-fringed lashes, apply an occasional glossy moustache—and they emerge, gentleman or "gent," lady or "lidy," of a vanished but resplendent era.

Stage-hands are shifting and placing scenery, property-manager and electrician make ready for the last minute warning . . .

Outside, candy-girls thread their way in and out of the crowd of onlookers and ushers which presses in the aisles . . . here to view the Opening Night, gala night . . . seats are being found and a deafening clamor of conversation . . . wraps removed . . . necks

Continued on Page 8

JUDGES IN SAGAMORE CONTEST ARE CHOSEN

Best Editorials Added to Contest

Four members of the Faculty have been chosen to act as judges in the big Sagamore contest that it to end on May first. Care was taken by the editors and by the faculty advisors to include teachers other than those in the English Department. Mr. Snow, head of the Latin Department, has agreed to evaluate the works that are tendered to him. Miss Spaulding, head of the English Department, as in the contest held last year, is going to officiate. Mr. Newsome , of the English Department, who also was a judge in last year's contest, will give his services. Miss Parker, head of the Art Department, will be the judge of the printable pictures, but will also help in the other contests.

(Continued on page 8)

FIRST BASEBALL MEETING

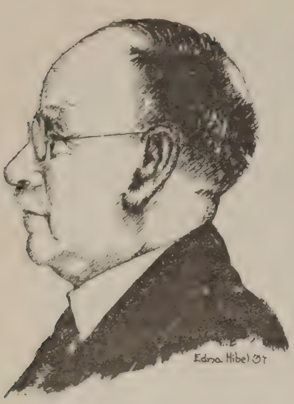
On March 26 the first baseball meeting of the year was called by the coaches, in order that the candidates might receive instructions concerning the undertaking of the coming season.

Mr. Hines very definitely stated the training rules, and regulations of competition in sports at B. H. S. He particularly stressed the penalty for violation of eligibility rules, and for infraction of training regulations.

The gathering was fully impressed of the importance of their adherence to the standards. The Red and Blue can be sure of having a fine group representing them on the diamond this year.

Mr. Fitzgerald then told of the opportunity of using Brookline Field both for practice and for games this year. He also said that with the nucleus of last year's veterans the team should be a potenial Suburban League champion.

RED PENCIL



Who, of the Sagamore's readers, does not know Mr. John C. Packard, the distinguished teacher of science for whom our new building and laboratories were named? Yet, the purpose of this column is to acquaint you with his interests and ideas which otherwise his pupils would not discover.

Mr. Packard believes that the three most important fundamentals are (1) the existence of God and man's communication with him, (2) the Bible, (3) the teachings of Jesus Christ.

He says that God is everywhere. How do we know it? — Just because we feel it and know it must be. Mr. Packard compares the God of our universe with that wonderful invention, the wireless. When a ship is lost on a stormy sea, perhaps in the dead of night, the man at the wireless can communicate with another ship or country and in a few minutes know the ship's location and what course to follow. No wires are connected, those who succor are not present and yet the ship in distress is saved. In like manner, a man in distress may communicate indirectly with God and be relieved.

Mr. Packard sees a clear and wonderous connection between science and religion. The remarkable construction of the tiniest microscopic animal and the steady function of their delicate parts certainly must be attributed to a higher, more powerful force.

He enjoys reading both scientific books and good, adventure novels. Writing scientific articles for magazines also occupies some of his time. At present he is writing a descriptive article about our laboratories with drawings of them. This is to be sent to a Western magazine.

(Continued from Page 7)

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

A TRIP TO NECCO

You have little perception of mass production typical of industrial progress, unless you visit a large factory where the proverbial factory conditions exist. Recently some of the history classes have had this opportunity.

Let us take you on a journey through the Necco Candy Factory in Cambridge where so many delicacies which delight the tooth are made.

Imagine yourself going up in the elevator to the top floor where all the syrups and coatings are cooked. Here we look into the vast copper vats containing the boiling syrups which, when cooked sufficiently, pass down through the many pipes to the floor below. It is very interesting to watch one kind of syrup as it is poured on long wooden tables to cool. After the sweet liquid hardens to some extent, a laborer with the aid of an iron bar folds the sticky mass repeatedly in order to distribute evenly the flavoring and coloring matter, added while the candy was cooling. It is later made into molds for the final product.

Next we view the many plaster of Paris molds for the fillers of chocolates. These are sprinkled with cornstarch to prevent the sugary mass from sticking when they are passed through the machine for filling them. They are then placed in the drying room for a period of three to four days after which they are coated with chocolate, prior to packing for shipment.

Then we become interested in Necco wafers by the bushel! Creamy fondue, previously flavored and colored, is poured into a funnel-like bin. This passes down between rollers which flatten it out for cutting. As it passes along on the oilcloth belt, hundreds of wafers are cut out at one motion of the press. The wafers continue through the drying shaft while the residue of the mixture returns to repeat the process. In this way very little is wasted. After sufficient hardening, great

(Continued on Page three)

MYSTOGRAM

(Answer to last week's mystogram: The visitor's story was that he had heard the noise and had rushed into the room which was dark. He said he'd fallen over a chair and rising hastily to his feet, had run to the light switch and put it on. Miles found the light switch was behind a drape. If this was the man's first time in the house he couldn't possibly know exactly where the switch was, or have found it before the other man came into the room. Now see if you can solve this one.)

Miles sat, tense, in the front seat of Connelly's police car, with his poker pipe clutched in one of his hands. The other hand was grasping the side of the car.

"This is the biggest thing in years," Sergeant Connelly was saying. "Old Man Gorgan, for all his "jack" has just killed himself. He shot himself right through the heart."

"There are a lot of people who wanted to see him dead," Miles said. "He is said to have ruined hundreds."

"We'll soon see," answered the sergeant, as he drew up before a spacious mansion.

The deceased man's butler showed them into a room on the ground floor, Gorgan's office. Gorgan was lying on the floor, to which it appeared as though he had fallen from a chair before a desk. A box of expensive cigars was on the top of the desk, as were several pencils, pens and papers.

"Suppose you tell us all you know," Connelly directed the butler, whom the death of his master had struck a heavy blow.

"He came home early yesterday afternoon, Sir, and went right into this room, leaving me orders to let no one disturb him. I didn't see anything of him all night or this morning, until I went to see if he wanted anything to eat. I knocked and knocked on his door . . . the poor man didn't answer . . . he couldn't answer. I became so nervous that I peeked in at the key hole . . . and saw the master slumped like this on the floor." "Well?"

"Well . . . the door was locked from the inside so I had to break down the door. I saw at once that he was dead . . . killed by his own hand poor fellow . . . and

(Continued on Page 7)

ROVER

Rover supposes that you noticed the change in ideas in last issue. He has been doing some heavy cogitation during the last week to find some more novel ideas in the deep recesses of grey matter. Rover has some of that you know. Perhaps, if you think you would like some of these to be put to use, you can make up a petition.

Now you all know that there is an ink well, or at least a hole for one, at the right hand side of every desk. On the other side they could put a miniature, one-man, drinking fountain. This would relieve the student from the necessity of going out every-so-often for a drink. Simply press a button and you have a nice cool drink. Or better still if they could run two or three fountains to each desk; one for water, one for chocolate milkshake, and one for beer (in senior rooms only.)

There are four or five fellows in the lunchroom that do nothing more than sell tickets. Rover asks their forgiveness, for, if his plans should come about, they would be without a job. Just think how much easier it would be to have the tickets in slot machines. Then, also, instead of piling up the dishes it would be simply fine to put them on a moving belt and have them sent to the kitchen in that manner. This would put the "Busboys" out of work.

Rover has found that there is a great lack of efficiency in this school. Why does the entire mass of the students have to move about when it would be so much easier to have the teachers do the walking? Eighteen hundred people rushing about when it could be done by about seventy!

Now, with spring on the way (we hope) there ought to be a great change made in the rooms. They should have been made convertible in the first place. As soon as the warm weather shows up, the rooms ought to be converted into swimming pools. Then the students could enjoy all the comforts of the sea-shore while they study their Latin. Sand could be transported to the rooms; rubber doughnuts could be furnished; and glass roofs even could be made. Rover has an inkling that such a radical change would be scorned and scoffed at by the School Board.

Along with this swimming pool arrangement someone would have to invent a kind of rubber composition paper. Mr. X, in the midst of a high dive:

(Continued on Page 7)

MAY NIGHT

By Harriet Nye

am listening to the haunting
ody of Palmgren's "May
ht." Through the open window
vafted the thick, heavy scent
ilacs and syringa in full bloom.
ong white path stretches from
window itself — — moonlight.
vly a spell is cast over me. The
ty appearance of the large
ic room melts into the dark-
and in its place appears an
birch road. It is spring in the
kshires, — a cool moonlight
t. I am spending my last days
Adams enjoying them to the
ost and the best way to do
has seemed, to me, to go
e-back riding over a winding
try road.

ne woodthrush has poured his
flute-like notes from a deep
ket; only the chirping of the
kets and the croaking of the
s in a pond, hidden nearby,
ks the stillness of the evening.
range dark patterns are cast
the road as the white moon
es through the tender, new
es of trees. There is a soft
ing movement over the road-
grass as an occasional breeze
es by.

ne horse is in a spirited mood
I can feel a slight tugging at
reins as he trots over the road.
hard to believe that now is the
time that I will ever pass ov-
this old familiar lane. The
ly swaying branches seem to
ss me and beckon me to stay.
use as I approach an old land-
, a gray, weather-beaten
-grown house, seemingly un-
pied. But through one small
ow a tiny beam of light shines
a kerosene lamp, and outlin-
the dim glow is the profile
old man. All these I look up-
nd smile, clinging to each bit
dams, striving to imprint its
ow upon my memory for the
to come. — Suddenly, break-
he power of my hidden emo-
the horse whinnies and is
to be off. I turn and letting
eins out, I gallop off towards
ew shining lights in the dis-
. But as I start, the narrow
suddenly fades into nothing,
ights disappear and into my
iousness breaks the last mel-
ly chord of Palmgren's "May
."

ST— in room 315: One black
earl striped Parker Vacuum
ain pen. Please return to
B-4.

BOUGH OF WILDING

By Aaron Levine

—"Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand,
As at that moment with a bough
Of wilding in his hand"—
WORDSWORTH

THE MOURNER

How ironic, not a thing is lost
In this dull cavern, this graveyard.
Six, once-living, lie under
The sodden earth, wet with tears;
This I know, or rather knew, till now,
For now, I can see through
Their heavy enbracings—
Worn and musty,
Corous bodies of sickening contour.
So gone, so old and strange.
And round those coffins,
Yes, of course, round and about them,
Those things,
Those comic worms.
Moving-wriggle by wriggle
Towards —? they're never hungry,
they.
Six, six people,
It keeps coming back, again, again.
Did I say — it?
I meant — they!
Of course — they!
Count them — one, two, three,
That one over there is four, and five, and six—
Six, Six,
Styx, Styx—
Come Charon
Furl the sail,
Launch the boat,
Here are six — more.
Count them — one, two, three,
Mother four, father five, brother six—
Go ahead! Count them!
SIX! SIX! SIX!

AN ORIENTAL GARDEN

Moon, stars,
And the spark of a crystal glass.
The tuned smell of the tuberose,
Mossrosebud and myrtle.
Awake,
Coral maiden,
Flower of bee's endeavor.
Spiral the voice of Pan's sweet, watered-shoot.
Clamber the trellis,
The garden wall.
Soft, low, medium and high—
Soft and low,
Oriental garden.

THE VILLAGE OF DESPAIR

Continued from last issue

"As I said, on the night I first saw Muriel some deep mystery seemed to envelope her in a cloak of sadness. It shone from the depths of her great dream and forbade the outsider to intrude. That was the point that troubled mother and me; we felt that we must always remain outsiders. The girl was battling with some monster; I could see that some closely-veiled sorrow was gnawing at her heart. Strangely, these signs of distress, which were especially apparent by day, were in a measure dissipated at night when she joined mother and me at the fireside. She left us at tea weary and sad, but always joined us again in buoyant spirits, as though she now saw before her a renewed aspect of life.

"It was in this elevated mood that Muriel introduced beautiful Arden to us, and a new chapter in our lives was opened. By day we lived here on our little farm; but at night we dwelt at Arden. That village behind the hill became ours, indeed; Muriel's friends, our friends.

"We sat around the great fireplace one evening, the ruddy glow sharply lighting mother's wrinkled features and showing softly in Muriel's great eyes. Suddenly an idea had come to me—tremendous and so simple! It was merely a plan to keep Muriel with us always. Time must pass until it should become ripe enough in my mind to pluck.

"At length, one afternoon Muriel had been with us barely a month when I found her alone in the garden. As I approached her, the thought of all that depended on her answer oppressed me with a horrible dread. She, too, seemed to scent an impending crisis from my manner, and received me with mute alarm instead of her usual gentle greeting.

"'Muriel—you must not leave us; you must not—it would kill mother! Muriel, I want you to become my wife.'

"'Dear, dear Andrew,' I trembled at the significant words, 'if my heart and soul were my own, I should this moment be the happiest woman in the world! but to take things as they are, your words have made me the most miserable woman.'

"That night she went away to the village of Arden. She had often spoken of the hard-hearted young man next door. My jealous heart began to wrestle with sinister thoughts.

"She returned the next day wtih sparkling eyes.

"Late one Friday night, a week after the garden scene, our usual evening by the fireside ended, and as I was ascending to my bedroom, the door of Muriel's room was thrown open, and the girl appeared. A wrap was thrown about her head and shoulders as if she had hastily prepared to go out of doors. Her hair was roughly disheveled; her eyes were patches of sodden dullness, which had in them the keenest lust of unappeased hunger that I ever saw; her lips were dry and cracked, and they moved constantly, forming one word which I could not catch. She rushed past me out into the night.

"She did not return that night. The next morning I set out for Arden. When I reached the top of the hill, peaceful meadows nourished by a narrow stream lay outspread. There was not a man-made thing in sight, there never had been! The village of Arden never was! Arden had become more than ever our Village of Despair, always hers, now ours as well.

"I put my hand to my eyes and mechanically scanned the scene with some hope of seeing a clue. Discouraged, I looked about the rock again and saw a fragment of black hanging on a jagged edge of rock. It was Muriel's silk bag, which I had never seen off her waist. With a feeling of dread of further revelations, I paused, before I thrust my hand into its depths. My trembling fingers came in contact with a cylinder of cold metal, together with a number of little vials. At length I drew some of them out. The vials all bore the single sinister word 'morphine'!"

Andrew closed his eyes and passed to a place where no mystery any longer enveloped him.

A TRIP TO NECCO

(continued from page two)

boxes of colored wafers are dumped into a moving trough. From this workers remove an equal number of wafers and wrap them.

You now have a picture of how a modern industrial plant expects efficiency from its employees as well as from its automatic devices. In fact, we wonder, despite the attention given to the human side of business today, if the workers themselves are not gradually being converted into machines.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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Managing Editors	CHARLES OSGOOD STUART GOLDENBERG
News Editors	SARAH CAUMAN IRVING HELMAN
Feature Editor	AARON LEVINE
Staff Artist	EDNA HIBEL
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UPON MAKING UP ONE'S MIND

Riches and power are not made in months nor in years. It takes "intestinal fortitude," power, wit, and the faculty of making a decision, which may be right or wrong. Shall we, in this "machine age," succumb so much to machinery that our bodies become mechanical? Life is love, honor, pride, glory, charity, and numerous other characteristics of the human being. In order to win the battle, decisions must be made, regardless of gain or loss.

Take Mr. Henry Ford, our great motor genius. If by some misfortune he should lose his vast wealth, would he be contented with poverty, scant clothing, meager meals, and all the other disappointments of the poor? Would he lie back, giving up hope, or would he go ahead, determined to regain his goal? It is the quality of decisiveness that makes or breaks a man or woman. "Where there's a will, there's a way"; and though the road be long and difficult, there is an end. Men who were conquerors and leaders of the world,—men like Napoleon, Washington, Alexander the Great,—were men who made up their minds to do something, and did it. The rule of the world may be the survival of the fittest, but everyone fits in somewhere. Are you the one who will lie back peacefully and wait for Fate to do a good turn, or will you push ahead, conquering obstacles, and finally rising to the top? In our present financial crisis, President Roosevelt did not expect others to do what was his duty, but went ahead and made up his mind to bring the country to its feet.

"Virtue is its own reward." Surely one who has determination, willingness, and truth in what he says and does, has an invaluable reward. Statesmen, politicians, athletes:—rich, poor, good, bad, strong, weak, honest, crooked,—every type of individual has had to make a decision, or he would not find himself in the state which he has attained. The decision may have been wrong, but, nevertheless, contrary to, or keeping with the issue, he was forced to judge. "He is a noble man that has made up his mind to do what he feels is right." "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

FAVORITISM?

The attitude of the teachers and pupils toward each other is, of course, one of the prime factors that must be taken into consideration in dealing with the progress of the pupils. There are two general classes of students: those that work with the teacher and those that work against. The average student works better with than against.

We often hear a remark such as "He's the teachers' pet," or "Miss X plays favorites." What is the cause of such remarks? There are several. Perhaps the most prominent is that the student who does not feel himself "in" with the teacher is jealous of the one that is. He realizes, dimly perhaps, that the teacher is of a somewhat larger intellect than he, and therefore that he would like, as a rule, a student who is intelligent enough to interest him. Then there are some who dislike their teachers because they fear the gulf between their mental powers; dislike their studies because they require time and mental struggle; and dislike the school as a whole because they don't feel themselves fitted for it. This type envies the others who are interested in their work and their teachers, because these others represent part of the system they dislike.

These students should realize that the teachers do not like a person solely because he has ability. The teacher likes a student mainly because he is agreeable and shows a good personality. It does not take great intelligence and brain power to have or build a fine personality. Some students may find it terribly hard to keep up with the work, but any student may acquire a pleasing manner.

Next we must consider the attitude of the more intelligent student. He, as a rule, is not interested in wheedling the teacher into giving him good marks, because he realizes that the teacher has had a great deal of experience with youth and therefore is immune to such devices. He finds himself drawn to the teacher by his desire to talk about intellectual things. He finds that his ideas, often, are much the same as the teacher's.

So . . . let us not condemn the student who is the favorite of some teacher. Teachers are, as a rule, good judges of character. Hence it follows that it is an honor to be considered a favorite of a teacher, because it means that the student has a pleasing personality.

POLLYANNA-UP-TO-DATE

The man—God rest his soul!—who coined the succint adage "Sweet are the uses of adversity" was the male of the pernicious Pollyanna species. It is immaterial now as to whether it was Aesop or Shakespeare; in this particular instance the poetic license which protects the Elizabethan playwright has no advantage over the Grecian slave. The culpable one—whoever he may be—was the first of an interminable number of jolly creatures who prattle brightly of silver linings to a despondent and weary world. Ninety-nine—nay, shall we be accurate? Ninety-nine and 44-100 in a hundred of these cheerful optimists are of that class which may be termed the more fortunate. To elaborate, Mr. X—not the mysterious Mr. X of due celebrity, but another, his second cousin—is wont to reassure a hard-hit neighbor that "it is an ill wind, etcetera," that "every cloud etecetera," and that, as mentioned above, "sweet are the uses etcetera," while Mr. X himself is perfectly secure in the knowledge of a warm home, an ample meal and a soft bed awaiting him. He and his fellow, Mr. Y, who represents the poor but gay, can do more to irritate and aggravate an already suffering world than any other known public enemy. Nothing more disheartening than a persistent eulogy of poverty's advantages, which serves only to increase the reality of struggle and the possibility of starvation. The girl who wears stockings which are nothing but darns in precarious patchwork, and a frowsy coat which will never more see 30; who scrimps to see her meagre pittance doled out to clamoring butcher and baker and candlestick-maker while her other needs and desires fade to fantastic visions, is not prone to see with a clear eye a "blessing" which adversity brings: "How much more precious," chorus our glad-boys, "is something for which one has striven."

This popular observation deserves the well-known if undignified "razzberry." One can hardly nourish oneself on expectations. Yes, the Pollyanna fellow gets on our nerves. Why can't he let us enjoy our misery in peace?

SPORTS LEADERS

La Reine Gardner

On May 28, 1916, in Mt. Clair, New Jersey, there was born a girl named La Reine Gardner who was destined to become a sportswoman of Brookline High School. She has lived in Brookline for nearly five years, three and a half of which she has spent at Brookline High, going out for most girl's sports as well as preparing for Wellesley. This year she is a senior, secretary of Senior House, and a member of Alphi Pi. She is captain of the Advanced Swmming Team of Senior House, as well as a guard of the Senior basketball team. In her four years at High School she has gone out for many sports; in her Freshman year she went out for track, baseball, basketball, captain ball and class day dancing, in which she took the part of a boy so that she could wear her gym bloomers instead of some "silly costume" that the girls wore.

In La Reine's Sophomore year she went out for track, baseball, basketball, captain ball, speed ball, gym team, archery and swmming. In her Junior year she went out for the same sports as in her Sophomore year. This year La Reine added hockey to her already long list of sports until she found out that she couldn't play hockey in the afternoon, go swimming at night and get her studying done, so she dropped hockey, much to the sorrow of the hockey team. She has joined the Brookline Women's Swimming Association, thus showing her fondness of swimming. She likes outdoor winter sports, skating especially. She thinks that boy's basketball is by far more interesting than girl's because there is more action to it.

During the last two summers she has spent her time at Camp Kiwanis in Western Massachusetts, where she has won a medal for swimming. She has another medal, a novice, a fifty yard swim free style. Next year, this coming summer, she is to be a swimming councilor at T-Ledge Camp. In the fall she hopes to enter Wellesley where she will spend five years. In that time she will major in sports, crew, fencing and basketball especially.

As well as being fond of sports she is an active worker for the Girl's League. In her Sophomore, junior and senior years she has been and is on the Advisory Council. This year is her second year as a marshal. Last year she was head marshal of Class Day.

(Continued on page 8)

THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1895

By Irving J. Helman

Now that the Interscholastic Track Meet is over we are all looking forward to the baseball season. All of us fellows, North, Hutchins, Belches, Aechtler, Seaver, Wise, Paulsen, and myself, went eagerly to the baseball field, and enlisted among the candidates. I say we were eager and I mean it, for there is no sense in trouncing about on a muddy diamond unless you feel some real desire to play ball. Last year we took a terrific shellacing from Newton and we were in a very bitter mood.

Despite the grand preliminary dispay only twenty-six fellows reported for the first practice. All our gang were readily assured a position on the team due to our last year's experience. We went about practice with a hard determination that Brookline would be represented by the best possible team. As I have said, our enthusiasm was not shared by the rest of the squad, and the number of players slowly dwindled down until, at last, only twelve remained. Everything was rolling along fine. We had twice defeated the Hopkinson's team, and by the large scores of 21-4 and 15-1.

Then the dreadful thing happened. The report cards were given out. We all met behind the school and I could see from the grave looks on the fellows' faces that they had bad news. The whole gang, except Parker and myself, had been put on probation. And what made it all the harder was that we could do nothing about it. When the old man says you can't play, well you just can't. Parker and I went to practice that day just to see what was going to happen. The rest of the squad (all five of them!) decided to go on playing. Consequently when we played English High we had to use two fellows who were not in the school. We lost 14-13, but I dare say if the rest of the gang could have played we would literally have won in a walk. Tired and weary we made our way home, each one endeavoring to console the others.

But what little consolation we had work up was shortly wiped away. The next issue of the school paper filled a lot of its space at the expense of the team. And to top that off the local wit (whom we boys call 'alf and 'alf) had published in his humor column the following item:

"Regulations Adopted by the Baseball Nine, April 31, 1895

(Continued on Page 8)

Give a Thought to the FUTURE

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LUCKY OFF AND ON

By M. Hommelib e

Down the dusty highway, over a bend of the hill, up-vale, down-vale, through pasture, stream, and rustic town, Lucky is as Lucky does. For hours on end days, weeks, years, Lucky's only occupation was to keep moving. Garbed in a new second-hand suit of overalls and coat, including a pair of stout, heavy boots between him and the earth, Lucky found himself equipped as satisfactorily as any uncustom-made suit could possibly make him. As for himself, he was thirty-six annums older, and one breakfast meal fuller, than when he first saw the light of a darkened room. For lucky was a parentless waif, brought up by a charitable organization till he reached the age of sixteen. when he left the home to meet the world. Now, twenty years after. he had attained the rank of home-baked philosopher, of nature. human and out-of-door. Again, he was a whittler by vocation and jack-knife, and upon this artistic flare of effort we now find him busily engaged. Perhaps first in this branch of the field, he carved as he walked. Experience had developed his efforts so that he could now walk, whistle, think, and in addition whittle, a wooden bridge spanning a rippling, laughing brook with delicate,graceful swans swimming therein. And so the hours passed, till at last, his piece completed, the odor of railroad station reached his pudgy, but keenly equipped nose. Better yet, almost, the burning mid-day sun shone benevolently upon a desire to eat. To the portals of Karpbury town he tramped, up to its only restaurant, Ye Carlesonne Cafe . . . and around to its kitchen door. There, with the ease born of experience, he exchanged his sculpture for a hashed-up meal . . . As he went out, a typically long-haired artist went in, to let the cook know what he thought of raw beef steak and hard potatoes. There on the stove, gazing serenely up at him, swam four swans under an old wood bridge . . . . Steak and potatoes forgotten, after an inquiry of the bewildered cook, he rushed from the kitchen in pursuit of Lucky. A man in coat and overalls was pushed from his way, a staring yokel . . . but what had the stammering cook said? . . . THAT MAN IN OVERALLS! Back he sped after the figure in the train-yard! There he was, and letting out a most unartistic whoop, the long-limbed

(Continued on Page 7)

DUST

Hell-o, girls (and boys) . . . . Drag up a chair and prepare to listen to the Worm.

* * *

At last it has been found out how Henry Myself Rosen broke his hand . . . He patted himself on the back too hard . . .

* * *

Have you ever heard the saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder?" — Yea, of somebody else . . . (Stick around her) . . .

* * *

The Editor of this collyum, being very modest, hates to admit that "this page" is the readers "first page."

* *

And you think that you're having all the tough luck . . . Over in Germany, one of the questions on the college board was: Mark an X if March is the third month of the year. That is one the boy'll have to be careful about . . . Hitler's probably changed the calendar around without telling anybody . . .

* * *

One of our Softymores (draw your own conclusions) has such a large mouth that he ought to be able to sing a duet . . .

* * *

Herbert Landsman doesn't like to play tennis because it can't be played without a racket . . .

I was planning to say something about LEONA MARX with a handsome boy but afterwards I found out it was her cousin-so there is still hope for us? . . .

* * *

Q—Why is a High-school girl like Einstein? ?

A—You can't understand Einstein either . . .

* * *

Norman Hunt is a great dog fancier . . . He thinks Jean Leslie's dogs are the best . . .

* * *

Some people have told me that as a poet I would make a good mechanic, but here goes another attempt assembling vocabulary . . Hark! Hark! Hark! I hear the cannons roar, Hark! Hark! Hark! the streets are clean no more, For it has rained, and rained, and rained, And now the streets are covered with — — — OH SLUSH.

* * *

After a recent estimation of diseases in Brookline, it has been found out that most of us have that common disease: No-Moneyia.

Jimmy Schaye swallowed a

* * *

sponge yesterday and now he is having a "swell" time.

B. B. THE WOIM

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1 R	2 I	N	3 G	4 E	R	■	5 G	6 E	7 R	M	8 A	9 N
10 I	L	■	11 L	T	■	12 I	■	13 N	O	■	14 S	O
15 C	I	V	I	C	16 S	■	17 O	D	D	E	S	T
18 K	A	■	B	■	19 I	20 N	N	■	E	■	21 E	I
22 E	D	23 S	■	24 E	■	O	■	25 D	■	26 E	T	C
R	■	27 S	28 O	V	29 E	R	30 E	I	31 G	N	■	E
■	32 A	■	33 N	E	T	■	34 P	R	E	■	34 I	■
36 P	■	37 S	T	R	A	38 T	A	G	E	39 M	■	40 S
41 L	A	T	■	Y	■	E	■	E	■	42 Y	43 E	A
44 U	S	■	45 I	■	46 A	N	47 N	■	48 P	■	49 N	W
50 R	U	S	T	51 I	C	■	52 G	53 A	L	L	E	Y
54 A	R	■	55 E	D	■	56 X	■	57 L	E	■	58 M	E
59 L	E	V	R	A	I	■	60 L	E	A	P	Y	R

It's Not Too Early

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necessary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it may be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesmen or canvassers to the school at the corner of Boylston and [illegible]ngton Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal,

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RED PENCIL

(Continued from Page two)

Mr. Packard has kindly submitted one of his favorite poems by Sam Foss which illustrates his belief: For success and happiness one must not lose sight of God.

"A boy was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky,
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
'Round which the circling planets fly.
"He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and plunged his little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.
"But, as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The cosmos widened in his view,
But God was lost among his stars.
"Another boy in lowly days,
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.
"As wider skies broke on his view,
God greatened in his growing mind
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.
"He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And, as the universe grew great,
He dreamed for it a greater God."

LUCKY OFF AND ON

Continued from Page 6

painter in black frock coat swooped down after Lucky' . . . From our hero's view of the situation, it was, a pursuing maniac with murder in his voice and appearance! Dodging 'round empty freight cars, with "death at his very heels," our hero sped for an out-bound car, whose trailer was just within grasp of his fugitive hands and body. A swing to the left, a shift of both feet, and he was on the rungs of the freight car out of range of the madman. Freedom! . . . Back at the yard, a lanky, dismal creature glared furiously at the disappearing car. "Fool!" he muttered, "Fool that you are, your carving worth a fortune, and from THAT you run!" While on the freight-car Lucky was thinking, "What a fool I was to have run from that madman; what I should have done was to call the sheriff!"

(To be continued)

THE GULF STREAM JR.

Just a line to let you know wer'e here again, and we're your foe.

* * *

Advice to the love-lorn:
Dear Stanley Livingstone:

Re your letter in which you asked us whether we would advise you to marry a beautiful girl or a smart girl, our sole response is that, since you have asked us, a beautiful girl could do better and a smart girl would know better.

* * *

This week's puzzle.

Why does Lorraine Wood wear a perpetual ankle bandage?

Foreman of the Jury — "How old are you, madame?"

Witness — "29".

Foreman — "Now, swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

* * *

Dialogue in a Married Men's Club.

Mr. Brown — "I'll have you know that I am the master in my house!"

Mr. Smith — "So am I, my wife is not home either."

* * *

There was a young girl from room 8;
For a choo-choo she had to wait.
But a feller yelled "porter",
And this kind of got her;
When she ran for her train, she was late.

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MYSTOGRAM

(continued from page two)

called the police."

"Your master smoked expensive cigars, didn't he?" spoke Miles Warner from near the desk, where he had noticed the box, and the ash tray nearby filled with cigar and cigarette stubs.

"Oh yes, Sir," replied the butler. "For as long as I'd been with him he smoked nothing but the best of cigars . . . wouldn't touch anything but the most expensive. I I brought that box into the room for him just the other day . . . yesterday, in fact. The housekeeped had just finished cleaning the room for him . . . and it looked so nice."

Miles wandered about the room, noticing that the window was unlocked. Then he turned to Connelly and said:

"Of course you think that it was murder as well as I, Sergeant."

"You said it, sir."

"Or, I think we should say, there is plenty of evidence that he could easily have been murdered."

WHAT ARE THE CLUES?

WHY IS THERE A GOOD CHANCE FOR MURDER?

(Answer in next issue)

ROVER

(Continued from Page two)

"Who wrote "The Tale of Two . blub blub?"

The answer would come from a certain Miss Y, lolling on a water horse, just as Mr. X playfully dumps her over into the water.

There should be a continuous moving picture show in progress in the auditorium, so when Rover has a free study period, he might find a seat at the show. They would have to show some Educational Comedies . . . and a reel of Micky Mouse every day. There would be a special freshman show every first period.

When Rover gets through with his remodeling process there will be no need of ever leaving school grounds. You'd have picture shows, personal bars and soda fountains, restaurants, swimming pools, skating in the winter, and, perhaps, we could get a landing field made on the roof. And so Rover leaves you for the week.

LIBRARY NOTES

It's a long time since your friend the Library has spoken to you through the Sagamore but in the meantime it has made itself known to the bigger world outside in 2 magazine articles. One is the annual news letter of the N. E. School Library Association, which contains an account of the Library Club conference held here last March. The other is an article by Mrs. Siebens herself, in the April number of "Young Wings," the publication of the Junior Literary Guild. It is the story of the Scott celebration, illustrated by a photograph, which was requested by Miss Ferris, the editor, some of whose books are in the library — "Girls Who Did," "Love Comes Riding," and "Adventure Waits." It is apt to mention at this point that the Wilson Bulletin has accepted for print the tableaux of "Alice In Bookland," written by Sarah Cauman in collaboration with Mrs. Siebens.

The Library staff has enjoyed two parties since the last appearance of this column. One was a Poverty Party on Tuesday, February 6, with Miss Allen and Miss O'Brien, as guests of the day, presiding over the whist and bridge tables. Members of the Chess club gave plenty of free advice to the junior librarians, and other groups were engrossed in various table games.

Tuesday, March 20, a Spring Party was given, at which Miss Hannon, the guest of honor, gave readings, and members of the Library staff read Lady Gregory's, "Workhouse Wards." Cakes and sweets brought by the girls displayed their culinary talents — or was it their mothers?

ALPHA PI

(Continued from page 1)

the following seniors and juniors: John Granfield, who had a total of 14 13/16 points; Richard Spears, 12¼ points; Robert Salk, 14⅞ points; Robert Kitsis, 9⅝ points; Howard Lewenstein, 11⅝ points; June Bradfield, 14⅜ points; La Reine Gardner, 9⅜ points; Edna Hibel, 10⅝ points; Jean Leslie, 12⅜ points; Nora O'Leary, 12⅝ points; Myron Cohen, 12 17/32 points; Leigh Dimond, 13 11/16 points; James Hines, 9 9/16 points; Harry Shooshan, 15 points; Myron Wallace, 11 3/16 points; Sarah Cauman, 17⅝ points; Janet Dubinsky, 14⅝ points; Norma Nasmyth, 16 5/16 points.

Mr. Ringer then introduced the speaker of the day, Mr. H. W. Gilson, of the New England Association of Camp Counsellors.

Mr. Gibson spoke on the subject, Honor. The five letters that spell this word, he says, may be thought of as representing the five essential qualities that go to make up Honor: namely, Honesty, Obedience, Nobility, Open-mindedness, and Right-mindedness.

BASEBALL

Continued from Page 5

1. Every member of the nine shall conscientiously prepare every lesson at least a day in advance.
2. No one shall ask the Master for permission to go out.
3. No one shall go out in the evening without special permission from the Master of the school.
4. No member shall study after 9 P. M. as all-night study enfeebles the mind.
5. No one shall study by artificial light, as the eyes are thereby weakened so that they can not see the ball.
6. Nobody shall be allowed to play ball after four o'clock.
7. No game shall last longer than an hour. If by that time it is not finished, it may be taken up at the same point on the next day.
8. No substitute (there is none!) shall be allowed to play on the nine without first presenting to the Master of the school a request signed by two clergymen, neither of whom shall be his father."

Well, that put the final damper on our baseball aspirations, and we cancelled all of our games up to May 15, since marks came out on the 14th, and then the gang could get together again.

SPORTS LEADERS

(Continued from page 5)

Her blue eyes smile when she says, "I've been trying to figure out, myself, what my ambition really is, because I like so many things it's hard to decide." And so we will leave this young lady to decide her ambition, which probably is to be a national swimming champion.

SCHOLARSHIP DRAMATICS

(Continued from page 1)

crane to identify the blue dress two rows ahead . . .

Behind scenes sounds a last call: "On stage! On stage!"

There is a sudden diminishing of noise, a hush . . . it is dimmer . . . then a flourish of the baton!—Strike up the music!—Lights!—Curtain!—And we're off!

SAGAMORE CONTEST

(Continued from page 1)

The contest will close on May first. There are prizes being given for almost all types of work. Short stories, essays, poems, humor columns, editorials and drawings suitable for print are all separate contests within the major one. This is the greatest contest that has ever been carried on by the Sagamore. Everything that has been in the Sagamore this year and will be handed in to Miss Deal in room 221 before May first, is eligible for the prize.

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SAGAMORE

Vol. XXXIX, No. 10 BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 27, 1934 Subscription One Dollar

JUNIOR RED CROSS DELEGATE VISITS WASHINGTON

Myron Cohen, the Brookline High Red Cross representative left here for Washington on Sunday morning, April the 8th. He had planned to leave on the day before this but his appearance in Dramatics the night before made it necessary that he arrive a day late.

On Monday morning the first meeting with the seniors took place. Henry Morgantha, the secretary of the treasury, and Judge Barton Payne, prominent Red Cross leader, addressed the delegates. There were approximately two hundred and seventy-five delegates. They represented every one of the United States, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, and Porto Rico. That afternoon the first meeting of the Junior Red Cross took place. At night the Massachusetts delegates where hosts to the others at a dance in the Maylower Hotel, one of the city's largest and most beautiful buildings.

After the elections on Tuesday morning there was an assembly in the afternoon. On that occasion Miss Drisko, the chaperone to the Massachusetts delegates, said that because Brookline High had, perhaps, the best organized Red Cross group in the State its delegate Myron Cohen was the one to have the privilege of presenting the heck to Judge Payne. The face value of the check was $510 the largest sum to be presented.

Myron busied himself with less erious things on that night; such s strolls in the park with some of the charming feminine delegates, nd other worth while entertainments. It was at that time that uite an amusing event happened to him. He had entered a "speakeasy" and when the waiter asked im what he wanted to drink, he tammered and said, "Bring me a bottle of milk, please!" The wair looked at him with amazement but he finally condescended to send out for a bottle.

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SCHOOL MOURNS SUDDEN DEATH OF MISS BARNES

With a most deep and sincere regret we have learned of the sudden death, on Tuesday, April 17, of Miss Bessie L. Barnes, who has been for fourteen years director of physical education in the Brookline schools—far more than that: an acclaimed authority on physcal education and hygiene, often consulted by State officials and sought as a lecturer in numerous schools and civic organizations. She was a definite inspiration and a fine influence for all who have had occasion to work with her, and to associate with her in any way.

Miss Barnes had lived in Brookline for the greater part of her life. The training in preparation for her field was lengthy and extensive. After attending Girls' High School in Boston, she graduated from the Teachers College and took courses subsequently at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, the Children's Hospital, Harvard Medical School, and the Harvard Graduate School of Education. She began her professional practice at Milton Academy, went from there to Bridgewater Normal School as a department director. From 1905 to 1911 she was a part-time instructor at both Brookline and Arlington, served again a year here as full-time instructor, and was then appointed director of all physical educational work in the local schools. With all this activity she yet found time to serve as chairman of the committee on physical education of the Teachers' Federation, and was a prominent member of the National Amateur Athletic Federation as well as the Brookline Teachers' Club.

A record such as this of her accomplishments and activities can still not convey the warmth and sincerity of her personality, or the real sense of loss which her passing has brought to the entire school.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DANCE
HOTEL STATLER
MAY 6
RUBY NEWMAN'S ORCHESTRA
Subscription $1.00

SAGAMORE SELECTS TEN SCHOOL BEAUTIES

ENGLISH CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The English Literature Club, a new and promising organization in Brookline High School, is now formally under way, with Miss Lewis and Miss Allen as Faculty Advisors. Elections were recently held, with the following results: Officers—President, Norma Rathner; Secretary-Treasurer, Vivian Ward; Committee Heads—Letter Box, Charles Osgood; Book Shelf, Sarah Cauman; The Road, Norma Nasmyth.

The purpose of the club is to promote an interest in all branchse of literature, and although the year is rapidly drawing to a close, several interesting features have been planned. Charles Osgood, as Head of the Letter Box, has presented some work from members for discussion, stimulating the interest in original writing. Under the guidance of Sarah Cauman, the Book Shelf Committee is planning some new book and drama reviews and sometime during May or June, with Norma Nasmyth taking charge, the club is looking forward to a visit to the Wayside Inn. aside from these activities, the officers hope to be able to procure outstanding speakers to add to the enjoyment and benefit of the members.

GIRL SCOUTS OFFER "DAVID HARUM"

On Saturday, May 19, at 10 A. M., the Girl Scout Council of Brookline is sponsoring an exceptionally attractive program at the Coolidge Corner Theatre. The feature picture is to be "David Harum"—starring Will Rogers. In addition there will be two comedies—"The Three Little Pigs." and "Our Gang".

All seats 25c. Here is an opportunity to enjoy fine entertainment at a very reasonable price.

MISS LEWIS TO BROADCAST OVER WBZ

Miss Celina Lewis, of the English department of Brookline High School, will give two lectures, to be broadcast over station WBZ, Boston,—the first on May 14, and

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INTELLIGENCE TEST TO BE GIVEN WEDNESDAY, MAY 2

Today the SAGAMORE brings you what you have all been waiting for, the results of the voting for the Brookline Beauties. We, the judges, have looked carefully at your ballots, counted them, written down the results, and then have thrown them away. We took the twenty highest contenders that were your selections and then viewed them with our more experienced eyes. Out of that list we formed our ten candidates. These have strictly been chosen for their looks and not for their brains. That latter and most essential characteristic will be determined by the intelligence test to be given next Wednesday, May 2, at 2 o'clock in the SAGAMORE room. (Yes, don't look surprised, there is a SAGAMORE room. It is room 122, right across from the fireplace room, and right next to the Girls League room.)

The following girls are listed neither in order of their perfection nor according to number of votes cast, but they owe their position to our direction.

Here they are:

1—CLEO ALLAN

Cleo is in our estimation the class of the Sophomore class. When she walks down the corridor, marshals desert their posts, boys are late for their classes, and the whole school radiates.

2—ALTHEA SHINNERS

She speaks for herself and even if she didn't the whole senior class seems to have spoken for her, and who are we to dispute our elders?

3—NORMA GREEN

Norma Green's name is brought to us by the whole Trojan A. A., whose judgment and opinion is always respected.

4—ELINORE GREENE

As you see, she is of the same color as No. 3, and even more vivid. The editor can say no more without becoming prejudiced.

5—RACHEL McKNIGHT

No, that beautiful blonde is not Jean Harlow's sister. P.S. The betters do not have to give her any odds.

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RED PENCIL

Mr. John Corcoran, instructor of chemistry and master of Packard House, was ultimately persuaded to tell us his pastimes through the "Red Pencil".

Travelling is his favorite way of spending vacations. He has traversed all of Europe, the British Isles, and the United States. While not actually engaged in travelling or teaching he is continuously planning trips. These trips are made by automobile, mostly "for the fun of it" rather than as a hobby.

Mr. Corcoran wishes that the days were about eight hours longer so that he would have more time for reading. His reading material now consists mostly of travel literature.

He has a valuable and very interesting collection containing beautiful quartz, shells, volcanic glass and larva, and petrified wood. Petrified wood is an example of the strange chemical reactions which take place in nature. It retains in microscopic detail the structure of natural wood. In the show case adjacent to Mr. Corcoran's room there is a piece of this peculiar wood which weighs nearly thirty pounds. There are also on exhibition here a few specimens beautiful rock which he dug up in the Painted Desert. These are two hundred million years old and their exquisite colors are due to various mineral compounds. In these rocks are found precious amethyst, carnelian and chalcedony for use in making ornaments. Mr. Corcoran has also in this case some excellent pictures of the huge Sequaia trees of California.

Athletics is Mr. Corcoran's other major interest. During the football season he never lets a Saturday slip by without witnessing a game. When a student at B. H. S., he was captain of track. Naturally he eagerly follows the victories (or defeats) of our team. He likes to pick out certain prominent school athletes and predict what their future in sports will be. He follows the activities of these boys through college and finds it a highly absorbing pursuit.

Mr. Corcoran likes music but believes that to be a true appreciator of classical music one must study it. He listens to modern orchestras and his favorite composers are Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin. He pronounces his weakness to be "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." Imagine!

At the conclusion of the interview, Mr. Corcoran remarked, "A

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THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

MYSTOGRAM

(The answer to last issue's mystogram: The butler said that the room had been cleaned out just before the deceased man entered. Therefore the ash-tray would have been clean. The millionaire smoked only cigars, yet there were several cigarette stubs in the tray. The door was locked all the time, so the window was the only way of entrance. Therefore somebody came in through the window, and a person who was desperate enough to enter by this means would be a likely suspect for murder.)

* * *

Miles Warner left the house early on the morning of the first day of spring. He was headed for the great out-of-doors, to spend a week-end far from the haunts of human kind. He had a little shack in the midst of the Green Mountains and it was for this spot, more than ten miles from the nearest village, that he had yearned all through the winter.

He sniffed the air eagerly as his car sped along the winding road surrounded by hills of green. A few more hours and he would be at his destination. At this time the sun was setting just ahead of him and the light was becoming more and more annoying.

Suddenly a long touring car flashed by him, almost taking off his rear wheels, and plunged into a tree at a turn in the road. Miles jerked his feet to the brake and, as the car came to a stop, leaped out. The other car was piled up in bad shape and, as Miles ran toward it, he noticed that no one got out. It certainly looked bad.

The tree was in a mud hole about ten yards from the road. Miles looked in the front seat of the car and received a sudden jolt when he found that nobody was there, nor was there anyone in the rear. He looked carefully at the mud around the car; there were no foot-prints. From this fact he knew that the car had somehow rolled down the hill.

He ran back to his car and, starting it, drove slowly up the hill, studying the brush on both sides of the road. Then, almost at

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LUCKY OFF AND ON

By M. Hommelibre

The grinding of massive brakes and the screeching of jamming freight cars gently awoke Lucky to the "dawning of another blue day." In harmony with the humid atmosphere of the closed freight car was Lucky's morning-after disposition. Decrepitly arising, he hobbled to the car doors to discover at what destination the cars had arrived. Lucky gazed blinkingly out into a solid blaze of sunshine. When the mass of light cleared, he found himself squinting over an unruffled prairie. This unexpected view was so startiing that he once again looked at the car before turning his bewildered vision to the day's setting. But there it was, serene as ever, a boundless expanse of red dust. Though our adventurer was far from becoming a geographer, his roaming tendency had given him a fair instinct for location. And this, unless his eyes deceived him, was a desert. Though he had never passed through this section of his native land, aberrating hoboes had told him of the dry, dusty land in New Mexico and the surrounding states. So this was the desert! A balboic feeling of discovery swept through him. He, Lucky the Conqueror! The clanging engine-bell brought him back through the subconscious to normal. Jerking his scattered thoughts to the present mystery of the halted train, he cautiously craned his tinted neck toward the engine. There, dimly in the heat, he saw a large cylindrical tank squatting several feet above the parched sands. From its top there stretched a long, wide, and curved pipe funnel. This mechanical spout was slowly refillng the train's thirsty boilers.

Suddenly, with the spontaneousness of world changing ideas, came the vision of a shriveled Lucky dancing joyously in the gushing, fountain-like spout. With the gusto and desire of a man dying from thirst, he soon found himself enacting his prophecy, for such it proved, in the tepid, but wet waters of the tank, his garments beside him on the train runway. The sparkling water magically washed away the clinging sediment of long journeying. With the unbroken horizon his only watcher, Lucky frolicked in the "fountain"

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ROVER

Rover supposes that you often wonder what the inside of his head would look like. He finds himself unable to give the answer to this question . . . but he can easily assure you that there is something there besides space. And this matter inside his cranium, he is about to pour forth into some more pictures of what the school may or may not be like in a few years.

In the last issue Rover dropped a chance remark about aviation that you may have missed. It concerned transposing the present roof into a landing field for planes, preferably auto-gyros. In a world that is leaping ahead at such a speed, it is not fitting that Brookline should fall behind. Before many summers have passed, the majority of the people of the country will be owning their own planes. Therefore it would be a step in progress to be prepared for this time. Cover over the quadrangle; reinforce the roofs; train the students to be mechanics . . . and we will have a first class aviation field right here at home. The auto-gyros will flock like bees to honeyed flowers to our roof!

Speaking along the line of the machine, Rover has just undergone another flow of vivid imagination. First we must install stop-lights at the dangerous corners; then raise the desks and chair a bit, not much. And finally, a first rate idea, Austins will range the corridors that now echo to the tramp of feet. These baby cars may be left under the desks while your are studying. Of course, as a matter of tact, these Austins would have to be one-seaters. Just imagine the gala sight! Brilliantly colored Austins flitting here and there . . .

Rover, being a person of some note, mind you, has been asked why there is so much trouble getting the students to study. Like history, Rover will not attempt to tell you any why . . . but he will give a lot more what. Now all those who asked Rover this question please read the following with extreme care. This is an idea that took many weary hours of torturous thought. Simply fasten the minds of our blosoming, young inventors, of whom we have many, on a kind of machine that will react in this way. While the student is studying (this invention, by the way, should be fastened to each desk), or at least thinking, the machine remains dormant. But when the student's mind wanders, reacting to the lessening of thought

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DANCE

By Harry Shooshan

Life is a clown, hiding a million hurts. A dancing, happy clown, born with the gift of laughter. This clown came to earth, one day, and danced naked through empty lands. Civilization clothed him, but he is dancing still.

On with this dance — of life!

The first is a shadowy dance while man emerges from the dawn of prehistory to use with reason above the brute. A dance that is light and almost unreal, like sunlight dancing in patches through a tree. We have watched children dance so.

And now a weird dance, passionate, cruel. Black puppets with arms and legs, jumping fiercely in circles, bathed in moonlight, clothed in beads. The savage heat of the drum. The pat-pat of naked feet on the ground! Faster! Faster!

But the moonlight fades, and man dances to the tune of progress. We see a classic dance, stately and beautiful, while infant civilizations lift their faces to the sky. Egypt — Greece — Rome—!

It does not last. The music changes. It becomes harsh, many toned, like a hurdy-gurdy in narrow streets. And the dance is like a merry-go-round when the music stops. One does not walk when the clown called life cracks his whip.

The dance is solemn now, and one seems to hear, ever so faintly, the echo of cathedral bells. Religion, the church — It makes a difference in the steps of the dance. They seem more sure, more skillful. And there is a subtlety that is new.

But the dance is mad again, frenzied! Man is jumping now about a burning witch, screaming curses with every step. He is whirling dizzily through wars and revolutions. With hysterical freedom he is chopping off heads, destroying those who led the band with their little batons. And the clown with his cap and bells laughs.

So has the whole world been a ballroom, and we the dancers. King and beggar, prince and peasant, artist and merchant, poet and politician — all dance in endless pageant through the ages. But to the common man the word dance used to call to mind simply the Mazurka, the Minuet. the Waltz, the Polka. Of these the Waltz remains to us and is usually used once in the dance program of today.

It would be fascinating to tread our ways through the various countries, searching out the farther most corners of the globe, studying the types of dancing we find among the people. We would see the brisk jigs of Ireland and Scotland; the slow, melancholy dances of the South Seas. We would see the lively dances of Russia and the formal dances of old England. We would see how climatic conditions and conditions within the country influenced the dance and made it slow or brisk, solemn or impassioned.

But the history of dancing is worthy of a volume in itself, and we can barely touch upon it here. We must resist the temptation to wonder with fancy in faraway lands, and concern ourselves solely with dancing as it applies to the modern ballroom.

Aristotle says that the dance is valuable because it mirrors the manners and actions of the men of various periods. Homer held the dance in high esteem and mentions it as a favorite form of social entertainment. But evidently Cicero had little use for dancing of any kind, religious or social, for he says: "No man who is sober dances, unless he is out of his mind, either when alone or in any decent society; for dancing is the companion of wanton conviviality, dissoluteness and luxury."

We wonder what Cicero would say if he glimpsed at our modern ballroom! What would he say about jazz? Jazz, though it belongs to a savage race on the other side of the globe, concerns us vitally — for it is to be found in our own polished ballroom. Beneath syncopation and ragtime we catch the faint echo of tom-toms, of bare feet pat-patting against the ground, of naked bodies swaying in wild exaltation.

There is no doubt whatever that jazz comes to us direct from the jungles of Africa. The jazz rhythms quicken the blood, waken wild and primitive instincts, stir barbaric memories sleeping in our souls for ages. The band plays, we dance. Faster! Wilder! We are savages dancing in the moonlight. We are primitives throwing our spears. We are free; unrestrained. Jazz!

As Frederick O'Brien says, ragtime melodies and jazz "call to impulses in man that are stifled in big cities, in factory and slum and the nerve-wearing struggle of business." Jazz is a reaction of civilization, a stripping off of the veneer of culture and cultivation. It is a temporary freedom, "a swinging back to the old days when man, though a brute, was free." But we like it.

The Negro, of course, brought the jazz to America. Popular tradition has it that a Southern darky, performing the wild dance of his native land to the clapping and chanting of his fellows, he was quickly surrounded by a fascinated audience. After the dance a theatrical man approached the darky and said:

"What kind of a dance was that, my good fellow?"

"Jes' jazz, sah — jes' jazz!" the darky answered. And "jazz" that

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DROPS OF GOLD

A SONG OF PROSPECT

This is tomorrow!
The day for occupation, work, creation—
The day for democratic selves.
Can I ask for more—
Riches or power or fame?
Riches have no equal stake in the midst of these—
The rise and fall of breeze and field,
The corpulence of ripe apples,
And new escap'd spring air.
And power—
What more, and better than to grasp
A handful of pure real earth
And observe its whole reality?
Pulsating power! Omnipotent power!
And fame—
But surely I know myself; my work, worth, strength.
And that is the best of all—
For I have the whole wide universe before me.
This is tomorrow!

Aaron Levine

VERSE OF PROPRIETY

Oh, I should like to ride the seas,
A roaring buccaneer;
A cutlass banging at my knees,
A dirk behind my ear.
And when my captives' chains would clank
I'd howl with glee and drink,
And then fling out the quivering plank
And watch the beggars sink.

I'd like to straddle gory decks,
And dig in laden sands,
And know the feel of throbbing necks
Between my knotted hands.
Oh, I should like to strut and curse
Among my blackguard crew.
But I am writing little verse,
As little boys will do.
I'd stroll beyond the ancient bounds,
And tap at fastened gates,
And hear the prettiest of sounds,
The clank of shattered fates.
My slaves I'd like to bind with thongs,
That cut and burn and chill.
But I am writing little songs
As . . . little boys will.

By Herbert Landsman, '36

HILL MAGIC

I am so high upon a hill
Where sea-green grass is tall and still,

Where vast blue sky and high hill meet,
White houses nestled at its feet,

And eagles drop, as they float by,
White feathers. Oh, I am so high!

I am so high where blue hills are
That I can almost reach a star,

And I can chat with clouds at will,—
I am so high upon a hill.

SPRING

This year is young and like a laughing child:
One moment gay, so easily beguiled

By teasing winds to loose the ready tears
Of April. Just as all the other years,

Young years, that danced away the fragrant days
In April dew and soft, white-blossomed Mays,

This year is young, and so, of course, will wear
May blossoms in the bright warmth of her hair.

APPLE BLOSSOM

Is this
The moonlight on
A nightnigale's full throat
Or but the dazzling whiteness of
New snow?

Norma June Rathner.

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Editor-in-Chief	NORMAN HUNT
Managing Editors	CHARLES OSGOOD STUART GOLDENBERG
News Editors	SARAH CAUMAN IRVING HELMAN
Feature Editor	AARON LEVINE
Staff Artist	EDNA HIBEL
Sports Editor	MYRON WALLACE
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SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT

Each year the senior class publishes a year book which is a summary of the year's work, containing illustrations of the various activities. and information that is interesting to every student of Brookline High School. It is a custom that every class attempts to surpass the year book of the preceding class. This year, advanced information leads us to believe that this "YEAR'S BOOK," will be by far the best that has ever been published. There will be many new features, including your name and your house picture. The senior class loses money in producing this book, and it is a privilege for a student of Brookline High School to purchase such a memorable keepsake at so small a cost. Subscriptions will be withdrawn from home room sales about May fifteenth, thereafter there will be an additional cost of fifty cents.

SPRING FEVER

Just as certainly as forsythia bursts into blossom, and robins and millionaires return from a pleasant winter in the South, arrives our old friend springfever.

Are we all to succumb to the epidemic? Are we to give ourselves up to that languid state of mind and body which proverbially assails us at this season of the year? Well, if we do, it's likely to be "just too bad." For, after all, there are two whole months of school yet before us—the busiest hardest months of the year, demanding not less, but more effort—more physical and mental alertness—more self-control with which to combat the temptations of the great out-of-doors.

Well, what are we to do about it? Are there preventive measures which can be taken to avoid "catching" this demoralizing disease? Surely there must be. The first step, logically, would be to analyze the ailment. Is it really laziness? Is there actually a "let-down" in our physical resistance and energy when the warm weather arrives? If so, we human beings are out of touch with the rest of the Nature—for this is the season of resurrection, rejuvenation, and creation for the trees, the flowers, the birds, the animals. Why not for human beings as well?

We are inclined to believe that "spring fever" is **not** an indication of physical enervation, but rather the indication of longings for **new** kinds of activity, which must be curbed because—well, because school does not close until June.

If we accept this diagnosis of the malady, the cure is simple. If "spring fever" is a sign that we are bursting with **more** energy than we have had through the winter months, then we have only to turn that surplus into the right channels, and not only is scholastic success at the end of the year certain, but we shall also have abundant strength left over for the outdoor activities that so urgently call to us all.

WOMEN WILL BE WOMEN

The man who still insists that woman has no influence in this male world should be appropriately abashed at the new theory that women are the cause of the dire wheat problem. The consumption of wheat has decreased steadily (if we read our statistics right) during the past thirty years, and this reduction has become so drastic—in spite of the surplus supply of this commodity—that a worried world has sent its various male representatives to discuss the pro's and con's of wheat at the International Wheat Conference in Rome. In our humble opinion, it will do them no good—the woman always has the last word. To expound the afore-mentioned theory, it has been conjectured that in two ways women have brought about this really serious question of wheat production vs. wheat consumption. Between 1917 and 1919, the line on the wheat chart swooped so low that it almost fell off the bottom of the paper. Why? Because so many women had gone out from their homes to do their part in the war. No more staying in the kitchen to watch the bread rise! No more hours of mixing and kneading and braiding and baking . . . and bakeries being few and inferior at that time, bread began to lose its time-honored position as the staff of life. In the hurry-up age that followed, women who had come out of the kitchen showed no inclination to return to long hours of patience-trying drudgery—but bakeries with excellent quality of bread and rolls and muffins and buns and cakes sprang up, mushroom-like, overnight. Why should that line dip lower still? Answer: woman's fight for her figure. Breads and pastries are simply taboo for the over-plump girls and matrons who view with concern the wavy outlines reflected in their mirrors. Perhaps Mae West is God's gift to wheat?

ON THE PLACEMENT OF INDEXES

Text-books are, as a rule, uninteresting. They are, however, a necessary part of the school work and must be used. But why, we ask, are they made much more uninteresting? Why are the notes, vocabularies, and indexes placed in the back of the book?

The student, struggling to keep his mind on the translation or reading before him, is forced to flip the pages back and forth continually. During the time it takes to find a word in the vocabulary or a note on some difficult translation, the student's mind has wandered to something far away from the matter at hand. The pages flutter back and forth until he jerks himself back to work.

It is appalling to consider the amount of time that is wasted in this manner. It is appalling to consider the amount of damage this sometimes causes to the student. So much effort and time is wasted that could be used in creative and broadening occupations.

This is not necessary!

Part of each page of a text-book could, and should, be given over to the notes and vocabulary that the student would probably require. Many of the more modern works are arranged in this manner and it is high time that some such method was put in use in this school.

In turning pages every-now-and-then, the student's mind is allowed to slip and it requires constant effort on his part to keep going. If the notes were on the page that is being read, the student's eye would merely slide down the page to see the word and the following note, and resume the reading of the translation or whatever the work may be. Another reward of this improvement would be that the student would get a continuous, connected story, rather than a group of loosely joined sentences.

We think that this would most assuredly be a forward step. It cannot, of course, be done all at once, but we believe that new text-books should be bought with this thought in mind. It would be a wonderful thing for the interest, progress and enjoyment of the student.

ALUMNI NEWS

(As a short preface, we wish to inform a bored public that an earnest attempt has been made to brighen up the landscape with a new caption for this conglomeration of notes. Such brainstorms as "Graduates' Goings-On," "Gossip About Graduates," and "Alumni Anecdotes" being the only suggestions offered, we revert in despair to the original and Plain-Jane "Allumni News"—but if anyalong to the forthwith marked "Letter Box" to Room 221, and blessings on thee, my child!)

A busy dramatic season in local colleges brings to the spotlight and the footlight several Brookline graduates. Barbara McLeod was included in the staging of "Twelfth Night" given at Leland Powers on March 16. Jean Goodale, '31, played a leading role in the Radcliffe Idler Club's presentation of "Nuthering Heights" on March 15 and 16.

Brookline girls have been represented too, at Radcliffe's annual departmental teas. At the first, Hannah Cauman, '30, editor of the "News," poured, while Jean Goodale and Dorothea MacMillen ushered. Bernice White, '30, ushered at the second.

More Radcliffe news! Dorothea MacMillan, Elizabeth Mercer, '31, and Margaret Goddu, '32, have all accepted invitations to act as pages during the session of the Model League of Nations Assembly of N. E. Colleges, of which Harvard and Radcliffe are joint hosts this year.

The Dartmouth "Dragons" have pledged Charles W. French to membership, the B. U. chapter of Scabbard and Blade, national honorary military fraternity, has tapped Joseph Buckley and F. Glenn Rink, while at Wellesley the Phi Sigma Society has inducted among ts initiates Margaret Holt' 31.

The first organization of Wiliam and Mary graduates in New England was formed recently at he home of Charles H. Dunker, '28. Mr. Dunker was elected resident of the Greater Boston hapter.

B. H. S. graduates who have atained honors in scholarship at arious schools and colleges inude the following: Donald Sleep-, at Phillips Exeter; Hodee Waldein, Ruth Quimby, Jean Goodale, leanor Sachs, Mary Gaffey, Caro- Nasmyth, Elizabeth Howard, nd Doris Reimer, all at Radcliffe; Manuel Sugerman, at Union Colge.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Now that Spring has arrived the opportunity is offered to girls to enter outdoor sports. There will be tennis tournaments, track days, archery exhibitions, and baseball games.

Each sport has its special day. On Mondays there is track, and riding for beginners. On Tuesdays, there is archery, beginners' tennis and intermediate tennis. On Wednesdays, there is archery, riding and baseball. On Thursday, there is pracitce for Class Day Activities and advanced tennis. The schedule for Friday hasn't yet been decided.

There will be four track teams; the yellow, the green, the light blue and th navy blue. A new plan has been devised for archery teams; there will be a team from each of the four houses, as well as an Honorary Varsity team consisting of the best archers. There will be four baseball teams; the yellow, the green, the light blue and the navy blue. There is hope of having house teams as well as, or in place of, the color teams. There will be a tennis team to be chosen after a tournamnt has taken place.

Advanced tennis players will meet at the Dean Road Tennis Courts where the tournaments will be held.

TRACK TEAM ADDS DISCUS THROWING TO FIELD EVENTS

During vacation week the track squad commenced a new branch activity, discus throwing. With Mr. Wells as coach and a few shot putters for material, this new event made an excellent start. Allan Swartz, last year's track captain holds the Brookline High School discus record of 102 feet inches. In practice several candidates grasped the idea of hurling the discus after a very few attempts. Practice for all track events is being held at Tech Field.

Anne Madden, B. H. S. '32, played the part of the domineering mother in the play "Ten Days Before the Wedding," presented by the Lynn Hospital Dramatic Club recently.

In the C. F. Hovey contest recently held for the students of the Massachusetts School of Art, Josephine Blatt was awarded honorable mention with four other students. Prizes were presented for the most lifelike posters of the screen. There were seventy-three entries. Josephine portrayed the full figure of Elizabeth Allen in street clothes.

COACH FITZGERALD FORESEES GOOD SEASON

With spring and baseball back again one may see the squads out on the playground every afternoon. Uniforms have already been distributed. The junior varsity also shows plenty of good material for next year. The line-up so far is as follows:

p, Mullins, Driscoll, Connelly
c, Vandam
1b, McFee, Kerins
2b, Sullivan
ss, Hoye, Liner
Out, Prior, Hardigan, Lynch, Adams

The schedule this year is going is to be tough. In spite of this, Coach Fitzgerald feels confident that with a little team work and some good pitching the season will be good. Mr. Hines agrees with this prediction but advises the boys to maintain their scholastic standing so as to remain eligible for the team.

The schedule is as follows:

Varsity Baseball Schedule for 1934

April 13, Jamaica Plain at Brookline.
April 24, Dorchester at Brookline.
April 27, Rindge at Brookline.
May 1, Lexington at Lexington.
May 4, Cambridge High and
May 5, Arlington at Arlington.
Latin at Cambridge.
May 7, High School of Commerce at Brookline.
May 11, Newton at Brookline.
May 15, Newton Country Day at Brookline.
May 18, Rindge at Cambridge.
May 22, Boston College High at Brookline.
May 25, Arlington at Brookline.
May 26, Cambridge High and Latin at Brookline.
June 1, Newton at Newton.

GERMAN CLUB MEETING

The second meeting of the German Club was held on Tuesdav at half past two, in the spacious Modern Language Room. Presided over by the chairman, Miss Ruth Kravitsky, the afternoon was given over to entertainment furnished by the members of the second year German class. Under the able direction of Miss Bailey dramatized selections were presented from "The Son-in-Law" and "The Student Prince," or (for foreigners exclusively) "Des Schwiegersohn '

BROOKLINE'S FIRST GOLF TEAM JOINS LEAGUE

EIGHT GAMES ARE SCHEDULED

The first official meeting in the history of B. H. S. was called for April 11, in order to discuss plans for trials and different details pertaining to the coming league season.

At this meeting, Mr. Hines first stated the rules of eligibility for competition in sports at the High School, and then, to the gratification of everyone present, he informed the gathring that the Park Department had voted to allow the use of the Municipal Course for a 25 cent fee per round. The fee will be paid by the Athletic Association. In the newly formed league are Lexington, Watertown, Waltham, Arlington, Newton and Brookline. Newton has just been admitted, and so that school is not on the schedule as yet.

The trials are to take place this week, during three days, and eight men will be retained from the results of these matches.

The team has very good prospects with such men as the Murphy brothers, Quinn, Casey, and Wyman. The first match is on May 3 with Lexington at Lexington.

The schedule follows:

Schedule *

May 3—Brookline at Lexington.
" 10—Lexington at Brookline.
', 18—Brookline at Watertown.
" 21—Brookline at Arlington.
June 1—Watertown at Brookline.
" 4—Arlington at Brookline.
" 11—Waltham at Brookline.

6—HORTENSE NATELSON

Vivaciously dark and lovely, she is a brilliant contrast to the above mentioned blonde Venus.

BEAUTY CONTEST

(Continued from Page 1)

7—RUTH YORRA

Beautiful, intelligent, and charming. What more can we say?

8—LIBBY JACOBS

We do not believe in putting advertisements in our news section but we can hardly refrain from saying, "The Cream of the Crop!"

9—MURIEL BAER

The height of sophistication and the acme of good looks, she attracts attention whereever she goes.

10—SHIRLEY MacMILLIAMS

We thought that we would finish this list before we reached the above mentioned girl but so many people have forced her name on us that we have printed it.

SMOKE RINGS

Unbutton your ears and put on your rubbers, dear children. Accept no substitutes, the best is none too good. Yes, this is Glen Glray back with the old carpet sweeper.

* * *

Well, it's true, only 51 days of school left, count 'em, they're all there, and how!

* * *

Paul Meehan says: "Do right and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman." Take it from a man of experience.

* * *

Overheard in the Georgian:
Bernie Connolly: "My treasure, Scotty MacMillan."
My treasury: "Skip it, Scotty."

* * *

What do you know, they caught Dave Dickson smuggling clams into a steam room at the Turkish Baths the other day. No, Jean wasn't with him.

* * *

Bill Smith dialed Longwood 3858 and said:
"Roses are red
And I'm blue;
You wore Louie's black shirt
Why not my roses, too?"

* * *

Little Bo Buckley lost her sleep
And she doesn't know where to find him.
Leave Haughty alone and he'll come home
Leaving the blonde behind him.

* * *

A bit of correspondence we fell over:

Dearest Virginia:

Enclosed find one (1) black shirt. It will save your laundry bill. Why not invest in a 3c postage stamp and get muscles like mine? Lovingly,

AUNT LOUISE.

* * *

Mrs. Potter had the first empty lunch room March 17th for a long time, due to a trick of the calendar.

* * *

You know if all our fan mail was placed end to end it would go around Schnozzle Durante's nose 3 whole times. What other column can say that?

* * *

The other day Florence Flynn's little sister ran in to her mother and said, "Ooh, Mummy, Frankie's using your curling iron again. I just peeked through the keyhole in his room." Who'd of thunk that of Frank?

Seen and Heard

DUST

Hell-o, children, remember: Studies come first, so put this away until after the funny papers . . .

* HA *

I noticed that some people came to Dramatics "Formal" . . . And that some others came in their own clothes . . .

* HE *

I'm not down yet so here goes another attempt . . .

Little boy blue
Come blow your horn,
The light on the corner
IsredyadarnfoolSTOP . . .
There's still hope . . .

* HA *

Danny Saxe is like a used stamp . . . He sticks around her but never takes her anywhere . . .

* HEM *

It is rumored that Henri (Why is it spelled with an "I"?) Rosen is planning to make a tour of the grammar schools trying to find some material for next year's social season . . .

* HAM *

Dick Solomon is a great baseball enthusiast . . . Last week he almost made a bet . . .

* HE *

We were told in geometry that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points . . . If I am not wrong I have noticed that some girls get there just as fast with curves . . .

* HA *

Those of you who have a study for the seventh period please go through the corridors quietly or you will wake up the other classes . . .

* HIM *

The reason why Connolly is named Jack is because he is always giving a lift to some flat tire.

* HA *

Stuart Goldenberg is doing some fine work for the Sagamore . . . We seriously think of recommending him to take charge of the opening and closing of the playground

* HO *

Teacher: Order! Order!
S. Price: A hot dog and a cup of coffee . . .

* HA *

'Till we smooish again.

* HUM *

THE WORM.

LIMELIGHT

Well, here we are again, dishing out the "most-a of the best-a" in rhyme.

A Brookline musician named "Max",
Saved dough by his frugal acts;
He learned how to sneeze,
In various keys,
Thus saving the price of a sax.

* * *

"Ma thinks I'm just a greedy pig,"
Cried hungry little John,
"But I can't help it 'cause I've got
My ETON jacket on."

* * *

There was a young woman named "Morrow,"
Whom I found, one day, weeping from sorrow;
Then she said (with a tear),
"Woe is me" (sniff) "O, dear,
We won't get our SAG 'til Tomorrow."

* * *

There was a young man named "DeSertt",
Who faithfully donned a black shirt;
But while eating his lunch,
A worm he did munch;
The deserter deserted dessert!

* * *

See the little bumble-bee,
A precious worker he,
But if you've any common-sense,
You'll let that bumble be.

* * *

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life is a bright, rosy wreath.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the dentist is filling his teeth.

* * *

The question isn't "what is the younger generation coming to?"—but—"WHEN is the younger generation coming to?"

* * *

There was a young "noir bois" named Johnny,
He thought F. Sherman was honey
But tho' shy to see,
He confided in me,
When he reads this, he won't think I'm funny.

NOUS

See all, hear all, know all, will relate a little bit of gossip. Gather around, "Gals."

* * *

Norma Naysmyth, president of the "Girls' League," doesn't have many idle moments now, I can tell you. He (not Norma) is a '32 graduate of our own dear school, and oh yes, he drives a Ford. Be careful, Norma, don't spend him for S M A L L change.

* * *

The Dog—Oh! Pardon me, the Rover—(Woof, woof, woof) mentioned something about using skates as a means of locomotion around the school. That same mode of travel is the reason why many are, oh! so careful how they seat themselves. Nous has decided that the only remedy is pillows tied around the waist.

* * *

Bob Niles, a Russian Enthusiast (you know, one who believes in the five year plan), parked his car one busy day on Tremont street, and left his card under the windshield wiper, on which was written, "I am at the dentist's having a tooth pulled." The officer on the beat also left his card. Scribbled on the back was, "Use the pull and fix this tag."

* * *

The limit was reached when Sid Price asked his Latin teacher, Mr. Roman, in what chapter Caesar is murdered. There almost was a murder.

* * *

Miss Shinners went "a-promming"
Far away to Worcester,
But now she's back in B H. S.
Studying like she used to.

* * *

Nous rightly and justly has determined to heap shame and dishonor on the shoulders of all those who carry French pictures (not scenery) around with them. (Ain't that great?)

* * *

Sig. Stein writes poetry. He claims innocence, but rumor has it that fair Ruth is the inspiration.

* * *

Helen Dalton always got good marks, and now she has acquired a very good live "Mark" to walk home with.

* * *

And remember, what this column stands for is a good 15c dime . . . 10c to buy your lunch with, and 5c left over for peanuts.

SMOKE RINGS

(Continued from page 6)

Janet Hamilton astounded her public by roller skating down Greenough St. and denting Mother Nature's fair face at short intervals.

* * *

After a terrific struggle the freshman finished his exam paper and ended it by saying: "Dear Teacher, if you sell any of my answers to the funny papers I'll expect you to split 50-50 with me."

* * *

Things we've seen and heard and want to see again:

Cacy Coe's black stockings.

Bill Rickey's nose caught in a chocolate frappe at Cap's.

George Ware's Platinum Blonde!

Charley Nyham's high tide pants.

Eddie Rae hitting a home run.

Florence Flynn's spats and cane.

P. D. D. Meehan's incinerator—or pipe—(as you wish!)

* * *

Paul Cuthick's (pronounced with a lisp) neck is like a camel's. They both go long without water.

* * *

Well, Spring excursions to the Opera House get under way with Jack Granfield and John Flynn acting as chaperons.

* * *

Cleo (Patria) Allen made the duckiest candy girl at Dramatics. All the boys ruined their figures eating her candy and stuffed prunes.

* * *

Houghtie Whitcomb: This guy Opportunity has been knocking at my door so much I think he's a bill collector.

* * *

Well, dear children, don't forget to take your sulphur and molasses. Spring is here. But after all, life is just a bowl of cherries and gold-diggers.

* * *

The cows just came home, so take off your rubbers and get a good night's sleep.

DANCE

Continued from Page 3

type of dancing, has remained ever since.

From this "jazz", we have the dance that daily is taking a firmer grip on our lives. With the syncopation and ragtime, the outside world becomes obliterated; and a unique form of recreation, complying to an inborn emotion, takes possession of us.

LUCKY OFF AND ON

(Continued from page 6)

like a debutante in Miami. And where the difference? Both delighting in the liquidity of water, both rejoicing in the counteraction to the sun's warm glow.

Upon this delightful scene there came a rude interruption in the form of the starting train. How so. Perhaps our victim of circumstances might have wondered how himself as he groggily picked himself from the runway where he had fallen from the sudden jerk of the train. Far back down the track there lay two dark spots, while back on the retreating train there sat one ghandic personage, one pair of leather boots, and one unanswered question as to where and how a second pair of overalls and coat were to come from.

(To be continued)

ROVER

Continued from Page 2

impulses, the machines will cause a buzz to sound softly at the teacher's desk. Looking at the master controls, a board with the different seats shown by colored lights, she can see who is the miscreant. By simply pushing the button that indicates his seat, she can remedy the trouble, for upon this pressure, a mechanical action changes his chair to a bed of thorns that remains until his intense thought vibrations turn off the invention. Complicated . . . but a sure cure for study-hall dreamers.

The last brain-child for this issue is one that is bound to come sooner or later. It concerns television. Once these "gajets" are perfected, they ought to be installed in this school. In fact they only need to be installed in the homes. With a combination radio-television set, the student could get all his lessons learned without ever leaving the warm and comfort of his bed. But there, you'd better forget this one, as Rover is afraid that it would soon change us into a nation, or at least a school, of mollicoddled weaklings. And with you trying to forget this, and many another pipe-dream, image . . . Rover leaves you.

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NOUS

(Continued from page 6)

A teacher's first bit of advice to a freshman making out a course is: "It may be four years or it may be forever."

* * *

What about these girls who walk around the track at lunch? Oh! That's all right! The boys keep them walking in circles, anyway.

* * *

The reason Mr. Joslin was peeved last week at orchestra and band practice is that after Dramatics an innocent freshman asked him who that funny man had been who kept waving a stick and annoying the orchestra down at the front.

MYSTOGRAM

(Continued from page 2)

the top of the hill which ran where the car had crashed, he saw straight downward to the curve a man lying on his face.

He was dressed in a shirt, with sleeves rolled up, pants and shoes, and that was all. His pockets were empty and there was nothing else anywhere around him that might have been his. He had a bullet hole in his head and the gun, with one shell used, was lying suggestively near his hand. There were no finger prints on it.

Miles looked carefully about.

"This looks mighty like suicide to me," he murmured. "The car rolled down the hill toward me . . . therefore he probably got out with his own death in mind and forgot to put on the brake . . . or perhaps purposely let the car go."

He turned back to his car to get some blankets in which to place the man, and had reached it, when suddenly he stopped.

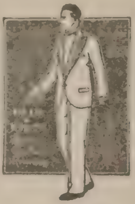
"No sir, it's murder . . . it has to be murder."

THIS IS A HARD ONE. HOW DID HE KNOW IT WAS MURDER?

RED PENCIL

(Continued from page 2)

fellow may not think he has any particular hobbies, but upon being questioned he discovers that his pastimes conform pretty well with the definition of a hobby."



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LIBRARY LINES

A recent graduate of B. H. S. who won the History prize at his matriculation, has written a biogaphy about the twentieth president of Harvard. The name of the book is "Thomas Hill," and the author is William G. Land.

An articles by an English girl, in "Young Wings," scoffed loud and long at the popular stories about girls' schools, so Naomi Alper of our senior class has drawn her pen in defense of the fair name of this liteature. We confidently hope that "Young Wings" will publish her retaliation.

The secretary of the Library Staff, Janet Dubinsky, is corresponding with the library club of Indianapolis High School . . . when we say "is corresponding" we mean that so far a letter has been exchanged.

Mrs. Taylor, former submaster of our school, and present principal of the Edward Little High School, in Auburn, Maine, is founding, or attempting to found, a library club there and has witten to Mr . Silvers for suggestions and information.

RED CROSS

(Continued from page 1)

None the worse from that experience Myron spoke to the delegates on Wednesday morning. His subject was "How The Journal Widens Our National Social Horizon." The "Journal," by the way, is the Red Cross paper. That afternoon the majority of the delegates went on a special trip to Mt. Vernon. In the evening our representative went to another dance.

Thursday the Senior group attended a farewell meeting. Following that he visited the Smithsonian Museum and other of the Capitol's interesting and famous buildings. Having secured passes they all visited the Senate. Thus he traveled around the city. He even went up. By "up" I mean to the top of the Washington Monument.

Since the State's delegates left that afternoon he paid his compliments to all his new friends. He has received a very beautiful ring from one of the girls from Porto Rico which he will proudly display to you if you meet him. They arrived in New York that afternoon. That night they went on a tour of the Rockefeller Center; there the first calamity befell him. Perceiving that the weather was slightly frigid and that Miss Drisko was shivering, he, like sir Walter of old, generously offered her his topcoat. The result was that he is still coughing. He arrived home early Friday evening.

On being asked, Myron made the following statement, "I feel that I have brought back some very instructive and constructive ideas for carrying on the Red Cross drive and other things which are of vital importance to our organization. I wish to thank the SAGAMORE for giving me this opportunity to express my thanks to the school.

MISS LEWIS SPEAKS

(Continued from Page one)

the second on June 11, at 9.30 P. M. The first of these talks will be on the subject "Summer Reading," and the second on "Sea Stories".

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SAGAMORE

Vol. XXXIX, No. 12 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 15 1934 Subscription One Dollar

FRENCH CLUB MEETING HUGE SUCCESS

Friday, May fourth, in the Auditorium, the French Club held its monthly meeting, which was attended by an unusually large gathering. President Norman Hunt opened the meeting followed by the reports of the secretary and treasurer. The first feature of the entertainment was a most interesting film "To London and Paris by Air. This film presented some novel and beautiful views such as can be seen only from the air. Janet Dubinsky, then gave a brief talk on Normandie or Brittany. After singing songs, we viewed two more films, "Apple Blossom Time in Normandie and "When the Fleet Comes In.' Georgianna Couzzner gave a short talk on the chateaux of France, followed by an enlightening film by the same name. The meeting was closed with the customary singing of 'Marseillaise." Music was ably furnished by Robert Kitsis.

THE SPANISH CLUB

On the eleventh of April the Spanish Club gave an assembly in honor of Pan-American Day. Vivian Ward and her mother provided the entertainment by rendering Spanish music on the piano and cello. Vivian, a senior, has spent several years as a concert cellist and now she has returned to finish her course. She was accompanied by her mother during the following selections:

"Preguntele a las Estrellas"
"Estrellita" and
"La Playera" by Granados

After this program by her daughter, Mrs. Ward, a professional pianist, played a Tango in D by Albeniz, a "Spanish Waltz" by Granados and "Ay! Ay! Ay"

Between these programs Margaret Dienes danced a Spanish dance called Baile Flamenco.

This recital was one of the many fine programs put on by the Spanish Club this year. In November they gave a scene from a Spanish classic, with John "Kempy" Feild and Beverly Potter in the leading roles. In December they gave a Christmas festival as seen in France, Germany and Spain, and a short French play. Their January meeting was a social hour with games and conversation, while in March, the Sophomore members presented a one-act play, "Mi Nocio espanol." The club is looking forward to an elaborate scene of song and dance from a Spanish operetta.

BUY YOUR
YEAR BOOK
NOW

ORCHESTRA AND BAND RECITAL WELL RECEIVED

The students of Senior and Packard Houses marched into the auditorium on Thursday the third of May, to the martial strains of the entire high school band. The orchestra, a little later, in the programme, gave a recital of "Favorites of Victor Herbert," receiving hearty applause.

There were two soloists featured in the program, Robert Beckhardt, playing the xylophone, and Virginia Stanislaus, playing the saxophone, drew a most enthusiastic response from the audience.

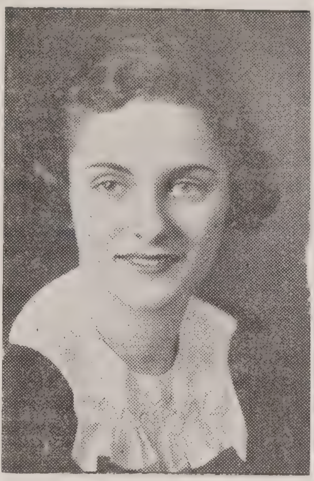
The band, astonishing and elating the school, showed another phase of its work. It presented a Hungarian rhapsody.

The two lower houses also enjoyed this presentation on Wednesday. The same program was given and rendered with the same clearness and tone.

Mr. Joslin was, and justly so, proud of the fine work done by the group under his tutelage. He was heard to say that the school will appreciate now the tremendous

(continued on page eight)

Muriel Baer Beauty-Intelligence Winner


MURIEL BAER ,Winner

SHIRLEY MacMILLAN

CLEO ALLEN

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE TIE FOR SECOND

GREENS PLACE THIRD AND FOURTH

On Wednesday, May 2, Muriel Baer fully proved that she was worthy of the title, "Miss Sagamore." The latter term was to be given to the most intelligent of the beautiful girls in our beautiful school of most beautiful girls.

We are very happy to state that the second place was a tie; for our life insurance policy would not adequately cover the damages that would be inflicted on us by the numerous admirers of Cleo Allen and Shirley MacMillan were we to say that the one was more intelligent than the other. Now comes a bit of a shock — you have just heard that blonde and brunette mixed together to capture second place. The result of that was that Green vividly swept into the third and fourth places. Norma took the lead on Elinore and managed to keep it to the very end.

These positions were all decided by the test given on May 2. The decision of the judges was final. The test covered all types of information, knowledge, and intelligence. It was divided into five parts. Here is a brief summary of the test as they took it. Perhaps some of you cynics would like to try it.

Part 1. Value 25%. General information. 1. What graduate of Brookline High reached the top in amateur golf rating?

2. Match—

a. Pearl Buck	Track Star
b. Venzke	Red Cross
c. Stalin	Singer
d. Florence Nightingale	Author
e. Lily Pons	Russian President

3. Who said,

"If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one."

"Give me liberty or give me death."

"A million for defense but not one cent for tribute."

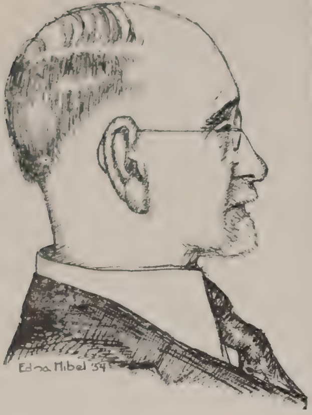
4. What was the score of this year's Brookline-Newton football game?

5. Who invented the phonograph?

6. Who is Dillinger?

(Continued from Page five)

RED PENCIL



The first question the R. P. interviewer offered Mr. Snow, the head of our Latin department, was the very old but always promising one, "Do you read?"

An enthusiastic "Yes" was the response, Classical, biographical and historical literature are his preferences and his favorite authors are Homer, Virgil, Thackeray and Ferero.

Concerning the stage or movies, Mr. Snow likes only the great actors and great masterpieces. Geoge Arliss in "Disraeli" and the "House of Rothchild" are examples him. He believes that the modern, everyday pictures are a waste of time. "They are weak and base and tend to harm the spectator," said Mr. Snow. He gives "Little Women" as an example of the real picture because it leaves you with something, a true appreciation of the fine things of life

Shakespeare's works, the Greek Dramas, and Cyrano De Bergerac are types of imperishable plays that Mr. Snow enjoys.

His favorite sports are hunting and fishing. He is very fond of brook trout fishing. Being a passionate lover of nature, he has explored and enjoyed the beauties of the Maine woods and the New England mountains and shore.

Mr. Snow is a collector of antiques He has a collection of old paints and from years in Europe has gathered several hundred of Europe's most artistic posters. These posters date back thirty years and are very valuable.

He is also a restorer of old Colonial houses. He purchases old houses and after carpenters have repaired them he furnishes them with antique furniture. His summer residence is furnished entirely with antiques.

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THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

MYSTOGRAM

(The answer to last issue's mystogram: In practically every crime, the criminal makes some slip. The answer to that one is absurdly simple . . . once you get it. The man was lying with nothing whatso-ever near him, except the gun. His shirt sleeves were rolled up. There were no finger prints at all on the gun. If the man had shot himself there would have been his prints on the weapon. The criminal made his mistake; he wiped off the gun so there would be no prints on it.)

Miles was tapping away on his typewriter when the door-bell rang. He was in the midst of a mystery story. Miles had become disgusted with the way mystery stories were written, and so had decided to write one himself . . . and he never relished being interrupted in the midst of work. Grinding the stem of his poker pipe between his teeth, he pushed back the chair and stepped to the door.

A big, somewhat flashily dressed man was standing there nervously fingering a watch chain. He had a large, black cigar in his mouth. As the door opened, he looked up, grinned, and started toward Miles.

"You're Miles Warner," he said with assurance.

"Why, yes. Won't you come in?" said Miles. "But please leave the cigar outside."

The man drew himself up importantly and seemed about to bluster, but when he looked at Miles' face, he did as he had been requested.

When the man, Mr. Nat Schmeller, as Miles learned later, had seated himself, he began without any delay or formality.

"I'm an assistant to an antique dealer here in . . . . I was sitting in the office late this afternoon when a man, dressed somewhat as I am, entered and with gun in hand ordered me to "reach for the ceiling." Now I had two large" (he showed how large with a wide, inclusive sweep of a pudgy hand) "bags, filled with some very valuable pottery. The man evidently knew what he wanted, for he came right

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LUCKY OFF AND ON

By M. Hommelibre

Piercingly the warm air cut into the exposed form of our hero as the corn train gradually hastened its progress. In spite of the fact that only several minutes ago Lucky had been berating the heat of the summer, he was now inwardly exclaiming upon the sting of the air and sand. After a few futile minutes of cursing the perversity of Nature, Lucky scuttled down the freights to arrive at an extra car in which there was no fresh corn, or any other type. Once within its sheltering boards, he proceeded to swelter once again, and to hold a solitary council of war. For a few more concentrated minutes he thought with the full strength of an undernourished intellect, till, his plan resolved, he swung into action, and thereby into a burdened corn car.

Back to his headquarters he went, there to continue busily in his actions. Using the long strings from his boots for a back-bone, and the husks of corn which he had just taken as the main factor in an Iowan-Hawaiian grass-corn skirt, he industriously worked at restoring himself to a Lucky normal. For, in this respect quite humanly, he had a peculiar sense of uncivilization when not arrayed in his coarse but comfortable garments. A short, very "short," half hour later, the cleanly, dusky figure of a satisfied inventor-from-necessity crawled laboriously toward the engine-car.

If we could see the purpose in his mind, we should see the cab-room of the train, with a discarded pair of fireman's overalls lying conveniently near the ascending iron rungs. But since we cannot examine Lucky's mind, let us look into the cab where we find the afore-mentioned overalls draped around a burly fire-tender.

But no such discouraging appearance presented itself to Lucky's eyes, for Fortune, Chance, Luck, Kismet, or what have you had decided otherwise. (If you are no Fatalist, let the cause be Lucky's.) At any rate, Fatalist or not, when the train stopped suddenly to avoid crashing into a car parked across the tracks; and when two decided bandits were about to enter the caboose and take care of any possible intrusion by the fireman and con-

(Continued on Page 7)

ROVER

Hop aboard the "Time machine" with Rover and journey to the B. H. S. of fifty, or perhaps not so many, years from now. Rover gives the starting lever a push and with a whirr of "imaginato-machinery" you are off. There are a few minutes of travel in a greyish blur, and Rover eases the ship down on B. H. S. Notice he says "on" B. H. S. You are on the great metal landing field that covers the entire school. Thousands of planes are going and coming like bees from the hive. You enter the great elevator, the one that stops at all seventy floors.

You are immediately impressed by the wonderful efficiency of the place. Students go quietly about through the shiny, metal-walled corridors. They are serious, and intent on their work. Of course all the improvements that Rover has mentioned in other trips are seen. The drinking tubes, the radio-announcing apparatus, the recreation rooms, equipped with swimming pools, dancing halls, and moving-picture rooms, and many others that astound you are to be seen.

As you come out on the sixty-fifth floor, you wonder at what you see. There are endless rooms, named according to subjects. Rover tells you that this is the floor of the "Examachines"; one of the most efficient inventions in all times. There are students here, taking their exams. Let us look on.

He stands at a board, on which there are two levers. As you watch, a question flashes on a screen before his eyes, he puzzles a moment, then presses the lever, lettered "YES." But he is wrong! He jumps up and down agitatedly on the slab of metal underfoot. You ask him why? And he tells you that, when he pushes the wrong lever, a charge of electricity, strong enough to keep you hopping, is automatically switched on. This lasts, he says, for a longer time each time you make a mistake. No wonder the B. H. S. of the future has such exceptional students !!

There is another reason for their studiousness. When you reach the basement, Rover points out the "Diciplinicos." These are most interesting to watch . . . but not to undergo. The unruly student is placed in a chair, somewhat like the present "hot-seat" and metal bands are placed around his wrists.

The teacher puts a text in a machine that faces the student, and immediately what he must learn flashes on a screen. And the stu-

(Continued on Page 7)

STRIKE!

by Charles Osgood

Mr. Patrick Murphy, a father of three little Murphys, pushed his lever forward and back to the time of a spirited ditty of his own making. He gave little thought to the ponderous machine that was turning out shoe-soles by the hundreds. Pat was thinking of the stew that would soon be on the table at his house on Factory Lane.

"Dum di dada . . . . " Pat sang away, glancing occasionally at the clock on the further wall. With every shove of the lever, the hands moved nearer five. So Pat shoved with more vigor and sang with more joy. He pictured himself at the head of their table, with Molly, his pretty wife, facing him, and three, eager young faces looking expectantly at him from the sides . . . and a big dish of steaming stew there before him, just waiting to be served.

"Dum di da da . . . " Pat smiled, still thinking of home.

Then the big hand jumped onto the big Roman numeral five, and a bell sounded exultantly through the chain of busy rooms. The machnes ceased whirring and a babble of relieved voices was heard in their place.

Pat flicked up the switch by his side and came to his feet. He was a giant. He had deep, blue, twinking eyes shining in a florid face that was topped by a crop of jet black hair, that curled and twisted ike so many coils of wire. He had he kind of smiling lips and slighty pugnacious jaw that the lady olks in the town went wild about. And his little lady was the prettiest in all "Smoky Town." His blue lannel shirt was opened wide at he neck, showing a broad, white hest. He had firm, muscular legs.

Smiling, or rather grinning, at a passing girl, he picked up his inner pail and started toward the oor. A squat, dirty man, in oily overalls, pushed up against him. He nudged Pat with his elbow.

"Wanta' speak to ya a minute, Pat."

Pat didn't know the man, so he tood and looked him over, from ead to foot.

"An' what do you want to speak o me about?"

The man jerked his thumb toward a more deserted section of he factory, and started for it with at trailing him a bit behind .

"Union man, ain't you?" asked he man, putting his foot familiary up on a guard rail.

"An' what if I am?"

"Well . . . then get this straight. You guys are all goin' to strike tomorrow on the dot of three. Get me?"

"What's the matter with you bunch of dopes now? We're O. K. ain't we?"

"Sure you're O. K. . . . But I'm from the union heads, and the bosses say strike . . so you're goin' to strike!"

"'N what if we don't?" growled Pat getting redder than usual.

"The man's face got hard, and his upper lip curled.

"Our red-faced Irishman's gettin' snooty, eh? Well, feller, if you knows what's good for you, you'll strike!"

Pat shook his big fist in the other man's face.

"One more like that, yuh little shrimp, and I'll put this right through yer ugly map!"

"Look out now," said the squat one, backing away, "I ain't goin' to fight yer, but you'd better foller along wit' the others . . . if yer know what's good fer yer."

Pat stood still, watching him slump down the corridor until he merged and disappeared in the throng of workers. Then he went out, and down the board walk toward home, where a steaming lamb stew was waiting on the table.

Three curly-headed youngsters started for him as he turned into the walk of his small, brown-painted house . . . and stopped suddenly when they saw the hard glint in his eyes. He pushed by them and went up the stairs. Molly met him.

"Hello the . . . "

She stopped in mid-sentence and stood looking at him with wide eyes. Pat nodded curtly, and sat down at the head of the table. He dished out the stew and began to eat. Molly lifted her eyes, clouded with pain and anxiety, every now and then to glance at Pat, who was eating in morose silence. The three little Murphys also ate in silence, their black-topped heads bent down close to their plates.

When dinner was over, Pat slouched into the cheap, but comfortable, living room and sank heavily into a chair, burying his face in his hands. The three boys tip-toed through the living room, looking wonderingly at Pat, and out into the yard, where they played quietly. The whole factory town was more silent that evening than it had often been before. A strike meant days of hardship and trouble, with fiery-eyed agitators spitting forth burning, senseless words against the capitalists; crazed mobs fighting tooth and

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DROPS OF GOLD

SERENADE

I shall not look for it in trees or flowers;
The many curved trail of human beings.
The mystic forest way holds no meaning for my mind.
Bumble songs and nestling bowers
Are forest lore; O scent! O earth!
What dreams of human hand are lost
To be aroused by your loveliness!
But I shall not look for it in trees or flowers.
—I shall seek in the whoosh of a growing city—
The grafter's mart; thieves' school;
The pointed tips of grasping fingers—
Human vice.
I want to hear its foolish din
And see the foolish people
In their city.
This is the pulse, the beat;
And I shall not look for it in trees or flowers.
—Death perhaps in the old gleam of the sun,
But life only in the torches of a thousand city lights.
I want the bridges and towers and clash and war—
The grimy soot—flower of growing things!
The old life, the new birth.
And I shall find the heart of man
In the heart of man.
And I shall not look for it in trees and flowers!
—I shall delve in the embryo of man's world,
His invention, his creations!

* * *

The melody of birds' singing,
The odor of perfected perfume—
These I shall only know.
But—Men and their Melody—
The tramp of feet,
The odor of sweating bodies—
I cannot seek these in trees and flowers.

ABSENCE

Tea cups,
On a scarlet
Laquered table; melted
Sunshine caught in two bright bits
Of China.

Tea cups
Drained of liquid
Yet brimful of fragrance,
Tilted once by hands fragile as
Their lustre.

TO FOUR FRIENDS

I could go back, to stand again
Beneath the sunbright tree,
To run the shadow-blotted path
Where spectral fiends and misty men
Are waiting, where the wind's high wrath
Heaps the leaves in a surging golden sea.

Go back to watch the sunset clouds
On westerly parade,
To puzzle at the glooming hill
Copper tipped with sunny shrouds,
To wonder till the sky grew chill.
I could go back but I would be afraid.

CREATION

The City groans and writhes upon her bed,
Tearing mist-veils and clenching her cold, white hands.
(Surely this pain comes not to other lands.)
Her shrieks resound. She pounds her feverish head.
So Time and the City love and live and bear
New temples in an endless agony.
And none there are who shall remain to see
How all this life will end, or when, or where.

NORMA JUNE RATHNER.

ANOTHER GONE

I

Erytheia, fair gardener of Hesperides,
May-blossomed Aegle, sweet Hesperia,
Gone is the fresh color of your garden,
Laden with dust your spritely realm;
Nowhere the sign of once-gay laughter.
Whence have you departed?
To what Dis do you now seek the melody of flowers?

II

Much have I wandered
Where Nightingale sings to the tune of lost jewels,
But Echo brings it back in mournful notes.
Sometimes, I wish to think
That you, all, have been somehow translated
Into a modern vein.
But where is Arcady?

Aaron Levine

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Editor-in-Chief ....NORMAN HUNT
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STUART GOLDENBERG
News Editors ....SARAH CAUMAN
IRVING HELMAN
Feature Editor ....AARON LEVINE
Staff Artist ....EDNA HIBEL
Sports Editor ....MYRON WALLACE
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GUM IN THE TEETH
or
THE DEAD BUG'S SECRET

We feel that, considering the tender and intimate sentiments which the school at large has long entertained for chewing-gum, a proper introduction is in order. Mr. John Smith—may we present chicle-gum, an oozy outspring of the naseberry, or Achras Sapota, a sapotaceous poor thing) tree of tropical America. The Encyclopedia, which is acting as a sort of Social Register, adds further with a neat and lucid descriptive touch: "It is used as a masticatory." Ah! what trimmer, truer phrase than this! The story in a nut-shell! It is indeed, used for what is termed with enviable delicacy a masticatory." However, we are not informed by the compiler of this particular Encyclopedia what takes place before His Stickiness is presented, in subdued and flattened form, to the Great American Public. One reads between the lines that he is a sensitive, puritanical, reserved old codger, who prefers to leave the painful enlightenment to another brother-editor. The other, with hardened lack of reticence, informs us at length. We have condensed the information to a shorter and completely truthful account, as follows:

The unfortunate chicle-tree, nee naseberry, alias Achras Sapota, is beset by a certain tiny but annoying bug which fastens itself stubbornly to the innocent if sapotaceous bark. Trained instinctively, like everything in God's kingdom, to the noble art of self-defense, our friend emits from its innerwards a thick sap, which cuddles around each gathering of bugs. Enter the native who, with his home-made scalpel, relieves the tree of these sticky deposits, and carries the crude gum to camp, whence it is shipped to American factories. We will say this for the manufacturers: although they have found no means of removing the bugs, they have striven conscienciously to sterilize them to a point where they reach a relatively impotent state, and perhaps even add an interesting, tangy flavor otherwise lacking . . . but an estimated thousand or so of little bugs sleep their last sleep in every stick of the finished product . . . may they go to their reward.

Of course not all chewing-gum is chicle. The very meagre remainder is either spruce gum, of a tree no more infested by insects than most trees, or a gum obtained from the pitchy depths of the crude-oil well . . .

Maybe, if you are very discerning, you have discerned that we are trying to argue you away from the Great American Habit of "chawring." If the plain facts are not enough for you, we try another tack: not only is practically all gum the Happy Hunting-ground for plenty of parboiled bugs, all gum is inelegant and useless chewing-matter. Specifically, chewing in the class-room is doubly rude to the teacher: first, it indicates lack of interest, and second, if gum is to be chewed a piece should be offered to every one else in the room . . . it is grossly impolite to partake of refreshments when others have none . . . And here is another request: please **do** refrain from depositing gum in unlikely places. It is unpleasant to say the least to find the second-hand, distinctly tooth-marked remnant of a piece of gum adhering to the bottom of your desk, the underside of the window-sill, etcetera. We hope our simple message has penetrated to your hearts oh brethren.

TO THE FIVE-YEAR MEN

We suspect that the former members of the class of '34 are not as light-hearted as they would have us think. Not, perhaps, that it keeps them awake in the wee, small hours before the dawn . . . but it is rather hard to see the companions of four years pass on to a bigger, outer world, to colleges, to specialty schools, to work and career, leaving you to the mercy of the unknown lower Houses. It is hard to realize that this Class Day is not for you, nor graduation, the red-letter day that it was going to be.

Left out, that's the feeling. Never mind, you five-year men. You have to remember that, like Russia's five-year plan, it's only temporary. Book learning and academics aren't everything — important as they may be. Perhaps you have a talent in a different line, a talent for painting or acting or managing your own tea-room or . . . any of a thousand things. If you want to be a sailor, but can't learn a French verb, the nautical life is still the life for you! . . . To any of you: the whole of life is still stretched before you, and you can still make of it what you will. How many men and how many women, now famed for their brilliant accomplishments, failed completely and overwhelmingly in their school work and became gloriously, triumphant in the field of their desire?

Do the best you can with that fifth year — but don't think that Time has halted for you, or that opportunity and happiness and life are passing you by.

LUNCH ROOM DUTY

Five minutes before the period is over you leave the room. You try to gather up your books noiselessly and tiptoe out of the room. The floor creaks, the door slams, and the teacher regards you ominously.

Upon reaching the lunch room you immediately bolt your lunch, hoping the bell won't ring. You finish as the bell rings and wish that you hadn't eaten so quickly. As the room fills magically with a laughing, bustling, hurrying, pushing crowd, you sit with one of your friends.

Someone at the table throws a paper at the basket, and misses. Upon being told to pick it up, he immediately says something funny or cutting. Finally he agrees to pick it up on the way out. Then you talk with classmates, trying not to look at their lunches too hungrily.

Now it is time to go on duty. You walk over to a table of seniors and ask whose tray is left, with gravy so carefully spread about. They look at you, then accuse each other, then hit each other once or twice and walk away laughing, denying the fact that they even knew who sat there. After you have picked up the tray daintily and taken it over to the table, you pick up various papers and dishes. Then you must try to scare some freshmen into taking their trays, and try to look dignified while fighting a losing battle with a freshman, sitting at a senior table, who refuses to acknowledge that he ate there. Then you pick up the pieces of that broken milk bottle everybody just howled about.

When the crowd leaves, you replace the stools with a sigh of relief, pick up a few odd papers, and talk with another marshall, while our worthy captain checks up.

As the bell rings you leave, trying to forget about those boys who left their trays, saying their fraternity pledgee would clear the table.

MAN AND THE MACHINE

There has been, for the last few years, a great deal of discussion about the effect of the machine on mankind. It appears to us that there are too many ‘red flags’ of supposed danger being held up for the people to fear. “The metal monsters will bring about the end of the human race!” This and similar phrases are shouted at the eager ears of the ordinary man by some so-called thinkers. But the majority of thinkers, it will be noticed, praise the advent of the machine itself, and condemn only the way it has been used by the profit-loving followers of Mammon. In that, then, is the entire trouble; the machine is good for man, but man has not yet learned, and put into practice, the correct use of it.

Many million years ago, the snail-like gastropod, a descendant from the defenceless amoeba, developed a shell. Now the rule of survival before his advent had been to be the absorber and not the absorbed. But the others of his time had a very hard time in absorbing the gastropod because of his shell. Nature decided this was a good way to protect her children, and so, for many eras, shells were the vogue. The machine is to be compared with the shell of the gastropod, as it is protector, provider, and helper all in one. Is man to cast this benefit aside because he has a little trouble in controlling it? You may be sure the gastropod didn't get rid of his shell because it was heavy.

Before the Machine Age, men were forced to work endlessly to secure the most meagre living. The mother's day was filled with mending, knitting, cooking and washing. There was no time for anyone of the lower classes to improve himself by reading. In fact, reading was considered by many an utter waste of time and labor. Consequently, the average man was dull and prosaic.

But with the coming of the machine this condition was to a great extent changed. Minds were quickened and cleared of musty thoughts by contact with the efficiency and precision of the machine. The lessening of physical labor leaves more time for the average person to spend in intellectual pursuits, though whether he uses it for this is another question.

Is man to give up because he is unable to control his greatest benefit, or is he to use this benefit to climb to far greater heights? We must not place any blame on the machine. Every argument comes down to the basic fact, that the machine without man is nothing,

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BEAUTY CONTEST

(Continued from Page one)

7. Superintendent's report: What did Dr. Haasman say was the cause of flat feet?
8. Who wrote the “Star Spangled Banner?”
9. What is Mr. Ringer's middle initial?
10. On what streets must one walk from the High School to Coolidge Corner?

Part 2. Value 25%. Scholarship questions.

1. Ability to identify, when heard, the following languages:
    1. French
    2. Spanish
    3. Latin
    4. German
2. What two numbers' sum is twelve and difference is 6?
3. Who wrote?
    1. Silas Lapham
    2. Silas Marner
    3. She Stoops to Conquer
    4. Old Ironsides
    5. The essay—Consolation
4. How many senators are there?
5. Name a bachelor president.
6. A horticulturist is——a man who has 2 wives, a gardener, a doctor who specializes on the nose and throat, an executioner or a foreigner.
7. How do you spell promontory? (All questions given orally).
8. What is Madagascar?
9. Write a ten word sentence, each word beginning with the letter a.
10. At what temperature does water freeze.

Part 3. Value 15%.

1. A picture is held up for three minutes. Then after it is put away, questions are asked about it.
2. A newspaper item is read. Then questions are asked about it.

Part 4. Value 10%.

Scene: Somewhere in France.

Characters: A German and a French aviator.

Time: 1914.

During 1914, the first year of the Great War, an aeroplane battle took place. The German aviator finally shot a hole in the Frenchman's gas tank. The Frenchman jumped out of his plane and, after the suitable time, he pulled the parachute cord. He was almost down when his plane, which had swooped down, came upon him and he managed to get in, thus effecting a landing.

Find something wrong in that story.

Part V. Intelligence questions. 25%.

1. If you were locked up in this room with no way of getting out, and although it was only 3 o'clock, no one was passing by, what would be the sensible thing to do first?
2. If you were trying to save a drowning person and found that you yourself were sinking, provided that no one was in sight and that you were one-half mile from the shore, what would you do?

— Finish of test. —

We take all blame for errors in making up this test, and although we will not listen to your criticisms, if you are a SAGAMORE subscriber, you may criticize.

Although he tried to keep his mind strictly on the business of giving the test, the young man's eyes often strayed to Rae McKnight's beautiful hair and Hartense Natelson's doll-like face. Wearing a rather blue shirt as a sign of authority, he was constantly chasing the many admirers of the contestants, who persisted in blocking up the doorways.

The poor football team was always on the short end of the big scores which were the candidate's opinion of what the result of this year's Brookline-Newton game was.

Here are some of the answers to the ten-word sentence in which every word begins with the letter a:

1. An able ancient alumna aimed an alluring apple at an ash.
2. An awkward animal always annoys anyone anxious about an automobile.
3. An alphabet always arouses anxiety amongst all Americans, Algerians and Africans.

All candidates were present except Miss Althea Shinners.

Descriptions and pictures of the winners appear in other parts of the paper.

We sincerely regret that we could not mention all of the beautiful and intelligent girls in this school, many of whom really deserved to be recognized.

Well, hats off to Miss Sagamore.

TRACK TEAM SCORES POINT IN WORCESTER SCHOLASTICS

The Brookline High School track team did not fare so well in the Worcester Polytechnical Institute Interscholastics last Saturday, when they tallied but one point, a fourth in the shot-put by “Bert” Litman.

The team had not been practising with too much regularity, and the results were only natural.

Captain “Tod Plotkin qualified for the finals in the high jump; Rogers for the 220; and Kerins and Litman for the shot put. Of these four, Litman was the only one to score, with a heave of 44 feet 6 3-8 inches.

The team has a meet with Lawrence on May 11, and after a week's practice, should show up much better.

BASEBALL NINE BEATS ARLINGTON 4-0

The Brookline High School baseball team, aided by the one hit, no run ball pitched by “Joie” Walsh, once again broke into the win column, last Saturday, at Arlington, when it defeated that team by a score of 4-0.

Walsh, not content with pitching one hit ball, went out and gathered two smashes out of four times at bat, and was in every way completely efficient in the field.

After a scoreless first two innings, the team seemed to gather new life, and in its half of third scored two tallies. Walsh then, with that lead, settled down and pitched flawless ball for the rest of the game. The Red and Blue scored two more runs in the ninth.

Conaty's homer and McPhee's hitting were other features of an altogether satisfactory and promising showing.

ARLINGTON TRACK TEAM DEFEATS BROOKLINE 37-35

In a track meet filled with with thrills, Arlington High School scored an upset on May 1 by downing Brookline by a score of 37-35. Brookline, outclassed in the long races, came back strong in the field events so that the result hinged upon the final event, which was the “220.” But this event was won by [illegible] Graf of Arlington and with it went the meet. Graf also scored wins in the 100-yard dash and the running high jump.

Brookline's best performer, with the exception of Captain Tod Plotkin, was Tom “Red” Guthrie. Besides winning the running broad jump with a leap of 19 ft. 5 inches, he also took second to Captain Tod in the hurdles. Plotkin was second in the running high jump.

Other Brookline point winners were Kerins, first in the shot put; Livingstone, second in 100 and third in the 220; Rogers, second in the 220; Litman, second in the shot put; Grenier, second in the running broad jump; and Anderson, third in the 440.

NOUS

Push back your chair folks: Nous is on the air.

This next is a definition which isn't even in the Webster Intentional Dictionary: A stag party is one in which the little dear aren't admitted.

Allen Dreyfuss carries a thing which looks like an overloaded suitcase but which really is only a briefcase around with him. Nous wonders if he is practicing for the 1936 Olympics to give the champion hammer-thrower of the world a run for his money.

Famous last words—

Mr. Fitzgerald: And though I have tried to be lenient, when marks come out, there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Heard in the corridor: Alba Ben Roofer—"Gosh! What is all that rumpus in there."

Little Daniel Sacks, who knows all: "Oh! that's the circulating manager and advertising agent squabbling about which one of them does all the literary work for the Sag.

Going back into school after a fire drill Nous can well appreciate how an ex-convict feels returning to serve his second sentence.

Those groans you hear coming from the gym are the boys practicing for class day marching.

This is a little too early but,

"Have you got your notes written on your handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"And did you make arrangements to sit behind Dick, where you could see his paper?"

"Yes."

"And have you your text book concealed in your hat?"

"Yes."

"O. K. Then let's go on to the finals."

Nous just heard that Mr. Jewett is going the rounds of the grammar schools, assuring the graduating classes that the rumor about the newly established house plan meaning the tearing down of the school and putting up little houses is untrue.

(Continued on Page 7)

Seen and Heard

LIMELIGHT

The secret of writing these columns is in hitting the right keys on the typewriter. We do dot claim that the 'poems' are original, but we think they're good.

The first rhyme is dedicated to the column NOUS.

A new gnu came into the zoo.
And you said, "Pray what can we do?
He will not eat meat.
So what can he eat?"
At noon the new gnu knew you knew.

This may be news to you:

Next a bit of nonsense in iambic pentameter (or what have you?) inspired by your sterling vocalist Grace G.

Of a sudden the great prima donna
Cried Heavens, my voice is a goner.
But a cat in the wings,
Said, "I know how she sings."
And finished the solo with honor.

No matter what your opinions are on the subject of a certain type of ginglymus, more commonly termed an ankle, our ideas may prove N-lightning.

The ankle's chief end is expos-ery,
Of the latest designs of silk hos-ery
Also I suspect
It was made to connect
The part called the calf with the toes-ery.

It is reported that Willy Berman had a cold the other day and was a little horse. We agree.

The column Dust ought to be renamed Mud because it's all wet.

It's a very warm day observed Millie,
I hope that you won't think it silly
If I say that this heat
Makes me think 'twould be sweet,
If one were a coolie in Chili.

A parody on the Old Spinning Wheel.

There was a young girl named O'Neill
Who went up in a great Ferris Wheel,
But when halfway around
She looked at the ground
It cost her an eighty cent meal.

DUST

Hell-o boys and girls . . . Drag up a sofa. . . .

—He—

STUART GOLDENBERG has a new Harris tweed suit. . . . This is very suitable for strolling down THELAINE in spring. . . .

— HO —

And the romance was over when the Harvard man found a Yale lock on his girl-friend's door. . . .

— HI —

Frosh: Will you hold my books a moment, please? . . .

Junior: But I'm a Marshal! !

Frosh: That's all right; I'll trust you. . . .

— HEM —

The difference between tact and dumbness is calling Sophomores last year's freshmen or next year's Juniors. . . .

—HA—

Last week a certain teacher told the class that they would have to pay one dime for every spot in their books: Leon Robinson was seen lately with pen and ink connecting all the spots. . . .

— HO —

"Break, Break, Break,
On the cold gray stones, O sea,
But I bet you can break for forty years,
And not be as broke as me." . . .

— HEM —

At last it has been found out how a high school girl regards a secret: Either it is not wroth keeping or it is too good to keep. . . .

— HE —

Henry Rosen wanted fish for dinner last week so he went up to a flower shop and smelt. . . . After walking home with SONIA, he decided to SALTA bit of it.—(comprenez-vous?)

— HEM —

To look at some of the girls in this school one would think that they put on their make-up with a trowel. . . .

— HO-HUM —

— THE WOIM. . . .

Here's an epitaph for one of those boys who overuse the lunchroom.

Here lies a poor gluttonous sinner,
Than in life, considerably thinner
He's gone, so they tell,
Without doubt to—oh, well,
To the place where they cook the best dinner.

(Signing Ophffe.)

It's Not Too Early

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necessary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it may be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesmen or canvassers) to the school at the [illegible]er of Boylston and [illegible]ngton Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal,

BRYANT & STRATTON

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ROVER

dent sits there, itching with electricity, until he learns..

But now Rover wants you to read with seriousness. He hopes some of the "influentials" will also give this some thought. With moving pictures reaching such remarkable perfection, it is strange that they do not take a more important part in the school life. Without too much cost, considering the benefits, complete machines could be installed in all rooms. If, for instance, scenes that show the life of Napoleon were shown in the history classes, it would be much easier for the students to grasp the ideas. They would see the happenings of history, and, therefore, could learn it. What person goes to a fine picture and cannot tell what happened? This would be the same in schools.

It takes a certain amount of imagination to see events when a teacher tells about them. But events that are seen are seldom lost. Rover is sure this would be a great improvement. It is one that is coming eventually . . . but why wait for it?

Your time is up, and Rover ushers you back into the "Time machine." With a short spell of greyness and dizziness, you are back in 1934. As you step out of the ship, Rover hands you a card which says "Another trip in next issue!"

LUCKY OFF AND ON

ductor, only to be fallen upon by an unintentional hero, you must confess that something, somewhere, was accomplishing things. Thrown off his feet by the sudden stopping of the train, Lucky reeled precariously around the engine roof, to grasp frantically at the run-way and to fall on the two bandits, breaking his hip on their heads.

The same hospital that tenanted an unconscious Lucky, also had two law-breakers, one of whom had a fractured skull, and the other slight concussion of the brain. It seems that the bandits were confederates of a band who had shipped the proceeds of a bank-robbery by the conspicuously secretive passage with a load of corn. The telegram sent to two members near the train route, all was finished but for a matter of time. The exact time was ten years in San Quentin—and the lasting popularity of Lucky in the eyes of the railroad company and public.

STRIKE!

claw with the hired workers, strike-bearers; hunger and terrorization always abroad.

Molly came in and stood near Pat, looking at him.

"Well . . . what's the matter, Pat?"

Pat looked up, his beautiful lips drawn down at the corners and his face pale. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees.

"Strike!"

Molly's lower lip trembled.

"Did they . . . speak to you about it?"

"Yeah . . . a dirty shrimp let me know that if I didn't go into it . . . well, you know what . . . But I ain't going to strike, Molly, **no, I aint.** . . . It's damn unfair, that's what it is!"

He jumped to his feet, waving his fists around, his face florid.

"We're gettin' long O. K., ain't we? . . . . Sure we are. Then why does the union have to start trouble? Just because a plant on the other side of the state has trouble . . . does that say we've got to? . . . . Just because they wants to make it hard for us . . . give those damn communists a chance to talk us sick . . . And I won't strike . . . I won't strike!"

Molly paled and rocked slightly on her feet . . . but her voice was firm.

"You've got to strike? Pat . . . . You've got to strike!"

Pat fell weakly back into the chair and covered his face with his hands . . . . his shoulders quivered for a moment. Then he spoke, husky and tired.

"Yeah . . . We've got t' strike . . . We've got t' strike!"

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MYSTOGRAM

over to me and took up the bags. Keeping the gun trained on me, he told me to take off my clothes, with the exception of my under-things, and give them to him. As he had that gun pointed straight at me all the time, I had to do as he said. He opened one of the bags and put my clothes inside. Then, still keeping me covered steadily with the revolver and carrying the bags, he backed out of the shop onto the street. Luckily I had this extra suit in the shop. I put it on and came right over here."

"And why did you come right over here instead of going to the police?"

"Why I've heard a lot about your ability, Mr. Warner."

The bold-faced flattery was lost on Miles.

"Why were you waiting there?"

"I had to wait for a taxi, to take the bags to the station."

"When did you call the taxi . . . . right before the can came in?"

The man nodded, shortly.

"I'm sorry," said Miles, rising and ushering the protesting man from the room. "that I am unable to do anything for you. You called at a bad time, in the first place. Then you told me an impossible lie. And if you don't return those goods to your employer, I'll see that you're put where you belong!"

What was wrong with the man's story? You should be able to get this one.

RED PENCIL

Mr. Snow has certainly won the name of "traveller." He crossed the Atlantic ten times and travelled all over the United States, in Canada, Europe, Asia and Africa.

In conclusion, Mr. Snow said, "My work is my hobby. When school is in session I have little time for anything else."

NOUS

Nous bets dollars to doughnuts that nobody will ever be able to colect the money from those same people who were vieing with each other about the number of times they got their pictures in the Year Book.

I guess the only thing to do is put a Nous around my neck and pull it taut.

LIBRARY LINES

Many of you, the library feels sure, have been missing some wonderful magazine articles, either because you are too busy or do not realize what wealth of fascinating material is contained in periodicals. Mrs. Siebens, therefore, has made notes of some which would appeal to all types of people:

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt's "If I Were Graduating From High School Today"—fine, sincere, full of really helpful suggestions. In Scholastic Magazine for April 14.

For those who are fond of the outdoors and all its creatures, the story of "Spotty, a Pacific Rattlesnake" is of particular interest, by W. Harold Gamble in the May edition of "Nature."

Have you the common and misled illusion that the Atlantic Monthly is a dull, highbrow affair? Read "Ghosts of Pitcairn" by James Norman Hall, begun in a recent issue, and change your mind. A true account of thrilling adventure.

The April Scribner's presents an intriguing problem in John B. Waite's article "If Judges Wrote Detective Stories," in the May number of this magazine begins a new serial, a fascinating story of the 80's by James Boyd, author of "Drums" and "Marching On."

And lastly may we remind you that there is always the "Illustrated London News."

ASSEMBLY

(continued from page one)

work that has been done by the band and the orchestra. He told the band, after the assembly that they need not face the prospect of being "booed" and ridiculed any more at the football games and other times.

The school is looking forward to having another program by the band orchestra. It is rumored that such a program is in the making before the end of the year.

S. P. L. G.

Ask a Girls' League member what the League saves for a rainy day, and she'll answer the "Eighth Grade Party." True to tradition, it rained Friday the twenty-seventh of April, which was the day when the girls of the incoming class and their mothers came to an afternoon's entertainment in the auditorium. The Teachers' Club and the Girls' League sponsored the meeting with the Advisory Council as active hostesses. The junior orchestra of the high school provided music before the meeting, opened by Miss Wright, President of the Teachers' Club, in which she greeted the guests. Peggy Bennet, as representative of the League, extended the League's welcome and told of the League's purpose and position in the school. Mr. Ringer talked for a short time about Lincoln House and welcomed all the incoming girls. Mr. Roman, as housemaster of Lincoln House, spoke next and said he hoped he would have a chance to meet each girl personally next year. Then the meeting was handed over to Miss Helen Leavitt, who took the audience on a "melody cruise" around the world. She played bits from songs of many different countries and told amusing anecdotes about them. Since it was all in rhyme the effect was charming. Miss Saywer then extended her special welcome to the mothers to visit her during the coming year; then Christine Adams, chairman of the Advisory Council, closed the meeting. Groups of visitors were conducted through the building; then everybody adjourned to the lunchroom for refreshments. Christine Adams was chairman of the committees for the afternoon which were: Auditorium, Sarah Cauman; Hostesses, Myrtle Nicolls; League Room, Meave Sullivan; and the Lunchroom committee, which was headed by Mildred Freedman.

STILL SHY?

Dawn!
You are dew-kissed,
And sun-caressed,
Yet I saw you blush.
Why?

Norma Rathner

MAN AND THE MACHINE

Continued from Page 5

whereas man without the machine is still man. Man is the creator but he seems liable to let his creation run away with him. So, to solve the problem, we must not do away with the machine, but must bring men to realize the correct way of using it.

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SAGAMORE

Vol. XXXIX, No. 13 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 28 1934 Subscription One Dollar

AKERS HOUSE DEDICATED TO FORMER HEADMASTER AT ASSEMBLY

The two upper houses were present on Wednesday, May 16th, at the impressive dedication ceremonies for Akers House. This new member of our house system will commemorate forever the name of our former and recently-retired principal, Mr. Winfred Akers, who was on the platform during the assembly, although he did not speak.

Theodore Plotkin, first president of Akers House, introduced the many speakers, all of whom expressed their admiration and affection for their former headmaster. Mr. Caverly, Mr. Ringer, Mrs. Henderson and Miss Liden, Akers House master, were the representatives of the faculty and Mr. Richard Bowers, an alumnus of the school outstanding in the student government of 1920, spoke of the school under Mr. Akers at that period.

FINANCIAL REPORT

The financial statement of this year's Scholarship Dramatics reflects credit upon all who helped to make *Gold in the Hills* a success. THE SAGAMORE has always given Dramatics generous aid in the form of publicity and it is only right that it should be the means of bringing to the school the news of this year's success.

Besides furnishing necessary financial assistance to certain worthy boys who are about to enter college, Scholarship Dramatics calls upon the whole school to unite in the spirit of generous enthusiasm for a good cause; and because so many respond to that appeal, it is dangerous to single out individuals or groups for special praise lest others, equally worthy, pass unnoticed. Let us then say thank you to the throng made up of teachers, students, and other friends of the school who as ticket sellers or as ticket purchasers, who as ushers, musicians, stage hands, costumers, candy girls, coaches, or actors made the enterprise a success. No one of these asks any other reward than that feeling of satisfied conscience that led Gareth in *The Idylls of the King* to exclaim, "For the deed's sake have I done the deed."

The report as of May 12 follows:

Received from sale of tickets	$963.00
Expenses of play	199.49
Profit	$763.51
Received from Girls' League from candy sale	$112.80
Expenses	1.19
Profit	$111.61
Received from admissions to dance	$ 94.75
Expenses of dance	60.20
Profit	$ 34.55
Received from check rooms	$ 18.15
Expenses of checking	7.95
Profit	$ 10.20

NORMAN HUNT, CHARLES OSGOOD AND AARON LEVINE WIN LITERARY CONTESTS

NEW BANKING SYSTEM STARTED IN ROBERTS HOUSE

Under the direction of Mr. Jewett, who has assumed charge in the absence of Miss Barnard, a new school bank has been organized. It is designed to be an aid in teaching Economic Education and to assist students in the apportionment of their incomes. The plan is to offer these opportunities to members of Roberts House. The three upper houses do not participate in this system but the incoming freshmen will.

This system is managed through the aid of the following representatives:

It is very simple to become a depositor in this system since deposits are received of from five cents and up. The only information needed may be found in a small school savings signature card. On receipt of this slip a bank book is given to the depositor, who, if he wishes to make a deposit, fills out the master sheet, which contains a carbon copy. This transcribes it to a duplicate sheet that is torn out and sent to The Brookline Savings Bank with the money. The wonder of this system is that there are no names necessary, as the method is simplified by a complete arrangement of codes. As this economic education has strated in the kindergarten, it has been so adjusted that a depositor may use the same book from that time until he graduates from high school.

Mr. Blanchard reports that although the response has not been as great as it might have been if the method had been started earlier, it is believed that Roberts House and the incoming houses will show most satisfactory results next year. The teachers of the present Roberts House have been most co-operative and they deserve much credit for helping in the establishment of the new system.

RED CROSS AWARDS FIRST AID CERTIFICATES

Medals Presented For "Be Kind To Animals" Posters

At the assembly on Friday, May 18, a varied program was attended by the two lower houses. The speakers were Miss Smith, Myron Cohen, Mr. Johnson, Miss Parker and Mr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the M. S. P. C. A.

Miss Smith, faculty advisor of the B. H. S. chapter of the Red Cross, introduced Myron Cohen, who reported on his activities as representative at the annual convention of the Red Cross in Washington, D. C.

Certificates were presented by Mr. Johnson to the following students, who have successfully passed a course in Jr. Red Cross First Aid:

George Bowditch, Allan Dreyfuss, Richard Swift, Robert Harding, Freddy Newcomb, Esther Kelley, Eleanor West, Lewis Bloom, Virginia F. Connelly, Maynard Files, G. H. Hunt, Jr., William Ingraham, Priscilla Riordan, Norman Stevenson, Bernard Abrams, David Eskin, Albert Rouffa.

Mr. Francis H. Rowley, introduced by Miss Parker, awarded the prizes for the animal posters made by students of the art department.

The bronze medals (first prize) were awarded to:

Edward Flatley.
Lewis Bloom.
Rosamond Montgomery.
Edward Carreiro.
Lorraine Kratsur.
Sally Glover.

The silver medals (second prize):

Lorraine Wood.
Elsie Moorhouse.
William O'Kane.
Charlotte Grass.

Honorable mention:

Blanche Carter.
Celia Reiss.
James F. Russell.
Sam Levine.

(Continued on Page 8)

CHARLES LAURIAT WINS PRIZE FOR BEST EDITORIAL

The final decisions of Mr. Snow, Miss Spaulding, Mr. Newsom and Miss Parker, judges in the contests, have just been given out. These decisions on the giant writing contest have long been waited for by the school and "The Sagamore" is happy to congratulate the winners.

Norman Hunt's essay, "Sparks from the Yule Log," ranked highest in the opinion of the judges. This fine piece of work was printed in the Christmas issue of the Sagamore. His poem, "On Hearing Liebestraum," placed second in the poetry contest.

"The Death of Old Si," a short story by Charles Osgood, was voted first place unanimously by the judges. This story may be found in the first issue of the paper for this year. Charles Osgood also received honorable mention for his story "The Girl by the Gate," which is in one of the more recent issues. Second place in this contest was won by Herbert Landsman for his story "The House of Glory."

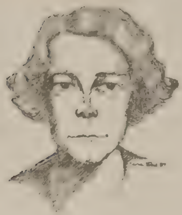
Aaron Levine's poem, "A Song of Prospect," took first place in the poetry contest. This exceptional piece of work is only one among the many poems that he has written. He also received honorable mention for his poem "Eternity."

The results of the humor column contest help to prove the old adage about quality and quantity. "The Gulf Stream, Jr." by Irving Helman, though it only appeared once in the Sagamore, took an unquestionable first. However, an old standby, "Dust," by Billy Berman, placed second.

From the many editorials that were entered in the contest, "The Evils of the Marking System," by Charles Lauriat was given first place. "Enlightenment and Brotherhood," another fine editorial, took second place. This was written by Sarah Cauman. Leonard Mersky's picture, made especially for the Christmas issue of the paper, was judged best by Miss Parker and her assistants. The sketches of the actors in "Gold in the Hills," done by Edna Hibel, were awarded second place. A clever pen and ink sketch

(Continued on Page 8)

RED PENCIL



MISS ALICE SPAULDING
Head of the English Dept.

The informative voice of the Red Pencil will now proceed to disclose to you the "other interests" of Miss Spaulding, head of the English department.

She is an enthusiastic devotee of the theatre and opera. She has known and enjoyed the theatre since she was nine years old and would be justified in calling it her "ever was and ever shall be" hobby. Among her favorite players are Sara Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe, Duse, Richard Mansfield and William Faversham. Knowing and appreciating the finer type of theatrical amusement as she does, Miss Spaulding doesn't think much of our modern moving-pictures. She affirms that they are too common and light and do not amount to much although she makes exceptions of such pictures as "Cavalcade" and "Queen Christina."

Raising Irish setters to become champions is her other chief hobby. At present she owns four very beautiful setters of whom she is extremely fond and proud. These four are a grandmother, a daughter and two grand-children. The latter she hopes to make champions of as they are of exceedingly good stock. It is her desire to have, someday, a spacious place in the country where she may keep larger kennels.

Miss Spaulding is an ardent lover of music. When young she wished to become a musician but, having been side-tracked, must now be content to listen to the melodies of others.

Reading is another of Miss Spaulding's favorite pastimes. She says that when she enters a bookshop she's doomed to come out with empty pockets or rrather, empty pocket-book.

Miss Spaulding is learning to drive. She admitted to me that she is overcome with humiliation and shame to think that so many of her pupils can drive infinitely better than she can ever hope to.

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

HOW ROVER WINS A BET—BUT LOSES IT

By the B. H. S. Roving Reporter

Now, Rover's job, aside from the usual things, is that of a story teller. He takes the reader, Gentle Reader, on journeys through lands and places they know little of. But Rover let himself into something a short time ago that he thinks will stand as a lesson to some others who may be thinking of taking on strange bets.

Rover, being of course essentially a human (pitiable thing flesh and blood), has a girl . . . or two; those members of the gentler sex . . . one of whom Rover found to be not so gentle with his tender feelings. Rover has often pondered on this question, whether these co-ordinates of the human race should be called "gentler," when they are capable of such lowly tricks as the one Rover is about to disclose.

Once upon a time, or, to be exact, once upon a night, Rover paid a visit to a certain lady whom he will call Madame D (Dastardly Individual), on general principles. Under his arm was a box of luscious, ungodly sweets. When Rover entered the parlor of this lowly snake-in-the grass, he had no inkling of the horrible fate that was soon to befall him. Madame D, may her tribe decrease, gurgled with pleasure at the sight of the box which Rover extended with a genial smile.

"Oooh (gurgle, gurgle, gurgle). Why Robby R. Rover, you've brought me a present."

"Ah, no," cried your servant in that inimitable way of his. "I have here merely a pound box of candy with which to sweeten my glorious girl." (Rover is shuddering at the mere thought of calling . . . it . . . a glorious girl)

"Oh, Rover," sighed the spideress, "I cannot eat sweets . . . my figure!"

"What, can't eat this lovely candy?" cried Rover, dropping his jaw to the floor.

"Alas! no . . . but you can eat it all," she said, her face brightening with this evil idea."

Rover shook his head with masculine finality. But what is a man's finality when thrown up against a

(Continued on Page 7)

MYSTOGRAM

(Answer to last issue's mystogram: The flashily-dressed gentleman said that he had with him two large bags, and heavy enough to necessitate calling a taxi, in which was some valuable pottery. The thief came in, according to the gentleman, took up both unwieldy bags, and walked out, keeping him covered all the while. It is utterly impossible to carry two such bags and keep a man covered with a revolver at the same time.)

Jonathan Paul, one of Miles Warner's best friends, had a fine pent-house on one of the highest apartment houses in New York. Miles was staying the week-end with him, as he quite often did.

On the night he arrived, after he enjoyed a fine dinner, he sat with his host in the roof-garden to admire the sunset. They both were silent for some time. Miles could hear the faint sounds of the busy streets below and could see, on all sides, the other skyscrapers standing forth above the city like giant trees in a forest. Though it was mid-summer, the breeze at this height was cool and refreshing.

"Miles," said Jonathan suddenly, "I have a story that may stump you."

Miles Warner turned toward him and removed the poker pipe from its accustomed position.

"I'll bet you haven't."

"Oh I know you're pretty good at this sort of thing all right, but just the same, I think this one will get you. And it's true, too."

"Well?"

"When this pent-house was almost finished," said Jonathan, leaning back in the canvas chair, "I came up one day to see how things were getting along. I looked through the place pretty thoroughly and found everything to my liking."

"I should think you would," said Miles, glancing about the expensive out-lay.

"Well," continued Jonathan, "I came into the kitchen and saw there, to my great surprise, a small boy. He had been trying to get the brass fixtures off the sink. He was just as surprised as I and stood stock still looking at me. I suddenly thought of a way to cure him of his thievery, and shut the kitchen door, locking it. I heard him crying and beating at the door."

"My . . . but you're a cruel person," said Miles, smiling.

"I thought he needed something

(Continued on Page 7)

EXPOSURE

Step righ up, folks, and meet "Mickey"—or, to make a short story long, Mildred Helen Friedman. . . . Speaking of short, her ambition is to see over the top of a table 5 feet high. . . . Hair like a raven's wing . . . or a raven's tail, if you will . . . dark brown eyes . . . and them quizzical eyebrows! . . . Borders on the plumpish . . . so she went on a milk-and-banana diet . . . but forgot and ate too many bananas . . . though she can still squeeze through the front door at 193 Rawson Rd. . . . She's a Southerner, boys! Born January 24, 1916, at Kimball, in the mountains of West Virginia . . . and has lived in Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee . . . Yassum . . . Came north when still a tender young thing, and trotted off to kindergarten in Waltham . . . before beginning grammar school at Edward Devotion . . . Copped four perfect attendance medals while there, and ran off with the art prize at graduation. . . . Took great pains to say she had no D's in grammar school. . . . Now, we wonder, does that mean you should place the emphasis on the last two words? . . . Began rushing around doing everything from the moment she entered High School. . . . Just for example, she has worn the red-and-blue arm band for four years . . . was associated with the Bank, Glee Club, 4-minute-speakers, Advisory Council and Social Committee of the Girls' League. . . . Chugged away on the train to Washington in 1933 as Junior Red Cross delegate . . . besides being Secretary-Treasurer of the Library Staff that year. . . . slung spaghetti and meat balls in the lunchroom this year . . . without dipping her finger in the gravy once. . . . Senior Advisor and Chairman of the Ring and Pin Committee. . . . Entered Alpha Pi in November, '33. . . . There are other things but we are getting writer's cramp. . . . Her idea of a perfect movie is an opera starring Katie Hepburn, Franchot Tone, or the Barrymore family. . . . Eddie Cantor gives her a hearty giggle every Sunday night. . . . And prick up your ears: word of honor, Shakespeare and Dickens are her favorite authors. . . . Nobody in school sets her heart throbbing,; but there are certain somebodies outside the barriers who . . . She likes 'em brunette . . . perfect gentlemen . . . and sans moustache. . . . Takes the waves at Nantasket when the summer sun shines sultrily upon the city. . . . And NOW do you want her 'phone number? Just dial Bea. 0012 . . . and her sweet voice will come to you over the wire. . . .

THE HOUSE OF GLORY

By Herbert Landsman

Toward six o'clock Mr. Chambers came home. Although he found the table set and dinner all but ready, his wife was lying on the couch with one of her headaches, a wet cloth across her eyes. She rose immediately, smoothing back her wet hair with the flats of her hands, but Mr. Chambers knew by her pallor that she would be unable to go the theatre that night.

"I'm so sorry; I did want to go," she said. "You must go anyway, John!"

"I'd like to see it, if you don't mind my going," he said, and his wife went into the kitchen to get the dinner. Mr. Chambers went upstairs to wash.

"Mary," he called down a minute later, "what do you think about Ken?" He waited at the head of the stairs.

"Ken?" she asked, one hand on her forehead.

"I mean what do you think about my taking Ken tonight," he said.

"Oh, but—," she began. " Well I don't know. Do you think he'd care for it? And it will keep him up so late."

"Tomorrow's Saturday," he reminded her," and he can sleep late. It's the kind of thing that won't hurt him to see."

"No, it's all right that way," she agreed. "I think it would be all right. I think he would like to go, John."

"Tell him to get ready," Ken's father said, and went back to his basin.

In the backyard Ken was throwing a ball against the side of the shed and catching it on the rebound. His mother went to the door.

"Ken!" she called.

"Dinner ready?" he asked expectantly.

"Dinner's ready and I want you to come in and wash up," his mother said. "Would you like to go to the show tonight with your father?"

"Oh, my!" he exclaimed. And then, "Are you going?"

"No, my head aches. Your father says you can go if you want to," she told him. "Would you like to go?"

"Oh boy!" he exclaimed again, and there was no doubt of his desire to go.

"Then come in and wash up well," said his mother. "You can get ready after dinner. You'll have to change your shirt and wear your good suit. Wash the back of your neck."

"What show is it?" he asked, pushing past his mother into the house.

"It's one of Shakespeare's," said his mother. "Julius Caesar. There'll be soldiers in it, and if you get sleepy you can go to sleep."

"I won't get sleepy," he said. "I can keep awake a long time if I want to. Is it like a minstrel show?"

"No; it's different," she said. "Run up and wash, onw, and your father will tell you about it at dinner." He trotted up the stairs.

A little before eight he set out with his father. He held his father's hand and hop-skipped now and then to keep up with his father's long stride. They had a rather long distance to go, and he wondered if the people they passed knew he was going to the show, and he felt a little sorry for those who might not be going. They probably did know, he thought, because his father was dressed in his Sunday suit and had on his good hat. As they neared the Athletic Club he hop-skipped every step because of his excitement.

In the entrance lobby quite a number of people were crowding into line at a window, buying tickets, but Ken saw his father had to do nothing like that. They went right to the door and Ken's father handed the man the tickets. The man tore them in two and handed a part to Ken's father and let them go inside, and Elbert Winney—Sam Winney's brother—took the parts of the tickets, looked at them and led the way to their seats.

Mr. Chambers looked at his watch. "Three minutes, if they start on time," he said, and took out his spectacles, opened his program and looked at it.

Ken opened his program. It wasn't much. There was a picture of an automobile on one page, and on another a picture of a lady, and on another a picture of a hat, but it did not seem to Ken much of a collection of pictures. On the cover was nothing but some fancy drawing and two faces without eyes, one laughing and one crying.

Ken looked at the big curtain in front of him. The people everywhere in the hall were talking and the ladies were taking off their hats. The curtain was rather nice. It had a picture on it in colors, square houses with steps coming down to the street, but the street was in water, with men poling boats on it. Sticks like barber-poles were poked out of the water. A gentleman in a red overcoat without sleeves was helping a lady into one of the boats, and he held in his hand a blue hat with a long white plume that touched the sidewalk. He was bowing.

Suddenly the curtain became much lighter, particularly near the bottom. Ken's father looked at his watch again.

"They're beginning on time, anyway."

Suddenly all the lights in the hall except those in front of the curtain went out. The curtain began to roll up from the bottom mysteriously.

If you don't like the show," his father whispered, "you can lean on me, and go to sleep."

"I'll like it," Ken stated.

He was never quite sure what the show was all about. His father had tried to tell him at dinner, but his father had not been very sure about it himself, except that there was a man called Julius Caesar who was a general in Rome and wanted to be an emperor and the others did not want him to be, so they killed him. It seems that a man named Stroneham was mixed up in it, and Julius Ceasar was really Stroneham, but Julius Caesar had friends who didn't want him killed, whether he was Stroneham or not, and if Ken's father did not miss his guess Stroneham would be on Broadway in a year.

The men who were on the stage were really men, you see. They were splendid men, with swords, and they walked splendidly in halls of splendor where vast marble columns rose to vast marble arches, and one could look down upon long vistas of marble to noble hills and broad valleys set with temples of marble and gold. Here men spoke as men should speak, thundering in mighty voices with one foot advanced and an arm thrown across a bare chest. Here men strode boldly and glared like lions.

"How did you like it?" his father asked helping him on with his coat when it was over.

"I liked it," Ken said.

"You kept awake all right," his father praised.

"Yes," Ken said.

"Did you like it as much as the circus?" his father asked.

"I don't know," Ken said, not having words to explain how different it was. "I guess so."

"Would you like to go again if you could?"

"Yes. Can I?" Ken asked eagerly.

"I guess you liked it," his father said, laughing. "I wouldn't mind seeing again myself, although it's not liable to come here again."

"But the hall won't go away, will it Papa?" Ken asked, giving a last look.

"No, that'll be here a while yet," his father laughed. "That's liable to stay here."

"Oh," said Ken, and the news was a great satisfaction to him.

Ken went to sleep that night, his head full of Caesars, lions, buildings.

He had wandered through the forum in loose clothes such as the Romans wore, walking through the marble columns with his hand on them, touching the velvet curtains, leaning against the marble railings to look off at the far hills and valleys where the marble and gold towers were. His clothes were of white with gold at the edges. He picked up one of the swords and found out how heavy it was, the handle all gold and carved.

His mother let him sleep late the next morning, and when she gave him his breakfast well towards noon, she asked him how the show was.

"I liked it," he said dreamily, "it was nice."

After breakfast he went out into the backyard and for a while threw the ball against the shed, catching it.

For some reason this was not interesting. He could not forget the houses of glory his eyes had seen. He longed for it. He had not known such things were, or could be. It made him happier to think of them than to catch his ball. He turned to the gate and went out into the street.

He went down the street, following the route he and his father had taken the night before, and presently he broke into a run and ran until the Athletic Club was before him, a rambling wooden building, many of the windows boarded up, the whole needing painting. He walked, then, to the door he and his father had entered. It was open. He went in.

BOLERO

H. Melan

Softly, oh so softly,
Does the dance begin.
Clear and flute-like
Comes the solo instrument.
Slowly, oh so slowly,
Joins another sound.
And ever so obscurely
With unpretentious action,
The beat zooms crescendo
As the tune soars ever fuller.
Till at last, with gorgeous color,
It crashes o'er and o'er.
And at the peak of heightened fire
It dashes, ended, to the soul
With the sound of smashing glass.
And like that broken glass
It leaves a hushed atmosphere.
Till later on, forgotten outwardly,
We know not
That splinters, deep imbedded,
Remain.

LIFE

H. Melan

"How human is this life.
The sweat of a man's brow;
The perfume of his roses;
The light laughter of children at
play;
The clown's raucous guffaws;
The simple severity of the nun's
habit;
And her sweet serenity.
A young man's gay, self-centered
youth;
The fatigue of an ageing mother;
The quiet patience of an old couple;
The buoyant surface of spring
earth;
And the sidewalk's hard cement;
How solid is this existence.
So much alive
With life and its end;
And fear of that end;
And love of its presence.
We live, and love,
To die.
Eh? Oh, doughnuts and coffee,
please."

The Sagamore

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DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER?

One busy day in the Roman Forum in the year 60 B. C., a group of tunic clad citizens stood with their eyes intent upon a great white board covered with Latin letters. They were reading the world's first newspaper—Gaius Julius Caesar, "editor." This stern old friend of our Sophomore days was not only a maker of history; he proposed to keep every visitor to Rome's great marketplace informed of historical affairs.

After this humble beginning the newspaper began to increase in popularity. Wealthy men were able weekly to purchase a written paper which cost them dearly, as it took a dozen slaves to make one page.

From this limited circulation, the newspaper has become the most widely distributed chronicle of human events. More than 40,000,000 copies are read daily in the United States alone.

The fundamental purpose of the newspaper has not changed through the years. It is still a story of the daily acts of mankind. In its pages are recorded the mighty sweep of world events—the comedy and drama of human life.

Someone has classified modern newspapers in two great groups—those that print things which are important—those that print things which are interesting. The well educated person knows what men have striven for and accomplished in the past. He sees history as the long struggle of man for the necessities of food, clothing, shelter, and to attain such great ideals as health and happiness, freedom from political oppression and peace among men. He sees the events of today as steps toward or away from still further achievement of these ideals. These events interest the cultivated person because they are important.

Your daily study of the newspaper will mean much to your future. Upon the newspaper you must depend through life of what is going on about you. If you use the newspaper for only amusement and entertainment, you may be ignorant of your time as the French peasant whose first intimation that his country was at war was the sound of artillery at the final battle which was being fought near the field in which he was hoeing. First; choose a good newspaper—read it regularly—remember what you read—interpret the significance. Know the men and the events of your time!

THE PERPETUAL "WHY"

Why does the young child ask his elders "why?" Why does the elder person ask himself the "why's and wherefore's" of his existence? Why does the philosopher, the scientist, the psychologist, and the theologist ask himself "why?" The answer in all cases is that they are all included in the exceptional kind of animal called "MAN."

Our scientists tells us that the thing that sets mankind off from the ordinary animal is his ability to reason. In other words, his ability to ask himself or another why such and such a thing is so.

WHY COLLEGE?

About this time of year the general question among graduating students is, "Going to college, Bill?" or Jack, or Tom, or whoever it may be. Nowadays, another question is used to answer this one, "What's the use of college?" Indeed, why college?

With the generation of thinkers and students that is rapidly gaining in power all over the world comes the strong conviction that an advanced education means an advanced civilization. Yet challengers of advanced student work point out the countless hundreds of men that have made themselves famous, looked up to and respected by the rest of the world, in spite of the lack of a college education. But is it necessary to use such examples of success as dampers upon ambitious students, who desire further work and knowledge in certain fields of education?

The world no longer has need of illiterate and narrow-minded people. Public school systems are doing away with the majority of such cases. But the end of twelve years in the school should not mean the end of education of a brilliant scholar. Nothing should stand in the way of his advanced work. Often it is the boy himself who stands in the way of a chance to enter a college with his views on the need of a college education.

Now the time has come when America must begin to take the lead among the nations of the world. She is a new nation as compared with the age old countries of Europe, but she is a progressive one, led by progressive men. More progressive men must take the place of the present leaders, when the latter are forced to give up their positions at the head of the greatest nation. Unless the new leaders are highly educated men, supported by an educated people, they cannot fulfil their duty to America and the world. Those leaders will be trained in the colleges, for only educated men will be able to stamp out racial prejudices, maintain strong friendly but neutral relations with foreign nations, and work for world brotherhood.

Why college, indeed?

Let us make this clearer. We often say, "For what reason" when we mean "Why." Thus it follows that man is what he is because he wants the explanation of things he does not understand.

It is of course true that we follow through much of our lives without bringing into play our reasoning powers. We live by the habits and customs that have been handed down through the ages. But all these habits are the result of someone's "why." We ourselves, when we see something new and inexplicable, ask this perpetual, age-old question, and find the answer, are laying down results that will in the future be accepted as habit or custom.

If, for instance, we should see a bolt of lightning come from a clear sky, the instantaneous reaction to it would be the question "why?" Then the mind would seek all possible explanations, and if we could not answer the question we had put to ourselves, we would ask someone else. But there is no conscious planning in this process. The human brain, lightning quick and efficient organ that it is, accomplishes these movements with a wonderful speed.

And this is going on continually in our heads, from the time we first see the dawn until the light fades into nothing. At every strange or unusual object or incident, the "why" flashes over our brain and the subsequent process of thought follows invariably.

But too many things are taken for granted. Too many things are allowed to slip past without being questioned. It is the intelligent person, the one with the desire for knowledge, who has a plentiful supply of "why's" ready at an instant's notice. We must remember that it has been and will be through the answer of the question "why" that man has made and will make progress.

WYMAN BREAKS NINE-HOLE RECORD AT BROOKLINE GOLF COURSE

LAWRENCE WINS ON BROOKLINE TRACK

Plotkin Takes First In Hurdles And High Jump

On May 11th a powerful and highly touted Lawrence High track team traveled to Brookline's new cinder track, Tech Field, to vanquish the Brookline runners by the score of 48 to 24. The Lawrence squad lived up to its reputation by capturing five of the eight events of the meet. In the 120-yard low hurdles, Captain Tod Plotkin, Brookline's ace leader, nosed out Powers of Lawrence in a very close race, beraking the tape in 14 4-5 seconds. Captain Plotkin also soared over the high jump bar at 5ft. 8¾ inches to give Brookline a first in the high jump. However, before Tod had finished, Praulok of Lawrence gave him a hard battle for top honors. Another close affair was the 440-yard run, which saw a duel between Harty, Lawrence star, and Larry Anderson, speedy Brookline flyer. Both runners waged a hard fight for first place, but Harty proved too strong for Anderson and nosed him out by inches as the two broke the tape. In the 100-yard dash Brookline could only gain a third due to the running of Stan Livingston, who also gained a third in the 220-yard dash. Livingston is considered one of Brookline's best outdoor dash men. The running board jump was another interesting event, bringing a round of applause from the spectators when Bob Grenier, the Red and Blue's star entrant, whizzed through the air 20 ft. 1¾ inches. Well, it looked like Brookline had the event sewed away when a few of the Lawrence entries failed to better Grenier's mark but the Red and Blue's rooters were doomed to disappointment when Marcelis of Lawrence bettered Bob's mark by more than 9 inches, jumping 20ft. 10¼ inches, to hand Lawrence this event. Although Lenny Canner did not place in the first three of this event, Len looks as though he will be a serious threat in later meets with a bit more practise. In the 880-yard run Lawrence captured the first three places.

In the 100-yard dash, Garfield of Lawrence sped past the ribbon in 10 and 3-5 seconds for a new Lawrence High record in this event. Charlie Kerins, lithe and lanky shot put ace of Brookline, gave the Red and Blue ts third and last first place in the meet, heaving the iron 46 ft., 11 inches. Bert Litman, also of Brookline, placed hird with a throw of 44 ft., 9¼ inches.

The Lawrence defeat was a bitter ill to swallow but with a few more ractice sessions under their belts the Red and Blue tracksters should enjoy most successful season. A few more 80 runners would aid the team tremendously and when Sklar, Rogers and Livingston, the three premier Brookline dash men, round into championship form, the stanidng of the squad will be a bit different.

RESULTS

120 Low Hurdles

1—Plotkin, B.
2—Powers, L.
3—Golden, L.
Time—14 4-5 secs.

Shot Put

1—Kerins, B., 46 ft. 11 in.
2—Roy, L., 44 ft. 9¾ in.
3—Litman, B., 44 ft. 9¼ in.

High Jump

1—Plotkin, B., 5 ft., 8¾ in.
2—Praulok, L., 5 ft., 7¾ in.
3—Ford, L., 5 ft., 6¾ in.

100 Yard Dash

1—Garfield, L.
2—Willis, L.
3—Livingston, B.
Time—10 3-5 secs.

440 Yard Run

1—Harty, L.
2—Anderson, B.
3—Fazio, L.
Time—55 4-5 secs.

Running Broad Jump

1—Marcelis, L., 20 ft., 10¼ in.
2—Grenier, B., 20 ft., 1¾ in.
3—Ursillo, L., 19 ft., 3¼ in.

880 Yard Run

1—Gray, L.
2—Rothwell, L.
3—Keating, L.
Time—2 min., 16 secs.

220 Yard Dash

1—LaPlante, L.
2—Willis, L.
3—Livingston, B.
Time—23 secs.

BROOKLINE NINE CONQUERS NEWTON

Joe Walsh Sets Down Invaders With Six Hits; Final Score 6 To 4

On Friday, May 11, Joe Walsh pitched Brookline to a 6 to 4 victory over its ancient rival, Newton. Brookline amassed a total of thirteen safe blows in comparison to Newton's six. Walsh's contribution to the Brookline attack was four hits in as many attempts.

Brookline's two tallies in the second inning were the first runs of the game. Walsh opened the inning with a single to left. He took second on Sullivan's sacrifice and scored on a base hit to left by McPhee. After taking second on the throw to the plate in a vain éffort to nail Walsh, McPhee scored on a single to left by Mullins.

In the fifth inning, successive singles by Mascia, Byrne and Lamphie filled the bases for Newton with no body out. After getting the next two batters, Walsh dropped Ryan's pop fly allowing Mascia to score. In Brookline's half of the fifth Adams doubled and Hoye walked. A bunt by Hartigan advanced the runners to second and third. On a squeeze play Van Dam bunted, Adams scored and Hoye took third. Walsh singled to left, driving in Hoye and making the score Brookline 4, Newton 1. In the sixth two substitutions were made. Greene came in to pitch for Newton and Liner went out to left field for Brookline.

Brookline's fifth run came in the seventh when Van Dam reached on Spillman's error, stole second and scored on Walsh's fourth safe hit, a two-bagger off the fence in right-center field.

In the eighth Newton scored three times. Liner dropped Greene's fly in left field. Flagg singled. Spillman singled scoring Greene, and Flagg and Spillman advanced a base on the throw to the plate. They both scored on two infield outs. Brookline's final run came in their half of the eighth when McPhee walked, stole second, and scored on Conaty's single.

Brookline's victory was the second fine pitching performance by Walsh this year and it sent Brookline into second place in the Suburban League. The box score:

Brookline	ab	r	h	tb	po	a	e
Hoye, 3b	4	1	2	3	0	3	0
Hartigan, 2b	3	0	0	0	2	2	0
Van Dam, c	3	1	0	0	8	0	0
Walsh, p	4	1	4	5	1	10	1
Sullivan, ss	3	0	2	3	2	2	0
McPhee, 1b	3	2	1	1	12	0	0
Conaty, cf	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Mullins, lf	3	0	2	3	1	0	0
Liner, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Adams, rf	3	1	1	2	0	0	0
Total,	31	6	13	18	27	17	2

Newton							
Flagg, ss	4	1	1	1	0	3	0
Spillman, 2b	4	1	2	2	3	3	1
Walters, lf	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Mascia, cf	4	1	1	1	0	1	0
Byrne, 1b	1	0	0	0	5	0	0
Lamphie, 1b	2	0	1	1	6	0	1
Bosworth, rf	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Morrison, c	3	0	0	0	4	2	1
McDermott, 3b	3	0	0	0	2	6	1
Ryan, p	2	0	0	0	0	3	0
Greene, p	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
A. Bergen	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	33	4	6	6	24	18	4

Brookline 0 2 0 0 2 0 1 1 x—6
Newton 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 3 0—4

Runs batted in: Walsh 2, McPhee Mullins, Van Dam, Conaty, Ryan, Spillman, Waters, Mascia. Two base hits: Hoye, Walsh, Sullivan, Mullins, Adams. Stolen bases: Van Dam, McPhee, Spillman. Double plays: Flagg to Spillman to Lamphie. Bases on balls: off Walsh, off Ryan, off Greene. Struck out: by Walsh, 8; by Ryan 3. Winning pitcher: Walsh. Losing pitcher: Ryan.

WITH TOTAL SCORE OF 69 AS BROOKLINE TOPS NEWTON 8½ TO 2½

Due to much interest in the sport a golf league known as the Greater Boston Interscholastic has been formed this spring, containing as participants Watertown, Brookline, Newton, Waltham, Arlington and Lexington. It has been agreed that each school shall play another twice, once on their home course and once away. A very keen rivalry has been aroused in this league and it promises to be a highly successful venture. This is the first year that Brookline High has in any way been associated with golf and the results have not been too bad, thus far. Position in the league is determined by the number of points won by a team of which nine are possible in each match. At present Watertown High holds the lead, having won 31½, lost 4½ with Brookline a close second—won 33½, lost 11½.

Brookline's first match was played against Newton at the Woodland Country Club on May 1st. We lost by a count of 5½-3½. Louis Wyman and Peter Murphy playing one and two won 3 points and Quinn and Murray ½ point. The next match was played against Waltham at Trapelo and won by Brookline 9-0. A changed lineup proved very effective with Wyman-Quinn, Casey-Murray, and the two Murphys all winning 3 points. Playing at the Brookline Municipal course on May 10, Brookline defeated Lexington 9-0, winning all mātches very handily with the same lineup. But as pride cometh before a fall, so did disaster overtake the over-confident team at Lexington on the 14th in the shape of a 5½ to 3½ defeat. Wyman-Quinn, 1½; P. Murphy and J. Murphy, ½; Casey-Murray, 1½.

On the 16th, playing at the Brookline Municipal Course, the team defeated Newton 8½ to ½.

Wyman and Quinn, 3.
Casey and Murphy, 2½.
P. Murphy and J. Murphy, 3.

Wyman had a 69 and broke the course record for the first nine with a 31.

The team is now in second place in the league and has bright prospects for next year with the entire outfit excepting big "Jim" Casey returning.

LUCKY OFF AND ON

M. Hommelibre

In an atmosphere of antiseptically washed oxygen, the stalwart hero of our imagination breathed his last—breath of unconsciousness and awoke to full mental normality. And while this state of mind may seem very poor to you faithful followers, it was Lucky's criterion. The spotless hospital-ward was so unnaturally clean and white to Lucky's bewildered eye that his first impression was that of Heaven's pearly portals. Unfortunately, there was no sound of twanging harps, and it was in search of these that our adventurer turned his head to discover his true whereabouts. Yet further to prove the shelter a hospital, the sickly aroma of ether and antiseptics plugged his nostrils. Quite thoroughly bewildered, he found that he himself was in a cot. Struggling to get up, he noticed a thickly swathed leg extending from his cot to some pulleys and ropes which held it high in the air. Still more curiously, the leg belonged to him! Now completely alarmed, Lucky strove to pull his leg out of the binding contraption, whereupon he experienced a grating sensation in his thigh, as his head sank giddily back upon the pillow. Around through several full orbits it swam, till at length it steadied itself sufficiently to loll back on his neck. Exhausted entirely, Lucky strove to hold the aberrating member on its proper swivel.

When it seemed that he must fail to do so, a crisp, middle-aged nurse came to his bed-side. Her uniform cracking in starch, she placed a cool, soft pad on his forehead. Silently efficient, she straightened and turned over his pillow to its cool side, rearranged his sheets, and asked his further pleasure. To this official query he weakly responded "Water—wa . . ter." Much soon said than done, but eventually a gulp of warm water poured down his slightly warmer throat.

As though the last swallow meant dismissal, the stiff automaton turned to leave, but in response to Lucky's hoarse question, informed him that he was in The Greenbaum Institute, Greenough, California, and asked if there was anything else before she left. His "Uh . . (gulp) . . no," evidently satisfied her, for she informed him that a gentleman from the station was here to see him. Did he wish to speak to him?

The rail-road station! Here for falling on two men! With the despair of a fatalist, he nodded slightly and paid for his forgetfulness with another spin of his head. As though they, too, knew his fate, all the rest of the ward's patients kept their silence, with the exception of a child

(Continued on Page 7)

Seen and Heard

DUST

Hell-o childrens and pipples,—since my identity hasbecome less of a secret I will soon have to muzzle my pen . . . Even a columnist must live. . . .

—Hem—

Turning sharp right turns in an auto is a good trick when there is a female in the front seat with you . . . (centrifugal force my dear, centrifugal force). . . .

Huh

Cleo Allen (our school--beauty) always signs her name: "May West" on math Xams because she done 'em wrong. . . .

Ha

Jordan Sandman is not a big a chump as he used to be . . . He was on a diet recently. . . .

Ho

Another fact to add to a recent editorial in this journal against chewing gum is that nowadays you have to go through a lot of red tape to get at some anyway. . . .

Ho

This next article is just to prove that I have "some" brains. . Instead of going to all the trouble of making boiled eggs why not give the hen a little boiled water and let her lay them . . . That just goes to show that the public usually underestimates the intelligence of those who underestimate the intelligence of the public. . . .

Ham

She was only a pawnbroker's daughter . . . That's why she took an interest in everything . . . (So what! you don't even appreciate a good one when you do hear it) . . .

Hem

Late the other night, overcome by the heat, we wandered down to Muddy River where, ensconced in the shade of a new-leafing tree and blown upon by cool watery breezes, we pondered upon the problem of life. . . . We had the thing nearly figured out when, [illegible] came down waking us up and making us realize that we were all wet.

Ha

This next one is just to prove that I have a contributor . . .

'Tis pleasant now and then to sit,
And think of collyums I have writ,
And taking copies from the shelf,
Applaud my writings to myself. .

Ho

Statistics show that it would be posible to paint all the little red school houses in New England with the make-up that is used by the girls at the Brookline High-school. . . .

—The Worm.

NOUS

Highdy-ho boys and girls—this is your old friend Walter Nous broadcasting for the "Hi There Cutey" hour from his studio in A.

* * *

Here's a little blankety-blank verse written by Henry Wadsworth Nous dedicated to himself:

I sigh—I see some cruel folks as pesky as can be
I know them all and the worse of all are those dupes we hate to see.
They looked at this poor column,
It was pitiful to see;
For Nous had to dry his eyes and smother his sighs and be more pleasant (not exactly) than he could be.

* * *

Dear ——? little inquisitive Freshman—In reply to that innocent and naive question why Nous don't pull a joke for the dear reader. Whasa use? The ones you want we can't get in and the poor ones we print you don't want . . . "Comprenez-vous?" (Now watch the woirm say that explains a lot of things.)

* * *

Mr. Johnson (First aid teacher)—Well! little boy, what would you do if you dragged out a man who had been under the water for almost an hour?

Berny Abrams, in his usual squeaky voice—"Bury hum."

(Yes, he's still alive.)

* * *

Did you see Miss Sagamore yet? Wa-a-a-a-all.

* * *

Nous wants to know why it is that men teachers never flunk a girl, and women teachers simply delight in flunking boys. (What's that? It isn't true?)

* * *

An unanswered question is submitted by Nous this issue. Are white shoes a cause of spring fever, or just a result?

* * *

"—and then there are these study room marshalls who sit down and open a conversation with their girl friends. (Let him take due notice of this. Maybe he's human like the rest of us, but Nous doubts it.)

* * *

I hope Leon Robinson that you have read the "Dead Bug's Secret" (the editorial) and taken it to heart.

* * *

Yes, Ham and Eggs McGinty, you would like to know who Nous is, so you could break his neck. My name is John Smith as far as you're concerned.

THE HOUSE OF GLORY

Continued from Page 3

Down below someone was driving nails with a hammer and the sound came up hollowly. The auditorium was dusky, and Ken stood just where he and his father had stood when Elbert Winney took the parts of the tickets. After a minute he walked down the aisle until he stood immediately in front of the big curtain with the Venetian scene. The curtain was rolled up some eight feet from the stage and at one side of the stage five wooden steps led up. Ken went up the steps and stood on the deserted stage, close to the proscenium arch.

In front of him was a brick wall daubed with paint, brush marks and straggling names. Coarse ropes were hanging down and looped back, and here and there stacks of scenery were laid against the wall—dirty canvas and old wooden frames. The floor was a litter of old newspapers and bits of ragged cloth. There were no marble columns, no vistas of hill and valley with marble and gold temples. There was only a vast empty barn of a place, like a big shed. The blows of a hammer under the stage echoed back from the high roof. It was a tawdry place.

For a minute the boy stood looking at the empty stage, up to the roof, to one side and the other, but there was no splendor there. No marble—no gold—no anything. No noble men speaking noble words. He backed to the steps leading to the stage. This was no place he knew.

As he ran up the long incline, he stopped now and then to look back at the stage, but the brick wall at the back remained the same. At the door he looked back once more, but the marble-pillared vistas had not returned. He went out into the street.

At the corner the boy stopped to look back at the Athletic Club. He saw the rambling wooden building, with many of its windows boarded up, but he saw through its walls. He saw again the noble marble columns supporting splendid arches, and long vistas ending in temple-crowned hills. He heard martial men and music and the men were saying noble words. He saw and heard the splendor.

When he turned his head again his eyes fell on the sky and he was glad there was a sky. He felt like hop-skipping, because it was such a happy thing that columns and skys and marble arches and men saying noble words were always somewhere—so he did hop-skip. He hop-skipped all the way home. After that he could have splendor whenever he wanted it; all he had to do was to think of it and—there it was!

LUCKY OFF AND ON

who had a healing broken arm. This irreverent youngster kept up a single-toned wail, frequently broken by yells for 'mama.' To Lucky's agonized conscience, this seemed to be a wail for the dead or dying, and shivering beneath his single sheet, though the room was over-heated if anything, visions of black and white stripes, a ball and chain, bars, whips, machine-guns, and numberless other horrors flashed on the screen of his burdened conscience.

Down the white-flanked corridor came the official, or rather, as Lucky saw when he turned, officer of the law! With the nurse's guidance he stopped at Lucky's side, and in an insinuating tone, asked Lucky if he "wuz the bir . . fellow who'd landed on two g . . fellows and broken their heads?" To this horrible accusation Lucky palpitatingly replied that he had fallen on two men, but he didn't do it purposely, it was just an accid . . and was harshly interrupted by the officer's "Oh, and y'needn't be so modest wid old Pat Rogan, for oi know a gude man when I sees one. Anyway, I've left the check in the doctor's charge till you can use't, so there y'are."

"Ch . . (gulp) . . ch . . check?

"Oh, sure, you know, the five thousand dollars for the capture, dead'r alive for them two bir . . crooks what stole the mail."

Into this ever more entangling conversation, if such it was, came the automaton. "I'm sorry, but your time is up, sergeant, and the patient must get to sleep."

And when the policeman had gone, a dazed Lucky said to the nurse, "Did he say . . five thousand dollars . . for me?"

"Why yes, he did, you're quite a hero now, but really, you must get to sleep."

A strangled groan, and her orders were obeyed.

"Well . . *good lands . . he's fainted!"*

FRIVOLITY FRANCAIS

Characters: M. de Lisieux, Rene, The Ewins, La Boulabaisse. (Fish-soup to you).

Situation: A student's meaning of "Bouilabaisse" as a pastry shop . . . Miss Perrin's question, "Why does M. de Lisieux say that La Bouilabaisse is full of surprises?"

Correct Answer: Because it is full of varied flavorings and spices.

The Conjecturing Student (?) 's Answer: Because M. de Lisieux found the Twins and Rene in the Bouilabaisse! (Pastry-shop to him, but plain fish-soup to you!) Just an aquatic trio! This time they were *all* wet.

ROVER

woman's wiles? Not much, as Rover was soon to find.

Madame D pouted.

"But Robby's little lady like to watch big man eat up all the candy!"

Rover wavered and wilted under the force of the spideress' charms (aye, curse the woman's wiles). Then she supplied the last straw that broke Rover's camel back.

"I'll bet that you won't eat all the candy in the box tonight."

Of course Rover rose to the bait like any fool fish.

"I'll bet you I will!"

And so the evening went on, with the spideress weaving her charms and gloating over each heavily-coated chocolate as it disappeared down Rover's throat. Ah . . . how she gloated over the hapless fate of poor Rover. Then, far in the night, the last gooey cream was downed.

"Robby Rover," cried the horrible creature, Madame D, "you've won!"

"Um, yes," moaned poor, sugar-filled Rover, "I've won . . . but I think I'll go home now."

"What, so early?" cried Madame D in ill-disguised glee.

"Ooooh, yes . . . right now . . . good night."

And Rover stumbled out of the house of horror, cursing the spideress i nparticular and all of her kind in general. But Rover really didn't win that bet.

You may be able to find a moral to this story. Rover can find several. Don't eat candy. Don't take the lady-friend candy. And perhaps . . . don't have a deceitful "Madame D" lead you from the paths of righteousness.

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MYSTOGRAM

to teach him a lesson. I went home and had a fine sleep. When I got back the next morning, you can imagine my amazement when I found he was gone. That kitchen, as you know, is in the center of the house and has no windows. The walls were strong and I'm sure the door was locked, because I had to unlock it in order to get in the next morning. But he was gone . . . as were the brass fixtures."

"Well, well, that's interesting," said Miles, puffing slowly on his pipe. "You're absolutely sure the door was locked?"

"I'm positive." Jonathan smiled broadly. "Guess I've got you now, Miles."

"Well . . . of course, it's very simple. If the door was locked and there were no windows, it leaves only one posible way for him to get out. He . . ."

HOW DID THE BOY MANAGE IT? WHAT DID MILES SAY TO JONATHAN?

LIBRARY LINES

"Come, my Corina, let's go a-maying," and a-maying in a place which you might not associate at first thought with the May-day atmosphere: the school library. Be that as it may ("as it may," heh, heh, unintentional pun), the library was mentally transformed into a springtime bower on Tuesday, the 22nd of May, when the Library Staff met for its last party of the year. Members of the orchestra played selections of gay music and accompanied as every one breathlessly danced the Virginia Reel. Members of Mr. Fleming's freshman and sophomore groups gave choral readings of "Strictly Germ-Proof," "Boot and Saddle" from "Cavalier Tunes," and "The Jumblies." The tables, so familiar to the contact of books, were swept free and heaped with multicolored crepe paper, which was fashioned, with the aid of scissors, paste and paper cups, into May baskets. Rita Smith, the president, was crowned "Queen of the May," with a wreath of flowers, and the regal coronation was celebrated with ice cream and cakes.

CLIPS

Caesar, to his veterans at Pharsalia, August 9, 48 B. C. "Soldiers ...strike in the face!"

* * *

Lord Charles Hay, to his battalion at the battle of Fontenay, 1745. "Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?"

* * *

Concerning George Bernard Shaw...."A wingless angel with an old maid's temperament."

—James Huncker.

LITERARY CONTEST

(Continued from Page one)

done by William O'Kane received honorable mention.

Only those who took first places are to be given prizes. The people who placed second and third will receive no material prize, but the honor is great. The honor is great because many of the contests were close. According to the judges, all the works tendered to them in the competition were written in a fine way, even though they took no place and hence cannot be mentioned.

The Sagamore representative who had charge of the contests told the judges that "he hoped it was not too much of a burden on them." He received the reply that "They all enjoyed it immensely."

GIRLS' LEAGUE MOVING PICTURES

The Girls' League keeps its ears open, and when it heard everyone singing "You ought To Be In Pictures," the League got busy, with the result that Mr. Jewett took moving pictures of the various activities of the year.

The "movies" contained a picture of the Executive Board of last year, making its plans, a meeting of the faculty advisors in conference in Miss Sawyer's office and some pictures of League committees planning for a big party. Then there was the Home Room Committee acting as publicity agent for a League affair which was about to take place. There followed a meeting of the Senior advisors with a group of their various freshmen.

ALUMNI NEWS

Walter J. Murphy, formerly of Brookline High School and now a senior at Amherst where he has been baseball captain for two years, has received the Edward Hitchcock Fellowship which will enable him to remain at Amherst next year to study physical education methods.

Anita Freedman, a junior at Smith College and a graduate of Brookline High School, was recently made a member of the International Relations Club, a society with a limited membership for those interested in the discussion of international affairs.

* * *

George Mason, formerly of Brookline High School and now aviation editor of the Boston Transcript and vice-president of the Aero Club of Boston, will direct a new aviation program every Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock over Station WBZ. He expects to present well-known flyers on the program from time to time as well well as tell about the happenings within the aviation industry and his many experiences in the air.

* * *

Barbara Frank, formerly of Brookline High School and now a junior at Smith College, was among the nine juniors elected to the Zeta chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

* * *

Hannah Cauman, Brookline High School, 1930, and now a senior at Radcliffe, is preparing the history for the class will to be read at the class exercises on Monday morning, June eighteenth.

To THE SAGAMORE:

Total profit	$919.87
Summary:	
gross income	$1,188.70
total expense	268.83
net profit	$ 919.87

Respectfully submitted,
Chester M. Downing.

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SAGAMORE

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Vol. ~~XXXIX~~, No. 14 BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 15, 1934 Subscription One Dollar

A CHALLENGE TO THE SCHOOL

The class of 1934 has set a precedent by using the class gift to start a perpetual scholarship fund. It needs your interest as classes, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, in carrying on this worthy cause. Read the editorial on Graduates' Scholarship.

* * *

"WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY ALUMNUS" RECOGNIZES MISS ADAMS' WORK

In a recent issue of "The Wesleyan University Alumnus" appeared the following article about Miss Lulu G. Adams, head of the Spanish department in Brookline High School:

"Miss Lulu G. Adams, '95, is one of the most successful modern language teachers of the East. At the outbreak of the World War, Miss Adams was teaching German to groups of children in the Brookline, Mass., High School, and was happy in her work. America entered the war and German became taboo. Nothing daunted, the 'young lady' immediately secured leave of absence and set sail for Spain to study the language of "Don Quixote" and "Cervantes." After an absence of two years she returned, a full-fledged teacher of Spanish, and things began to hum. They have been humming ever since.

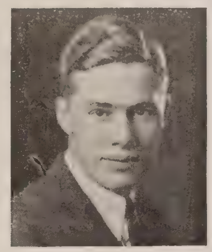
"Her headquarters in the school, known as "The Foreign Center," are fitted up with a stage for the reproduction of Spanish plays and Andalusian dances. The rooms are decorated with rugs, glorious posters, and pictures reminiscent of old Spain, and altogether they are most attractive. Her enthusiasm is contagious, and her courses are deservedly popular. Trips to the Spanish-speaking countries of South America keep the leader in touch with the Spanish of commerce, and her name appears as joint author upon the title-page of a recent text-book for the use of High School pupils. To crown all, she has been elected President of the Spanish Teachers' Association of New England."

1900 STUDENTS PARTICIPATE IN ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Thousands Of Townspeople Thrilled By Spectacle

CO. D, 3RD BATTALION WINS REVIEW COMPETITION

The momentous Thursday, June 7 at 7 o'clock, the High School presented its annual spectacle, a glorious, triumphant Class Day! This day was more than those that came before it; it was different. It was the first occasion in many years that the guiding hand of Miss Bessie Barnes did not control the complicated activities and events which go to make up Class Day. Under her direction the day became one which not only the school but the town looked forward to with expectation and eagerness, a magnificent accomplishment and a finished performance. This year the Physical Education department strove to keep up the standard set in former times, patterning the basic ideas after the sound model which Miss Barnes had evolved. Miss Kelly and Mr. Hines, in co-operation, worked unceasingly toward this end. The stirring music of the band, in colorful red, the rhythmic marching of the boys, in black and white, the girls in cool white, marshals in ruffled green, aides in pink and blue and yellow and lavender, the senior girls in groups of three, marching through the colorful aisle in their orange and black—a composite picture fascinating to watch. The moment commemorated to Miss Barnes . . . and then the whirl of events: Salute to the Flag, races, tug-of-war, drill of the dancers in smart military capes and hats, decoration of the flowers, accompanied by the beat of the drum or the martial airs of the band. And crowds of people, pressing at the edge of the field, watching with excitement the wonderful moving panorama of color and form.



Frank Gardner, President of Senior Class and Commander-in-Chief of Class Day Exercises

Theodore Plotkin, President of Akers House and Adjutant of Class Day Exercises

Mary Dolbeare, Chief Marshal 1934 Class Day

Myrtle Niccolls, Chief Aide of Class Day Exercises

LIBRARY LINES

There are some unfortunate people who remain at home during the summer vacation. Most of the time there is nothing to do except wonder why the mercury doesn't burst through the top of the thermometer. We suggest to you unfortunate people that you make full use of the book list given you by the school library. Reading passes away the time and doesn't take any energy on those frightful days when even the canary droops. You fortunate ones who are able to spend the summer at camp, at the seashore, or some other delectable spot, musn't forget that library books are obtainable for the summer from the Public Library on a special card.

The exhibit we sent last year to the A. L. A. convention (American Library Association) was appreciated so much that this year, after special request, we are sending an exhibit to the convention in Montreal, Canada. The exhibit is a scrap book with illustrations telling of the Library activities of the year.

Any person who wishes to be on the Library Staff during the next school year must give her name to Miss Stack. The girl must be passing in all subjects. She must be a member of the Girls' League and she must be approved by Miss Sawyer. Not such formidable requirements, after all!

LUCKY OFF AND ON

M. Hommelibre

Fourteen days, two weeks, yes, patient readers, one whole fortnight of convalescence had passed since our stalwart hero had first ope'ed his eyes in the Greenbaum Institute; opened his bewildered sight to a world of pleasant surprises. And indeed, five thousand dollars is no mean pleasantry, especially when one is accustomed to living a twenty-year independent existence on perhaps half of that amount. Because of this explanation we may more fully understand the state of Lucky's mind when he brought it, somewhat apprehensibly, on the afore-mentioned pecuniary matter. To be yet more explict, if there was but one clear thought in his head, it was that he did not know what he was to do with five thousands of hundred pennies. And you, supercilious reader, do widen your sleeves to hide your sneers. Not know what to do with five thousand dollars! Truly a bookish occurrence. But mock though you may, the controversed reward remained an unknown problem for our recuperating adventurer. For during those lengthy days, Lucky had suffered not only the pain of a healing thigh, but that of a formerly little-used mind now attempting to vanquish an invulnerable problem. For all the indescribable joy which he had first experienced when told of his money-earning accident-hold-up of two bandits, he now suffered three-fold the agony of having thousands of dollars and nothing to do with them. And not being a resourceful man in terms of finance, that agony of mind may sympathetically be pitied. And with the spontaneity of the patient thinker, a thought at last came to him; an outlet for his five thousands. To zoom high o'er this plodding world of ours in a heated, upholstered, tri-motored monoplane at the speed of two hundred miles per hour. What a life for a life-long pedestrian! To travel in an hour the distance that had taken him more than two days by foot! To rival the birds even in their swift flight! But . . . as always is the case with the timid, there was a very large "but." What if he should have an accident in the air? As he imagined himself tumbling head over heels through ten thousand feet of terror at an ever-augmenting speed, he screamed in his sleep like a branded cow, and with as much volume of tone. The immediate result was a severe shake of his shoulders, which, combined with his nervously agitated conscience, fully and abruptly brought him to his reluctant senses. "No," he observed to the nurse, "No, I ain't gonna get me

(Continued on Page Eleven)

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS

ROVER TAKES PART IN THE CLASS DAY EXERCISES—FINDS HE DOESN'T LIKE BOW TIES, MARCHING OR FINDING A PARKING SPACE

By the B. H. S. Roving Reporter

The idea of having Class Day is unquestionably a good one. And it must be a wonderful sight to watch. But taking part in it is a different matter entirely. Rover has no special dislike to parading before the assembled eyes of the populace if he is occupying a place that is not too conspicuous. But to march at the head of a company . . . and make several mistakes . . . is not as pleasant as it may be considered by the general public.

Rover, of course, purchased his five-and-ten-cent bow tie. As he bought one that was far too small, he had a terrific time making both ends meet. His last-year's blue coat left great stretches of shirt between his wrists and the sleeves, which was most annoying. His ducks, with that unchangeable custom of theirs, returned from the wash several inches too short. This also was most annoying. So Rover set out for Class Day in a bad mood.

It seemed that all the cars under the sun had gathered for this occurrence. Every time Rover would head his car with a joyful yelp for an enticing bit of open curb, about ten other machines would get the same idea, and in the inevitable scramble and bumping that followed Rover would have to back away, disgruntled. After suffering thus several times, he finally, having to cajole, plead with, and at last browbeat a snubbed-nose sophomore, got his Ford into a place from which he couldn't get it out again. Rover gave up then and left it there.

He plunged madly into the swarm of black-tied, white-trousered students, seeking his company. He ran about in the general vicinity where his men were supposed to be and finally spied a slightly familiar face.

"Hey there, fellow," he shouted above the uproar.

Immediately about a hundred white pants turned and looked at

(Continued on Page Eleven)

CHORAL READING

A deep interest has been shown in the work that members of the faculty are doing in their English classes on choral reading. Since so many have no knowledge of the subject, the following paper was prepared with the view of presenting a clear idea of the novel movement.

Since history began man has sought a medium for expressing his concept or appreciation of what he has entitled "the arts." The Greek civilization was the greatest that has ever been the setting of a talented race. It was on the Attic stage that choral reading was first developed, and doubtless many of the chanted rituals and other vocal forms of worship in the churches might be traced back to the drama of Sophocles and Euripides.

Centuries later, a group of students in a Scotch university gave a reading to a small gathering of interested people who were impressed by its possibilities. It spread slowly through England and even more slowly through the European countries but gathering staunch supporters. Until recently, it was a little known thing in America, but it has become so popular that many of the more progressive colleges and universities are including work on this choral reading among their speech curricula.

Just what is "choral reading?" It is a presentation of a group of voices reading a selection of poetry or some other form of suitable literature.

This chorus may be divided into as many sections as are desired. Impressive and interesting results may be obtained from a division of three sections as well as of two. The general idea to be acknowledged is that there is a division between voices of high pitch, capable of light, quick interpretation, and the voices of low and more resonant tones, the combination of the two giving the greatest possible onomatopoetic value to each word. When solo voices are used, it is quite effective to have them speak in quick succession in order to make the humorous poem like a ball lightly tossed from one to another in a mode provocative of laughter.

There is something decidedly gained in a piece of literature when choral reading is the medium of interpretation. The color, mood and rhythm is brought out to a much greater degree than if the composition had been read by one person. A

Continued on Page Eleven

MYSTOGRAM

(Answer to last issue's mystogram: As the door was locked and there were no windows, there was only one possible way out. The boy climbed up over the wall of the kitchen, jumped down into the other part of the pent-house, and simply walked away. Note that Jonathan said that the pent-house had been almost done. It happened that the roof was yet to be put on! And that was very easy . . . if you thought of it. Now here's one that you should find fairly simple:

On the practically deserted road that runs from Bannanicook to Frotherham, set far back amid the trees, so that it is invisible from the road, is a small cottage. It is tenanted only in the summer, and often not even then.

Although Miles had traveled this way many times, he had never seen the place. As it was completely screened from the road by thick, jumbled shrubbery and pines, it was solely because Miles had had a special call that afternoon that he noticed the narrow, overgrown drive.

As he drew up to the door of the cottage, a woman best described as neither young nor old, stepped down the front stairs and came forward to welcome him.

"Mr. Miles Warner?" she asked, pushing back a strand of blonde hair.

"I am he, Miss . . . er—?"

"Mrs. Robinson," she informed him. "Won't you come in?"

"I may as well tell you all I know about the affair now," said the woman, sitting down in a chair opposite him. "Early this morning, just before dawn, I was suddenly awakened by the sound of someone moving about in the room. I was very frightened; I was alone, you see. My husband left me last night to get the house ready. He's going to bring the children up today. Well . . . I didn't dare to move, even enough to look out to see who it was. But when I heard the window open and shut, I guessed the burglar had gone and jumped out of bed. I ran to the window and looked out. For a while I couldn't see anyone. Then, down in the road, I saw a man get into a car and drive off toward Bannanicook. That's all I know. A box of jewelry, which has some value, was taken."

"Just how light was it this morning when the robbery occurred?"

"Why it was light enough for me to see the car quite clearly."

"Did you note what kind it was?"

"Yes . . . I could tell it was a Packard from the shape of the hood. It was a big touring car."

"Was your jewelry insured?"

(Continued on Page Four)

THE GRANDMOTHER

She was young, she was freshly beautiful. Life and its gaieties were before her. How glorious to be alive and young! She threw back her head and laughed, a mirthful, joyous sound of youth's self-satisfaction.

The boy looked at his grandmother. How old she seemed. So silent, with the restraining bond of time. He could not imagine her in her youth. He knew her only in her old age, and so firmly molded were her features that she and age were as one to him. Unconsciously, his hands stiffened in a grasp of reassurance of his own youth. His grandmother saw him so, and smiled, the smile of the Mona Lisa. He flushed self-consciously, and at a loss for action, he raced out of doors.

OUTSIDE

A riot of sound, of crashing instruments,
Drifts out into the echoing street.
Within, the glare of lights
Burns fiercely down upon
A maddened world.
Yes, a world.
A world of crazed men,
Of heated, stuffed souls and atmosphere.
Caked powder,
Perspiration,
Babbling voices,
Babbling people,
The overflow of the choked stream,
Which, in its new-resumed course,
Grasps at each stone and twig.
How cool, how undisturbed
The night outside.
How deep, how sure
The sky above.
The stars are shining.

THE ROAD

Long down a street of houses,
Disappearing like the rungs
Of Jacob's ladder, in the blue,
Humanity gazes at itself.
Swiftly coming-going
Are the ships of the road.
Unmoving, dead,
The building seem.
Within their length of shelter
Life goes on and on.
Never resting, never waiting,
Youth is gone,
Is coming-going like the cars
That throb full-size
To dwindle, vanish,
On and on life whirls.
The road is long and smooth,
The sky unruffled.

H. Melan

THE OLD WELL AT BATASAC

Thornton Blackheath, with the only note of being the best friend of Mr. Ashton, opened the letter that had just arrived at his hotel. His friend had left for places unknown a few weeks before, to follow up some clues of deep mystery it was alleged Mr. Ashton, a man with a limitless supply of money, spent the better part of his time uncovering strange things, such as secret death societies, strange religions, and facts on favorite ghost stories. Thornton, his only companion on these trips, had been away on business when Mr. Ashton had left. Following the trail leisurely (Mr. Ashton was very well known) Thornton had finally arrived at a hotel in the whereabouts of Batasac, which he knew to be Mr. Ashton's place of interest.

The letter was dated June fourth, several days earlier. It had probably gone to London and back. It was from Mr. Ashton.

Dear Thornton (it ran)

Please excuse the inconsistence of this . . . I have to keep my mind on something all the time. This is one time that I'm afraid that I've gone a bit too deep. If you weren't in London I wouldn't tell you this as I know that you would come running. By the time you could possibly get here it will be over . . . decided whether I win or the things in the well. As long as you're safe at home, I'll tell you something about it. I came to this old house, built where the century old church of a strange sect of fisher-folk used to be, and found it the most dismal place imaginable. The church was razed several centuries ago at an order from the reigning king, Franz II. As it happens, I am almost a direct descendant of Franz II, so I guess that makes them hate me all the more. I suppose they're men . . . still they slouch with their arms drooped more like great apes. Whatever they are, they're giants. Not one under seven feet or I'm a liar. It's one of the most gruesome . . . but you see there I go off on a tangent. It's hard, Thornton, terrible hard, to keep from going back to the well. I know they're all sitting down there in that altar-room thinking . . . thinking . . . They are trying to force me to the well, Thornton . . . and sometime I'll have to go. I can't get away from the house as their will is too strong. This letter will have to be given to the grocery boy. He comes way out here in a truck, you know.

But as I was saying, the place is most dismal. The walls are draped with dusty grey curtains; the windows are small and admit almost no light; the rooms all look the same, more like prison cells than anything else. I often feel that I am turning to a dusty grey color myself. And I'm sure that if I ever touched those drapes they would crumble into dust. I have to cook over the fire in the fire-place here in the upper room. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you.

You see, Thornton, after the first time I fell into the well, by accident, and got away from them, I've stayed up here in the highest room, with all the doors locked that lead down to the cellar. The well's in the cellar.

It's filled with the most horrible water . . . it seems to be alive, Thornton; a terrible malign life, endowed in it by those monsters. Right at the level of the water there is a small, high pasage that leads into the nightmare of terrors. They seemed to sense that I was connected somehow with the author of their fate, Franz II, for they immediately seized me and dragged me along to the altar room. . . . I can't go on with it . . . it's too weakening for me.

Well, if you don't see me in one or two weeks, you'll know what's happened. But don't worry, Old Man, I'll probably come out all right.

Your friend,
Daniel

For some minutes Thornton could only sit and stare at the letter. It was so different from Daniel's usual way of writing. It was truly as though he had turned grey, inside and out.

Daniel was in danger. Thornton grabbed his coat and hat, a set of revolvers, and raced out of the house. He hailed a cab and said:

"To the house on the site of the old fisher folk place all right." where?"

The driver looked at him sideways.

"You sure that's where you want to go?"

"Yes. You see, there's a friend of mine in trouble of some kind there."

"He's in trouble if he's in the old fisher-folk's place, all right."

Thornton saw that he would balk so he drew out his wallet.

"Here," he said, "These are yours if you get there in record time."

"I . . . um . . . all right, get in and hold on tight."

About half an hour later the cab drew to a stop before the most drab looking house that Thornton had ever laid his eyes on. It was perfectly square and built of cold grey granite. It was night and, though the moon was beyond the horizon, the black skies were speckled with pin-point stars.

"All right, cabby, here's your pay. But wait a minute for me. I may want to come right back to town."

"Sure."

Thornton walked up a path of great slabs of granite, and wondered why everything should be made of granite. He knocked on the door, a massive iron-bound oak door, but there was no answer. He tried again but there was no response.

The door was open, however, so he went in. A strong draft slammed it behind him. It felt as though something heavy and oppressive closed in on him, the atmosphere of the house was such. Thornton felt the need of companionship at that moment.

He opened the door to get the cabby. The cab and its driver were gone.

Thornton shrugged and went back inside.

THOUGHTS FROM 1918

By H. Rosen

Onward! Onward! Swords against the foe!
And every mother's son of them will straightway be laid low;
To breathe no more, to live no more, nor see, nor feel, nor know,
But leave his loved ones far away, to sing their tale of woe.

* * *

Winners, victors, honored for the day,
What glory is to them, from those whose common clay
Amid the bayonets, all bloody from the fray,
But after all is over, then they ask us "does it pay?"

* * *

Homeless, jobless, families thrown asunder
By the crack of cold gray rifles, and the cannon's deadly thunder.
When we look now at those crosses, do we think, what boy is under?
And then, as to the cause of war, we speculate and wonder.

* * *

Honor, Glory, Serve your fatherland,
Go over seas and fight, and show we've got some "sand."
So grafting politicians will have money in their hand,
For after this, there'll be no strife, and peace will rule the land?

THE ICONOCLAST

Broke, the cloister bowl!
The sphinxed sands have sifted;
Free, sings the mind;
Hears the deaf; sees, the blind—
The cheroot dreamer's veil has lifted.
Slim dignitaries of fast and prayer
Neither know nor share—
That One Ethereal:
The air has never had this beat—
The flowers smelled this sweet;
Broke, the cup immortal?

by Aaron Levine

DUST

Well, after inquiring here and there throughout the school from yooze peoples as to what interests you the most in the Sagamore, we have found out that most of you read it on account of its architecture—(the collums.)

* * *

Almost any day now those of us who own cars expect the man at the filling station to lean in and comb our hair.

* * *

By the way, coffee isn't the only thing that's fresh when dated.

* * *

Speaking of intelligent English teachers, we immediately think of Miss Deal . . . Oh! What a "sensor" of humor.

* * *

He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes before.

She: You never stayed so late before.

* * *

Mike Alexander, our eminent sportsman, has the wonderful ability of being in two distinct places at the same time. He has been known to be traveling in Maine and yet to be home-sick.

* * *

If you read the newspapers you most likely have noticed that an old skeleton was found under the hot sands of old Egypt with its legs wrapped around its neck. I didn't know they had rumble seats in those days.

* * *

Louis Wyman: "Do you girls really like conceited boys better than the other kind?"

Girls (ensemble): "What other kind?"

* * *

A very serious accident happened the other day in this school. A boy broke his rib leaning over the desk in front of him. Moral: Buy your own Sagamore! ! !

* * *

And so, boys and girls, as they say in the old country: "Time changeth all things" and therefore we pass on the torch to the aspiring collyumnist of next year and let him tickle the typewriter with humor, ideas, wit, etc. that is original (we hope).

* * *

We have learned that when a girl finds out that she isn't the only pebble on the beach she usually becomes a little bolder.

W. M. B.
THE WORM.

Seen and Heard

LIMELIGHT

This is our last column, our motto being: "If you want a thing well done, fry it yourself."

Today's questions for you Alpha Pi stars: (Answers will be found below).

1. What is a grand jury?
2. What is an island?
3. What was the age of Pericles?
4. What is hard water?
5. Where are the kings of England crowned?
6. What did Paul Revere say at the end of his ride?

* * *

Advice to you girls who play AT tennis: All you need is enough Willspower, and be a good sport (i. e. Don't get Moody when you lose), and you'll have all the boys clinging to you like Vines.

* * *

Said a great congregational preacher
To a hen, "you're a beautiful creature"
And the hen, just for that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus, did the Hen-reward Beecher.

* * *

News Item

Mexican Pilot Sticks To Air After Two Jumps in 25 Hours.

It was raining cats and dogs and there were poodles in the road.

Mr. Rosen once said to his son,
The next time you make up a pun,
Go out in the yard
And kick yourself hard
And I will begin when you're done.

Answers to Questions

1. A grand jury is a group of men picked out of a hat.
2. An island is a body of water with part of its bottom on top.
3. The age of Pericles—I think about 40.
4. Hard water is commonly known as ice.
5. The kings of England are crowned on the head.
6. At the end of his famous ride Paul Revere said: "WHOA!"

* * *

This rhyme has 57 varieties:
A canner exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
Anything that he can
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

NOUS

Just think, dear, friendly, kind, generous, readers (boo-hoo-hoo—a sniff-sniff-sniff) vacation looms before us and you must seek Nous elsewhere.

* * *

S—— had an awful shock in the French class the other day. She found out that Mon Dieu didn't mean my dear. The poor thing had been starting her letters that way for years, thinking she was being chic.

* * *

Wait until I get that fellow who said no Nous is good news.

The only kick MacRatner has against the school is that the between period bells break up his sleep.

* * *

Those harassed students you see rushing around are trying to borrow "Anthony Adverse." (May you ever be spared from such suffering.)

Leigh Diamond wants more poetry and less Nous in the Sag. Quick! Hand him some Mother Goose rhymes.

* * *

What subject is usually made light of in the chemistry room—?—Gas!

Well, pupils . . . Did you know that every room except the library has a "Who's Who In Brookline High"—The marking books.

* * *

Then there's the cynical math teacher who has besought Nous to print this: that a board eraser takes in more math than any student in the school.

* * *

Sid: Aw, it's the eternal triangle again, me, my Latin and my pa.

* * *

English teacher: Have you done your outside reading?

Nilly-Willy Warshaw: No!—It's been too cold.

* * *

". . .and so, ladies and gentlemen, the person forming the most standard English words from Higginbotham's Nutritional Alleviation for Eczematic Disturbances will be sent free one dozen bottles.

By the By, this column has caused Nous more enemies than anything else in his young life. Not the ones he mentioned but the ones he didn't.

NEVERMORE
NOUS.

ERNEST V. FOSSA, whose many hours of faithful service as student printer have made the regular appearance of the SAGAMORE a possibility.

CAN YOU ANSWER 'EM?

I. What is an epistle? An epistle is the wife of an apostle.

II. What is a mayor? A mayor is a male horse.

III. What is a polygon? A polygon is a man who has many wives.

IV. What is a spinster? A spinster is a bachelor's wife.

V. What is the meaning of transparent? Transparent is something you can see through, for instance, a keyhole.

VI. What brought about the writing of "Paradise Lost" and its companion, "Paradise Regained?" Milton, the author, got married. He then wrote "Paradise Lost." His wife died; then he wrote "Paradise Regained."

VII. What is a circle? A circle is a line of no depth running around a dot forever.

VIII. How did Wolsey save his life? By dying on the way from York to London.

IX. Who is the chief executive in the state of New York? The electric chair.

MYSTOGRAM

"Yes . . . for quite a sum."

"When did you have it insured?"

"Why . . . I don't see what it has to do with the robbery, but it was insured by my husband the other week."

"Then you'll have to come along down to your home and get your husband. . ." said Miles. "And

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you're under arrest for attempting to swindle the insurance company. Your story was so impossible under the circumstances that I can't believe it.

What was the impossibility in her story? Answer on page eleven.

BROOKLINE TRUST CO.

It's Not Too Early

◆

to start planning what you are going to do after you graduate from High School. College may be one of the possibilities, but you might continue the thought further and plan what you want to be doing five years after you are out of High School.

Consult your Vocational Director about the various careers and their possibilities. Business is one of the main ones, and in times like these a great deal of preparation is necessary before entering it. Yes, a broad education is advisable, and then a training for some special phase.

That's why it's not too early to start planning, and that's why we invite you to come in to talk the matter over with one of the officers of this school. We would be very glad to give you our suggestions as to what courses to take to best prepare for your chosen line of business. If you have no choice we might be able to help you decide.

At any rate we hope that it mav be convenient for you to come in (we do not employ any outside salesmen or canvassers) to the school at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, to talk over your plans for the future. Or, write or phone L. O. White, Principal,

◆

BRYANT & STRATTON

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

334 Boylston St., Boston

BROOKLINE'S 1934 BASEBALL TEAM

At the start of the schedule things did not look so rosy for Coach Fitzgerald in the way of a formidable club. However, through the coach's untiring efforts the opening game with Rindge did not give him so many sleepless evenings. Our boys, a bit nervous in the opening contest, took it on the chin from the Rindge lads by the very close score of 6-5. Peeved at the first showing, the Red and Blue's fighting spirit appeared and a strong Arlington nine was whitewashed to the tune of 4 to 0. Old Lady Luck frowned on Brookline's next game and Commerce, one of the most dangerous teams of the year, defeated the Brooklinites 5-2.

When Coach Fitzgerald gazed at Newton's name blazing forth on the schedule and due to appear at Tech Field, he was determined to win this ball game or die in the attempt. The cocky Newton team fell at the hands of our slugging boys by the score of 6-4 as Brookline's ace hurler Joey Walsh set the Garden City boys down with 6 hits, collecting 4 hits out of 4 trips to the plate himself. All in all, when the figures were completed, Brookline had garnered 13 safe blows from Ryan and Greene, Newton's pitchers. Jim Sullivan, speedy shortstop for Brookline, also had a field day, banging out 2 hits in 3 times at bat. Frankie Hoye at 3rd base, Moon Mullins in left field, and McPhee at the initial sack, all did well, both at bat and afield, while catcher and captain Max Van Dam played a sterling game behind the bat.

Boston College High, one of the outstanding schoolboy clubs in and around Boston, traveled to Tech field and squeezed out an 8-7 win over the Brookline squad but they had one of the hardest fights to come out on top in this contest. Cambridge Latin, leaders of the Suburban League, of which we are a member, handed the Wealthy Towners a licking, scoring 6 runs to Brookline's 3.

Although the Red and Blue has won 2 contests and lost 5, this record cannot show you just what kind of ball the team played. Three of these defeats were lost by only one run. Every single contest saw the team fighting to the last inning and never giving up till the finish. The fine play and leadership of Captain Max Van Dam cannot go by without some recognition. The hurling of Joey Walsh this past season has been commented on by Boston papers. His pitching was not only a sensation, but his hitting was also great, with many a blow earning many runs. The hurling and all-around playing of Moon Mullins was also outstanding and the fighting play of the Brookline infield with McPhee at first, Hartigan at second, Jim Sullivan at short, and Frankie Hoye at third, certainly came up to expectations. Brookline's slugging outfield of Adams, Mullins and Conaty also played very well. Some stars will be lost by graduation but many veterans will be back again to make 1935 one of the best baseball seasons in the history of the school.

TENNIS TEAM ENCOUNTERED POOR SEASON

The Brookline High tennis team has just completed a rather disastrous season, having encountered the usual handicap of lack of facilities and ineligibility.

Bennett Ulin, the captain of this year's team, which was composed of eleven men, was forced out because of the latter reason and although Mr. Hines was amply generous with the portable equipment, the squad has labored under the difficulty of being able to use but three courts, three days a week, from three to five o'clock p. m.

The team won only one match, with Arlington, by an 8-3 score. It lost three matches by only one point and was taken over the net quite nicely by Newton, Haverhill and Malden.

The high scorers of the year, in match points were Kornfeld, Shapiro and Wallace, with six points apiece.

The letter men are: Braganti, Kornfeld, Patrick, Shapiro, Wallace, and Manager Ford.

The majority of the team will be back at school next year, and with the fall tournament revealing new talent under the expert tutelage of Mr. Barnes, tennis ought to report much more favorably in 1935.

THE HARVARD INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

The Harvard Interscholastics of 1934 afforded little chance for Brookline to shine. Charlie Kerins and Bert Litman netted four points in the shot-put, the only event in which Brookline was able to place.

Tod Plotkin, Brookline's track captain and outstanding star, was unable to participate in the meet because of a leg ailment. This blanketed the Red and Blue's chances of standing high in the competition. This left Kerins and Litman as the only really powerful point scorers for our track team. Between them, they gathered in four points, Kerins placing second and Litman fourth in the shot-putting event.

THE TRACK TEAM FOR 1935

At the State Outdoor Interscholastic Track Meet, Brookline High brought to a close its outdoor track season for 1934. Although the team was not victorious in any of this year's dual meets, the outlook for 1935 is very bright. Brookline loses but three men by graduation. They are Captain Tod Plotkin, high jumper, broad jumper, and hurdler; Howie Lewenstein, high jumper and dash man; and Bert Litman, shot-putter. Among those retained are Stan Livingston, a consistent winner in the "century"; Harold Sklar, who runs in the "century" and the two-twenty; Leon Rogers, in the two-twenty and quarter-mile; Larry Anderson, in the quarter; Charlie Kerins, the mighty putter of the shot; Bob Grenier and "Red" Guthrie in the running broad jump; and Dave Farnsworth in the half-mile event. Coming up from this year's freshmen is Julian Kadis who seems a promising prospect for the high jump, quarter, and half-mile. Kadis has already turned in a time of one minute twenty-five seconds for the six hundred. The most likely of Brookline's men to become a state champion is Charlie Kerins. His best put this year was forty-six feet, an improvement of five feet on his best in '33. If he can add two or three more feet in '35, he will surely leave the Harvard Stadium with the title of State Champion. Brookline's track team should win the majority of its dual meets next year and it stands a fine chance of being the state champions in 1935.

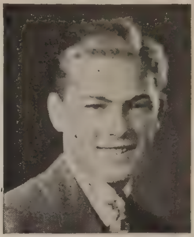
GIRLS' SPORTS

A Round Robin tournament in girls' baseball was held recently in which seven teams took part. The red team, with Evelyn Mahoney as captain, received the highest score, winning six out of seven games played. Thus the girls in the red team have made forty-seven points towards their B. The navy team, of which Miriam Fisher is captain, placed second in the tournament, winning five out of seven games played. The girls in the navy team have thirty-five points for their B.

The four track teams, the light blue, the navy blue, the yellow, and the green, have participated in three competitions. The three scores were averaged together and the green team had made the highest score, twenty-four points toward the B. The light blue team took second place, the navy blue third.

On Monday, June eleventh, there was an Archery Play day at Newton under the direction of Mrs. Huntz. Six girls from the advanced archery group were sent as Brookline's representatives.

THE GRADUATING OFFICERS OF AKERS HOUSE AND HEADMASTER: LEFT TO RIGHT—FRANK TAYLOR, TREASURER; JEAN LESLIE, VICE-PRESIDENT; MISS LIDEN, PRESIDENT THEODORE PLOTKIN AND LORRAINE GARDNER, SECRETARY.



Bertram Litman, Major 1st Battalion

Major Richard Spears, 2nd Battalion

PACKARD HOUSE OFFICERS: LEFT TO RIGHT—LEON ROGERS, TREASURER; CHARLES KERINS, VICE-PRESIDENT; PRESIDENT PHIL FORD, AND JANET DU BINSKY, SECRETARY.

3rd Battalion Major, Frank Taylor

lna Maddox, Vice-President of the Senior Class

CLASS OF '36, SOPHOMORE OFFICERS AND HOUSE MASTER, MISS SAWYER: LEFT TO RIGHT—JOHN McEVOY, TREASURER, MARGARET BENNET; SECRETARY, MISS SAWYER; VICE-PRESIDENT MILDRED MURPHY, AND JOHNNIE BLACKWOOD, CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

cretary of the Senior Class, Cynthia Jones

Grandfield, Treasurer of the Graduating Class

FRESHMAN OFFICERS AND MASTER: LEFT TO RIGHT—LEON HARTSTONE, TREASURER; PAULINE MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT; MR. GIFFORD, WILLIAM O'HEARN PRESIDENT ; ROBERT KORNFELD, SECRETARY.

The Sagamore

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GRADUATION

At this time every year, the entire school joins in wishing the graduating class life-long happiness. We hope the graduating class may be successful in its endeavors; may bring honor to itself and to the school.

Many members of the class of '34 will begin their first year at college next fall. The transition from high school to college will be a great trial to some . . . probably a trial to many. But soon the strangeness will wear off and they will feel a new power entering them. This power, this knowledge, that had its beginning here at Brookline, will grow and expand.

For those who will step right into the world, we wish success. The complete change from the helpful spirit of high school to the indifference of the outside world will be perhaps a greater trial than the transition from school to college. But we have confidence in the members of the class of '34.

Finally, we wish the entire graduating class a life filled with happiness.

GRADUATES' SCHOLARSHIP

The perpetual scholarship fund which the class of 1934 has this year initiated is one of the finest contributions to worth in scholarship which has ever been made in Brookline.

First, it is remarkably generous. All of the money in the treasury of the senior class has been given for this purpose, at the express desire of the entire class. Second, it is so well drawn up that it provides for every possible event which may arise after the fund has been started. Third, it is progressive; it looks ahead to the needs and possibilities of the future. Fourth, its conception is the most worthy possible in an institution devoted to the education of youth.

Brains and money do not always go together. But for many years a group of teachers in the school have devoted themselves to the high ideal of making it possible for these brilliant young people to complete their formal education. The pioneer work of this class is widening the scope of the scholarship committee.

It is for you, the members of these three lower houses, to decide whether this pledge can be accomplished. It is for you to say whether this ideal can be realized. Do you accept the challenge? Will you pledge your funds to the encouragement of worthy effort —to the maintenance of worthy scholarship? If, in the next three years, each senior class devotes a part of its money as a class to the graduates' scholarship, success for the plan will be well on its way!

Will you accept the challenge?

FINIS

That's all! C'est tout! Id omne est! Das ist alles! In any language—school's out!

One more year of work gone by, and one more summer—summer dedicated to fun and freedom—lies ahead.

Don't be afraid! Read on! There is no moralizing in these lines—hidden ever so deeply; no lecturing; no admonition; no remonstration. Not even a bit of lukewarm advice. The entire jumble is devoted completely to well-wishing and fond farewell.

We know that, in spite of grumbling, we like the stimulus of school activities, but there is a certain saying to the effect that all nose-to-the-grindstone and labor and strain and endeavor, without a drop of amusement and gayety and good times in general thrown in, is apt to make Jack a little stupid, or dullish, as it were.

The summer months are so much our own to follow our own inclinations: revel in tennis and swimming and dancing, or pass the hours quietly in reading, or walking in the country—or just idling. They are, indeed, a perfect example of the word "recreation." Summer is our time to recreate ourselves, make over anew the little tired lines, the faint shadows beneath the eyes, that do creep in during a winter of work, and to replace the pallor of indoor life—pallor covered up with only fair success by you-know-what—with a natural color and buoyancy.

And after those golden summer hours have sped—shall we say it?—we return, not uneagerly, to the life at school . . . for all play can become quite as boring as all work.

So, until then, friends! We wish you the happiest of happy summers—as happy as we intend to have, which is some! And, seniors—goodbye, goodbye! Happy summer to you, and success in the bigger world you are entering!

IN DEFENSE OF POETRY

Sharp but pointless criticism and inane remarks have been the results of a well-meant project. In response to an exhibition of poetic art, created by the "minds of a few," more stupid ideas have been aroused than the editors of the Sagamore can be deaf to.

Most of the poetry has been in free verse, or has contained some so-called "foolish" thought. Just criticism of such writing is impossible unless the critic knows what he himself is talking about. Consequently, such remarks are unfounded and unreasonable, for the remarks have neither adapted themselves to the thought, considered the pen of the writer, considered their own capacities, nor thoroughly examined the work.

We had no idea, in presenting poetry, of compelling anyone to like it or approve of it. There was no thought of saying: "Here is something you do not understand; therefore, like it and be quiet!" Not at all. We must ourselves admit, poetry being the most difficult literary form, and high school pupils the ultra-unfinished product, that the ideas presented are not as good as those studied in the classroom; but when readers neither understand nor make an effort to realize, then, of course, the critic is merely being the destroyer. A destroyer of bad is a welcome one, but a destroyer of good or of rising good is a careless, pedantic person: careless, because he can find no good where there is some; pedantic, because he discovers too much bad where there is very little.

As a matter of fact, the poet observer and declaimer, inconclast and builder, can employ his genius not only in his chosen art, but can usually turn his intelligence into other fields of action. The individualism that marks the radical, the wit that characterizes the philosopher, the wisdom that depicts the genius, all, possessed by the poet, can be centered upon the varied tasks of a diverse personality. In truth, having met the physical requirements, he would undoubtedly make a better football player than the average player who possesses only the brawn.

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THE OLD WELL AT BATASAC

"Hello there! Daniel! Hey, Daniel!"

A door creaked upstairs.

"Who is it? What do you want?"

Thornton was taken aback by the sound of his voice. It was sharp and cracked. It sounded more like the voice of a maniac than of the cool, level-headed Mr. Ashton.

"It's me—Thornton."

"Oh! . . . You fool, Thornton." He could detect relief in the voice. Then it rose in fear again.

"You've got to go . . . right now. Do you hear me?"

"Sorry, Daniel, I've suddenly gone deaf. I'm coming up."

Ashton kept silent while he climbed the stairs. As he came to the top:

"Listen, you fool, you've got to get out of here."

Thornton looked at the man with amazement. Mr. Ashton stood before him, a completely changed man. His face was pale—and blue. His lower eye-lids were puffed and discolored.

"It's lucky I brought a pocket flask along with me, Daniel. You need a stiff drink . . . and right now."

"No—no—no! You get me out of here Ashton," Thornton screamed and tried in his pitifully weak way to shove Thornton back down the stairs.

Thornton, being large and muscular, picked the struggling man from his feet and carried him to an inner room where there was a fire burning. He set him down in a chair and forced some brandy down his throat.

A few minutes later, Mr. Ashton, somewhat revived, said to Thornton:

"You're letting yourself into a mess of trouble."

"Not much I like better!"

"You won't like this. In fact I'm not going to let you find out whether you like it or not. I'm going down in the well now . . . and you can just wait here for me."

"Listen to me, Thornton. If you are my friend, then do me this perhaps last, favor. Wait for one day after I've gone down. And if in that time I haven't returned you can do what you want."

Thornton looked at him steadily for a minute or so. His eyes were clear and he could see that he was in dead earnest.

"All right, Old Man, I'll wait for a day."

"Thanks, Thornton."

He reached for the flask.

"I'll have a drink before I go."

He took a short nip and then with a slight smile and wave, stepped out and down the stairs.

Ashton had been gone only a few hours when Thornton buckled on his revolvers and raced down the stairs. He couldn't stand the uncertainty of waiting. For all he knew, Ashton might be suffering some kind of . . . some thing.

There was a long flight of stone steps leading down into the blackness of the cellar, and down these Thornton hurried. Once at the bottom, he lit a match and peered about him.

By the wavering light he spied a round hole in the center of the floor. He walked over to it. It was just a black hole . . . but no . . . he could see the yellow flickering reflection of the match far down in the well. There were no steps of any kind. He stood for a minute, considering.

Then he ran back above and sped through all the grey rooms, hunting for some rope or chain. They were all empty of anything except curtains and hangings . . . of grey.

Back in the cellar he buttoned the flaps of his holsters, which, luckily, were water-proof, and prepared to leap into the hole. The well was of about seven feet in diameter, so he had little fear of hitting the sides.

With his habitual shrug, he stepped over the edge.

He plunged swiftly down, into slimy water. Spluttering, he came to the surface. It was dark as pitch and the water gave off a sickening odor. The water felt almost poisonous; he could feel a kind of hatred pulsing through it.

Paddling awkwardly about the side of the well he felt for the door that Ashton had spoken of in his letter. He found it and drew himself up out of the water.

"My God," he muttered, "I smell as though I'd been having a rendezvous with a skunk."

Shaking off the water as best he could, he went down a long corridor, feeling his way. The rock was probably bed-rock, he thought, and it was all running with moisture—not the slightest bit pleasant to touch.

Then he heard a rustling, like that of a woman's skirts, coming down the passage behind him. He sank down to his knees and drew his revolver from its holster. The rustling grew louder and then, suddenly, something smashed down on his head. He sank to the floor.

Thornton opened his eyes on a scene of wierdest splendor and wildness. He was in a giant hall, cut from the bed-rock. It must have been eighty or a hundred feet high; its floor covered at least three acres. He was lying on a raised platform of rock near the center of the cavern —with his arms tied.

The place was lighted by gigantic flares of burning red fire. A host of red-robed figures were gyrating ceaselessly about something on another raised platform.

The thing on the other dais was a huge grotesque idol! No . . .

"Lord," Thornton gasped, sitting bolt upright. The thing was alive!

It was a huge lizard . . . like the ones they had pictured in the British Museum. It had a bony frill about its neck and a row of bone plates protruding from its back and extending down to the very tip of its lengthy tail. Small, reddish, pig-like eyes glared down at the red-robed dancers. Thornton noticed that it was well shackled to the metal floor with a short, thick chain.

"Not very pleasant to look at, is it?" came Ashton's voice from at his side.

"No . . . not very."

"I haven't the slightest idea as to what it is," Ashton went on, "But I dare-say it's a good thing that it's chained."

"I'd hate to—say, Daniel, they've left my revolvers on!"

"Sure."

"Sure?"

"I don't think they know what a revolver is."

"Don't they ever go out of here?"

"No. It's their eyes. Some of them followed me out into the open and were practically blinded. They can see in the dark like cats, though."

"That explains it. One of them followed me through the tunnel after I jumped down. . . ."

"You jumped down, eh?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing . . . I just hoped you would have sense enough to stay away."

"You didn't think I'd leave you down here alone, did you?"

Ashton turned his eyes toward him.

"That's the trouble, Thornton, Old Man, I knew you'd come."

"Say—what's happening now?"

Mr. Ashton looked down on the red-robed ones.

"It's our turn now. We're going to make a meal for the lizard."

"Wait a minute, Daniel. I think I can break these bonds."

He tensed himself and strained at the bonds. They gave a little but held. The horde of worshippers were leaping up the sides of the platform. Thornton strained again, putting all of his strength into the effort. With a snap, he broke loose.

"Here, take this," he cried, handing Ashton a revolver.

"My arms are tied."

Thornton seized a sharp piece of granite and hacked at the bonds. They came loose just as the first red-robed figure came to the top of the platform, a gigantic man with flat pasty features.

Thornton whirled and shot him through the head. At the same moment, a rattle of shots came from at his side. Ashton was in action. The sharp cracks of the revolvers reverberated back and forth across the great hall, gaining volume with every rebound until it seemed as though the world were breaking apart with terrific detonations.

The prehistoric lizard lunged to its feet and stood swaying its head threateningly while the sound of the shots gained in volume. Then, suddenly, it seemed to go mad and went charging about on its dais There was a sharp snap and it was free, dragging some feet of chain from its leg.

The worshippers voiced a single cry of wild fear and flung themselves to the floor. The lizard, hissing in fury, charged down upon them, trampled them under foot.

"Quick," shouted Ashton above the uproar, grabbing Thornton's arm. "Now's our chance. Follow me!"

He leaped down the steps of the platform and went racing for a small opening in the wall of the cavern. The lizard, catching sight of them as they moved, came lumbering after them.

"Hurry, Thornton."

They reached the passage a scant few feet before the lizard, which crashed against the rocky wall.

"It can't reach us now," panted Ashton from out of the darkness in front of him. "It's too big."

"Thank God for that. Phew . . . that was a close shave."

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LUCKY OFF AND ON

none, nohow."

"Perhaps I could interest you in some quiet?" she meaningly replied. no airyplane, and y'can't sell me "You'll have the whole ward awake, and at twelve-thirty! Your next-door friend especially. Two thousand dollars he needs to live, and not a cent to his soul."

"Two—two thousand dollars—t'live?" queried Lucky. "Whaflor?"

"Well, radium treatments aren't exactly ten cents each. And when the specialist, Dr. Oppenheim, is needed to operate as well, hum, I wouldn't say that in his shoes (indicating the patient) I'd stand much chance of working for a wife and four hungry children. Poor fellow . . . Oh well," she philosophically remarked, "Maybe he'll have better luck where he's bound to go," and she started to leave our slowly comprehending hero's bedside. But as her last statement embedded its meaning upon him, Lucky grasped her retreating skirt. "You mean that if he gets two gra. . thousand dollars, he'll live, 'n if he don't, he won't?"

"Yes. But what's that got to do with you?" she sarcastically demanded.

"Never mind. Lemme speak to the boss around here. Now!" he added as she stared at him. "Yes, I said that I want t'talk t'the doc now." And with imperative gesture, Lucky glared at her. "Get th' doc." And as she still gazed amazedly, he added, "And if y'don't, I'll get him myself." And he made as though to pull down his casted leg. At this resolved sign, the bewildered nurse scurried down the ward to the doctor's room. There she was fortunate in finding him awake, due to an emergency case. After some explosive discourse, the two came up to Lucky's cot. Once again slightly exclamatory remarks were made

After some half hour of writing. Lucky handed into the doctor's keeping a document to the effect that he, Lucky (with a Strike added for a last name) would pay two thousand dollars for services rendered to the patient next to him. And in a last spurt of generosity and eradication, he informed the doctor that he would leave the other three thousand to the hospital. Then, with the reservation of ten dollars for road expenses, he saturated his senses with the nepenthe of Morpheus, and a Luckyly cleared conscience and mind. With the sound-effects of an experienced snore ushering them out, the medical associates went to do the bidding of a slumbering commander.

With sincere greetings for an enjoyable vacation, the author wishes to express his thanks for your patient perusal of his column.

"Right. Now take my hand and hurry up."

Some time later they came into the sunlight of a dawning day. Ashton stopped and stood swaying on his feet.

"Looks as though we could stand another swig from the bottle, yes?"

"You said it."

While they were resting, Ashton said:

"Tomorrow I'm coming back here with some dynamite and blow that Hell-hole to kingdom come."

"I'll help you. . . . But how on earth were you able to find your way out of there?"

"When I was captured first, I gave one of my captors, a woman, Thornton, a bright silver-piece."

The End

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THE ROVER

Rover. The one he wanted started to walk away, so Rover chased after him and caught him by the arm.

"Do you belong to company X?"

This special white-pants looked at Rover superciliously, his tie at an ungodly angle, and said:

"What's it to ya?"

"Don't try to be funny, my good fellow," said Rover. "Are you in Company X?"

"Yes . . . and so what?"

"Oh nothing much," replied Rover, "except that I'm your captain."

Rover's second lieutenant jumped to his place as the company started down the steps. When the word "march" was given, Rover looked about to give the lieutenant a dirty look. As a consequence, Rover went down the steps at a different gait from that of the company. In giving the command "Right by Squads" he collided with the guide, whereupon both went to the ground, incurring the hearty laughs of the spectators and the companies.

Once or twice Rover had to act as arbitrator between the tie-snapping hellions. At ease he said to the company:

"We've got to win the prize for the best company, fellows!"

A chorus of "With R. R. Rover for a captain? Nerts!" was his only answer. Of course Rover couldn't win under fire like this. And neither did his company. It was with a sigh of distinct relief that he left his men to march away with the seniors, who were at least a bit more on Rover's par.

When Rover got home, finally, he was minus a bow tie—and the fender and mudguard of the Ford. His pants were brown and part of his coat was gone. However, it is a great idea . . . and you can be a captain only once.

ANSWER TO MYSTOGRAM

The cottage was invisible from the road . . . as was the road from the cottage, because of the heavy shrubbery and trees. Therefore it would have been utterly impossible for the woman to have seen the car; and most certainly she couldn't have seen what make it was. This was clearly an attempt to swindle the insurance company.

So until next year, the author of Mystogram bids you "Hasta luego." May you have a fine summer . . . and, perhaps, concoct some good ideas for this column or some tough puzzles for Miles Warner to solve.

And You? *A victim like yourself.*
But why? *I lived; and died—*
And I.

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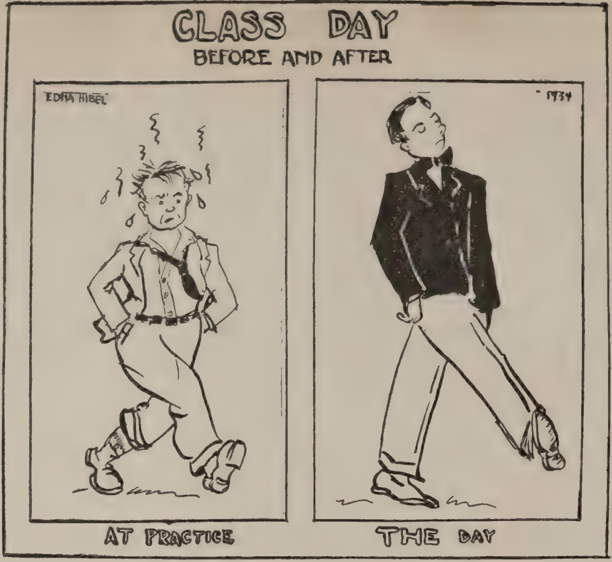

S. P. L. G.

The Girls' League program is finished for the season of '33-'34. Till next fall there'll be no more "S. P. L. G." The League year closed Friday, May 25th, with a meeting in the auditorium, of which Mildred Murphy and Edna Hibel were in charge. Shailer and Akers House were losers this year in the class competition so they were hostesses.

The program opened with movies and a talk from Thayer McNeill's on correct shoes and the result—good posture. Then Miss Sawyer read the names we've been waiting to hear—those who are on the advisory council, and those who are Senior Advisors for next year.

Norma Cunningham of Shailer did a tap dance and Christine Adams gave an amusing monologue and sang. Then came the climax—the movies! They were enlightening because some of us saw ourselves "as others see us." In the "movies" shown by Mr. Jewett there was an executive meeting, all the candy girls from dramatics, a scene from Alice-in-Wonderland, a mothers' tea in progress, an Advisory Council meeting, the Thanksgiving and Christmas parties and a picture of a Freshman Home Room with Senior advisors helping the Freshmen.

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